THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il[illegible] Weekly
Founde[illegible] Franklin

OCT. 28, 1911

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MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston

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IT'S Big Ben's business to get people up in the world—it's Big Ben's business to get them up in time.

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The Original Guaranteed Hose offers more this year than ever to buyers. Never before were such beautiful colors, such comfortable weights and such grades exhibited. All the old dealers and hundreds of new ones are showing them now. Examine this wide assortment before you lay in a supply of hose. Decide after seeing them if you don't want such hose as these, and the guarantee that goes with them. You can get the lightest weights if you want them, yet six pairs of every texture of "Holeproof" are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl Pres

Our Minute Inspection

We spend $55,000 a year merely to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfection. We pay too much for the making of "Holeproof" to afford many returned pairs, so we make this inspection to keep the grade up to the standard.

In all our experience we have never been asked to replace more than 5 per cent of our output. 95 per cent of the product has always outlasted the guarantee.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

The above signature appears on the toe of every genuine pair of "Holeproof." Mr. Carl Freschl is the originator of the guaranteed hose *idea*. And he conceived the *idea* because years of *tests* proved

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

that the hose *deserved* guaranteeing. There's a difference between such a guarantee and one put on hose just to compete with another brand. Mr. Freschl has had thirty-eight years of experience. He of all men knows how to make stylish hose that will wear a full six months.

If you want hose that are soft, close-fitting and comfortable—hose that eliminate darning and bother—look for that mark on the next hose you buy. There are scores of imitations—hose made with cheap yarn. They can't be compared with the genuine "Holeproof," so see that you get it.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men; seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Six pairs, guaranteed six months, cost $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight. Silk hose for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2 for men and $3 for women.

Look over the "Holeproof" line at a dealer's. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

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Are Your Hose Insured?

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THE DEFICIT

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Wherein the Prodigal Son Invests in Fatted Calves

OLD John B. Lovett, known in his world of beef and by-products as "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett, had ten million and one troubles. One of them was his son William. He was more of a worry to his father than the other ten million, which latter, being in the shape of negotiable securities, cash in bank, houses, lands and uncounted cows, horses, mules, pigs, sheep and goats, were at least sufferable. At the end of every year "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett had the comforting assurance that his securities were sounder than the year before and worth a trifle more premium; the cash in bank had earned not less than two and one-half per cent; the houses had paid a profit over and above taxes and upkeep; the lands had produced crops and had increased in value; and every head of livestock on his ranches represented so many dollars on the hoof.

Son William, on the other hand, could always be depended on to produce a loss. You could lay any odds on William as the greatest six-cylinder spender on earth, and he would never go back on you. He was a constant, steady, reliable, ever-present deficit, a veritable cipher without the rim.

The trouble with William appeared to be that Nature had equipped him with an irresistible impulse to get all the joy possible out of this gray old world. This impulse took the form of a game known as ducks and drakes, and ducks and drakes, as everybody knows, is always played with money. When he was sixteen months old he gave the first evidence of that remarkable carelessness with cash that was to distinguish him in after life. In a misguided moment his father gave him his wallet to play with, and in sheer exuberance and the joy and pride of his first teeth William chewed all the value out of a thousand-dollar bill.

"I Suppose You Think I Don't Work for My Money"

That was the beginning. After such an experience one would suppose that John B. Lovett would have been on his guard. He was not. He continued to let William play with his wallet for the succeeding twenty-four years, and as a result it would not have been at all a difficult matter to trace the boy through the world by the quarters he dropped.

William's mother died when he was six years old, leaving him to the care of his father, but his father was busy making money and passed William up to the servants. At seven years of age the Lovett heir was an anemic, pugnacious, headstrong child without any digestion to speak of and a dollar a day spending money from his fond but foolish father. At eight years of age he was sent to a boarding school, where he unlearned many things and got back his digestion. At eighteen he graduated from a military academy and for the first time broke into print.

He whipped a policeman.

"Skin-'em-alive" Lovett bailed William out and covered the policeman's wounds with money. Then he shipped William off to college, paying therefor, over and above the cost of tuition, ten thousand a year for three years. Early in the fourth year William was expelled. He had gone up to New York in search of relaxation and found it in the shape of a large black bear which, when equipped with boxing gloves, would put up a very fancy exhibition. William purchased this bear at a very fancy figure, brought him back to college with him, had a pair of gloves specially made for Bruin, and promoted a fight between the bear and a ham-and-egg heavyweight picked up on the Bowery. The affair was held in William's rooms and proved an unqualified success. The bear won in a gallop, but unfortunately somebody left the door open and the bear escaped. At the entrance to the frat house Bruin met a professor of social science. One wallop did the trick, and three days later William Godfrey Lovett was headed back for California in disgrace.

When William reached home his father discovered that for a trifle of, say, fifty thousand dollars he had been able to produce a mediocre athlete and an excellent judge of beer. However, since he was still occupied in making money, "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett left his son largely to his own devices, with the result that William took a post-graduate course in malt and spirituous liquors. He was a wonder. He studied everything in the book and missed nothing in his pursuit of joy unconfined.

Still, William was not a really bad young man. William had many lovable qualities, but, never having known restraint in all his life, he was somewhat puzzled at times to know whether he was halfway through or only just starting. Hence, when his soul commenced to palpitate with an ambition to upset all the statistics in the Internal Revenue office it was a surprise to him when he finished almost before the average man has fairly started.

During those two years following his expulsion from college William frequently furnished spicy copy for front-page stories. When his own dissipated countenance confronted him through an expensive plate-glass mirror he would frequently express his disgust with himself by hurling a mixing glass through the mirror. Upon sundry joyous occasions he had upset the carts of itinerant fruit-peddlers and enchilada venders. He had been known to support tottering lamp-posts—for fear they might fall over and plunge the city in darkness—and to weep when he was led away. And as a finale of his escapades he climbed down an open manhole one day and defied the police to get him out. Yes, William was a trifle wild.

After the manhole episode "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett talked to William for an hour. William was penitent and promised reform, provided certain little debts could be wiped off the slate and he be given an opportunity to start anew. Old Lovett, so shrewd and suspicious in all his dealings with other men, was completely taken in by his son's show of repentance. He patted William on the back and told him to do business with the treasurer.

Jarlath Timmins was the treasurer of the Lovett Land and Cattle Company, and had been for twenty years. He knew William. William realized this and hated him for it. Whenever Jarlath passed coin over the counter to the prodigal son he always looked at him long and hard and kept his lean hand on the money an unnecessary length of time, as if he hated to give it up. So now, when William presented a note from his father requesting Timmins to pay the said William five hundred dollars, the old treasurer did not immediately hand out the five hundred. Instead he sought old Lovett in his private office, and with the privilege of twenty years of faithful service denounced the allowance as unwise. In the end he convinced John B. Lovett that a hundred dollars would be about sufficient for William.

This, of course, did not please William. Said he to Timmins:

"Timmins, some day I'll be in command here, and my first official act will be to tie a can to your tail."

"Get out!" snapped Jarlath Timmins. "You're a disgrace to a good father."

William got out. The next day a local café presented a sight draft on John B. Lovett, signed by William Godfrey Lovett, for four hundred dollars. Timmins, acting on his own responsibility, declined the draft, and two hours later William was occupying a chair in the office of the captain of detectives and furnishing copy for the newspapers.

John B. Lovett paid the draft and had the charge dismissed, but he couldn't kill the story. That hurt. He summoned his son to another conference and placed him on an allowance of twenty-five dollars a week. William promptly went out, cashed another draft on his father and was seen no more for three weeks. The old man paid

the draft, but when his son finally put in an appearance, penniless, shaky and repentant, old Lovett refused to see him. So William went away until his father should have time to think it over and change his mind, and in the privacy of his office "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett wept at his own hardness of heart. In this condition Jarlath Timmins found him.

"Timmins," said John B. Lovett, "I'm a most unfortunate man in my choice of a son."

"Oh, we all make our mistakes," answered Timmins dryly. "For instance, consider the father I picked out. Poor as a church mouse. What's the matter? William been cutting up a little worse than usual?"

"He's breaking my heart," protested the old man piteously. "His profligate habits are undermining his sense of moral values. I've just paid another draft. He knows that while my money lasts I'll pay every draft he signs sooner than see my boy arrested and in disgrace. Timmins, I'd give a whole lot to set my boy's feet in the right path. I would indeed."

Timmins bit at the end of a lead-pencil.

"How much would you give?" he asked.

"A million dollars and ten years of my life," he answered.

"The price is entirely out of reason," retorted Jarlath Timmins crisply. "Pardon me if I seem a trifle frank, but William isn't worth it. Your money and your life and your tears will never save him the way you're going at it. Nothing but adversity will cure that young man. When William's stomach is slack, when his credit is gone and the lace appears on the hem of his trousers he'll be amenable to reason. He knows your heart is as so much putty where he is concerned, and he'll make you suffer until you give him a dose of his own bitter medicine. You spoiled him in his boyhood and you must unspoil him in his more mature years. He has always suffered from too much money. He has never toiled for a living and he doesn't know the value of money. He must be taught. You look at William through the eyes of paternal love. I view him from the wrong side of the ledger, and, by golly, I hate to see so much good money going to waste!"

"Do you know of any way to stop it?" asked the old man.

"Of course," retorted Timmins. "Don't give it to him."

"But he'll disgrace the name of Lovett!"

"He's bound to do that anyhow. Look here, Mr. Lovett; I'd like to unfold a little plan to put the crusher on William, if you'll promise that you won't let him influence you against me. He threatens that when he is in command here he'll tie a can to my tail, which I take to mean that he will have a new man in my job. Well, if he does he'll make of this business an hiatus in a hole. I'm on to William and he knows it. That's why he dislikes me."

"I'll protect you, Timmins; only tell me how to save William. Nothing else matters. I must save him before he disgraces himself."

"All right," said Timmins, "this is the prescription for my bad medicine. Tomorrow I will present to you for your signature your last will and testament, which you will sign without asking a single question. Of course, it will not amount to the value of the paper it will be written on, because you can invalidate it ten minutes later by signing another will. Then, until I give you permission to do otherwise, you are to refuse to receive your son either here or at your home. If you meet him in your club you are to turn your back and refuse to speak to him. If he gets into jail he must remain there until his profligate friends bail him out. Under no condition whatsoever are you to advance him so much as the proverbial red cent. In other words, you are to leave William to my tender mercies and be guided by my advice, until I have either reformed William or am forced to acknowledge that it's too big an order—when I will wash my hands of him, and you can reform him with your checkbook."

"How do you intend to proceed after that?" inquired John B. Lovett.

"Well, there is a spark of something left in William. He'll fight. He'd always do that, and if a man will fight any kind of a fight he's not quite lost. In this single attribute—and it is not with any idea of flattery or fawning that I say it—William Godfrey Lovett is his father's son. I purpose making William fight."

"For what?"

"The right to existence; for his bread and butter; for rags to cover his nakedness. He's to be badgered and bantered until he's fighting mad, and the minute he's fighting mad he'll be sent into the ring—to fight."

"With whom?" asked John B. Lovett suspiciously.

"With his father," snapped Jarlath Timmins almost viciously. "I want to hit that young man's vanity such a rap it'll hurt him. I want to make him so angry with you that, weak as he is, he won't be low enough to take another cent of your money. If I can accomplish that, William will be forced to go to work, and the minute William Godfrey Lovett goes to work the angel of hope may venture to dry her eyes and see what the boy is up to."

"By George, Timmins, I'll go you!" said "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett with that quick decision that had always made money for him—"I'll go you if I lose. I've consulted with you in business matters for twenty years and your advice has always been sound and wholesome at the core. However, this is a very delicate matter, Timmins, my boy, and it is superfluous to request that you do not handle William too roughly. You must remember, Timmins, that he is my son."

He Wondered What the Percentage of Suicides Was Among Men Who Made Their Living Sawing Wood

"I wouldn't waste a thought on him if he wasn't," replied Timmins, "but he must be handled without gloves. Six months more at his present pace and your son is a candidate for the foolish farm. He'll be a hopeless inebriate. And, by-the-way, you realize that where large fortunes are at stake it is quite the fad nowadays for disgruntled heirs to contest a man's will on the ground that at the time he made it he was unduly influenced or mentally unbalanced. I desire to have you examined by the State Board of Alienists before you sign your will, in order that they may make affidavit that you are in good bodily health and of extraordinarily sound mind. In case of a contest these are the fellows they'd call to the stand and ask hypothetical questions to prove that you were insane. My plan must not fail; hence your will must be copper-riveted and free of legal loopholes. You consent to this, of course."

"Well, upon my word, Timmins, that appears to me to be a most extraordinary proceeding. If I ——"

"Do you agree to it?" snapped Timmins. "If not our arrangement is off."

"I'll agree," said old Lovett hastily.

"Good afternoon," said Timmins, and went back to his own office. Here he sat down at a typewriter and slowly and laboriously with one finger picked off this letter to William:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 24, 189—

WM. G. LOVETT, ESQ., City.

Dear Sir: Your father, John B. Lovett, has commissioned me to inform you that, owing to a number of reasons which will doubtless occur to you without further elucidation, it will be impossible for him to communicate with you in any way other than through his attorney, Mr. Anthony Groat, 1045 Mills Building, this city.

If you will be good enough to call upon Mr. Groat on Thursday next at one P. M., he will take up with you the matter of your finances for the future, or until such time as must elapse before your father is convinced that you are able and willing to comport yourself in a manner more pleasing to him than has been your conduct heretofore, and, therefore, entitling you to that consideration which his affectionate regard for his son naturally prompts him to observe. I am, sir, Very truly yours,

J. TIMMINS.

This letter written and sealed, Mr. Timmins smiled grimly, called an office boy and dispatched him to young Lovett's club with the note.

Next Mr. Timmins called up successively on the long-distance 'phone the three physicians who constituted the State Board of Alienists, and them Mr. Timmins induced to come down to San Francisco the following day and institute an unofficial investigation into the mental machinery of John B. Lovett. This matter finally attended to, Mr. Timmins carefully balanced his cash, locked the safe, put on his hat and departed for the office of Mr. Anthony Groat, the attorney. He was closeted with Groat for half an hour, and when he emerged his clerkly features were set in a grim smile that augured ill for William Godfrey Lovett.

II

AT ONE P. M. on Thursday, William Godfrey Lovett, looking slightly more dissipated than usual, sent in his card to Mr. Anthony Groat. A clerk immediately ushered him into Groat's sanctum, presented him with a comfortable seat and the morning paper, and on behalf of Mr. Groat begged five minutes' indulgence for that gentleman. Unfortunately he was occupied with a client in another office and would be in directly.

William sat down and waited patiently for a period that to his fevered brain seemed an hour. In reality it was just eight minutes. He was nervous and jumpy and he needed money. He felt that he would be happier and better able to stand the suspense of waiting if he could afford to rush out and purchase fifteen cents' worth of nepenthe, but in view of the fact that he lacked the fifteen cents and the remnants of his pride forbade the degradation of "kicking out a barkeeper's eye," he nerved himself to await the appearance of the attorney.

In the meantime, however, William felt that to sit still in that chair five minutes longer would set his reason tottering on its throne. He arose and paced nervously up and down the office. He gazed at the pictures on the wall; he scanned the backs of Groat's law library; and eventually he paused beside his desk, gazing aimlessly at the heaps of legal-looking documents with which it was littered.

Suddenly William started and stared. From under a pile of papers the upper half of several sheets of legal cap protruded. A small ruler lay across the typewriting on this protruding document, but there was enough of the writing visible to make out the date and the words:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JOHN B. LOVETT

Now William, being fairly well acquainted with his father, knew that for twenty years or more John B. Lovett's will, signed and sealed, had reposed in the office safe. Yet here on Anthony Groat's desk lay a will dated only the day before—conclusive evidence that his father had decided to change his will.

There must be some very potent reason for this, thought William, and with a little shiver of fright he recalled his own unfilial actions of the past few weeks and his father's refusal to receive him.

William Godfrey Lovett was not so far gone in the seductive influences of John Barleycorn that he could not put two and two together and arrive at the answer. He must know the contents of that will at any price, so he glanced furtively toward the door, lifted the mass of papers from the desk and hurriedly read the first page of his father's will. A cold perspiration broke out all over him as he read the first bequest:

First—To my son, William Godfrey Lovett, whose sinful and profligate life has been a source of deep sorrow and shame to me, I leave nothing.

Nothing! Nothing! William gasped and read on:

Second—Knowing full well that some day my said son, William Godfrey Lovett, will occupy quarters in the natural and inevitable haven of his kind, I give, devise and bequeath to the Home for Inebriates, situated in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, the sum of one million dollars.

The tears started to William's eyes, but he blinked them away and read on, while Anthony Groat watched him through the keyhole. Followed a long list of bequests to old friends and servants, charitable institutions, homes, hospitals and colleges. There were three one-million-dollar trust funds established—one for furthering scientific research in astronomy, another for prosecuting the search for a cure for cancer, and a third to establish beds in a tuberculosis hospital. A veterinarian whom William had never heard of was left fifty thousand dollars as a tribute to his discovery of an antidote for Texas fever in cattle. And last, but not least, the hated Timmins was made executor of the vast estate, to serve without undertakings or bonds of any nature whatsoever; and for his trouble John B. Lovett "gave, devised and bequeathed" Timmins one million dollars.

"Rot and piffle!" muttered William. "I'll break that crazy will in fifteen minutes. There isn't a judge or a jury in the ——"

Twenty-third—Since the breaking of wills by disappointed heirs, under the pretext that the testator was unduly influenced or of unsound mind at the time of signing his will, has become quite the fashion nowadays, and as I anticipate that some such action will be instituted by my son, William Godfrey Lovett, the sworn affidavits of the State Board of Alienists, attached hereto and made a part hereof, will be ample refutation of any such ridiculous charge, should my son, the said William Godfrey Lovett, be foolish enough to bring action to have this will set aside. And I do hereby certify that my action in disinheriting my

said son has been taken after calm and mature deliberation, and is done with a view toward furthering the bodily and mental welfare of the said William Godfrey Lovett.

William carefully replaced the papers in as nearly as possible the same position in which he had found them, walked over to his chair and sat down with his head in his hands.

"Whipped to a frazzle," he moaned, "whipped to a frazzle by the most ungodly, diabolical father that ever lived. The ingenuity of that will is simply devilish."

The door opened suddenly and Anthony Groat bustled into the room.

"Mighty sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Lovett, mighty sorry. But you can realize how it is. Insistent client—talkative old cuss—hard as the deuce to get rid of. However, our business will soon be finished."

He sat down at his desk, opened a drawer and drew forth a typewritten agreement. He dipped a rusty pen in a dirty inkwell and handed paper and pen to William.

"I am requested by your father to ask you to sign this agreement. It stipulates that in consideration of your promise never to annoy or approach him in any manner, directly or indirectly, he is to pay you a weekly allowance of twelve dollars and fifty cents while you live. In the event of your default in any of the provisions of this agreement the payments cease automatically. Here is the first payment. Sign right there on the dotted line."

William Godfrey Lovett took the paper in his trembling hands and rent it into shreds. Then he swept the money from the desk to the floor, where it rolled musically round among the legs of the chairs.

"Tell my father," he said in a voice husky and vibrant with passion, "that I scorn him and his money. It is unnecessary for me to sign that insulting agreement, for I will never, directly or indirectly, approach my father as long as I live. And you can tell him further that what I am, he has made me. I've been a worthless son, but God forbid that I should ever acknowledge such a contemptible and heartless father. I wouldn't touch a cent of his money, not if I was starving. Money! Money! All my father lives for and thinks of and deals in is money. Damn his money! Groat, you fat little toady you, I tell you my father ruined me with money! When I was a little, impressionable kid my father was too busy making money to take me to a ball game on Saturday afternoon. If he'd made a pal, a chum, of his son, I might have turned out differently. But he let me go my gay way to the devil and provided the funds for the journey, and now let him enjoy his handiwork. Good afternoon."

"William," demanded the lawyer, rising, a little frightened, "where are you going?"

"Out to earn a living," thundered the prodigal son. "I'm going some place where my father will never see me or hear from me again. I'll earn my own money. He thinks I'm helpless and dependent. I'll show him. I'll——"

His rage and shame and mortification overcame him. He choked with sobs. Groat held the door open for him and he passed out of the office.

A minute later Jarlath Timmins took down his telephone in answer to a call.

"This is Groat speaking. The plan worked beautifully. William read the will, and it was as good as a blow in the face. He refused to sign the agreement, scorned the money and paid a splendid tribute to his daddy before he left. I'm afraid the boy is half right. Lovett is the responsible party."

"Where has he gone to?" inquired the imperturbable Timmins.

"He said he was going out to make a living. And it's my opinion, Timmins, that the joke's been carried too far. I'm confident the boy is going to change his name, leave the city and let the world swallow him. If Lovett wants to see his boy again he'd better come off his high horse."

"Thanks for the advice, Groat," said Timmins dryly, "but you don't know William as we do."

"I know the remnants of a man, though, when I see one," snapped Groat, and hung up the receiver.

III

IMMEDIATELY upon leaving the lawyer's office William Godfrey Lovett did something he had never done before. He visited a pawnbroker and pledged every piece of jewelry he owned. With the proceeds he paid his club bills, packed a few toilet articles and a pair of socks in a small hand grip and left San Francisco, with two dollars and ten cents between him and starvation. He planned to go to Seattle and ship as a green hand for the Alaska canneries. Always fond of fishing, the pursuit of salmon for wages presented a charming prospect compared to anything else he could think of. Moreover, he had heard that a man couldn't spend his money up at the canneries and salmon fisheries, for the reason that there was nothing to spend it on except rough clothing and tobacco, and such things, which, being charged at the company store, would be deducted from the total amount due the fisherman at the close of the season. This rigid rule would spare William the mental travail of saving his money, and it pleased him to think that he would get his wages in a lump.

Now the prodigal might just as well have taken ship at San Francisco and saved himself the expense and discomfort of beating his way to Seattle, but his pride forbade. He was too well known in San Francisco and he feared that he might be recognized before the ship sailed and his plans reported to his father. He desired that not a soul who had known him in his palmy days should ever see him or hear from him again. And, since after spending ten cents to cross the bay he had but two dollars left, he decided to keep that for food en route. So he waited in the freight yards at Oakland until he saw a man swing himself under a freight car and take up a position on a brakebeam; whereupon William Godfrey Lovett went and did likewise.

It was a hard, dirty, sickening, exciting trip. Dust, gravel and clinkers flew in his face and befouled him beyond recognition, and in order to hang on he was forced to abandon his little valise; whereat he sighed, for it contained his toothbrush. Eventually the train pulled into Sacramento and the first leg of his journey culminated with a bucket of water down his neck and a gruff command to "come out o' that." William came out, fighting mad, and was immediately collared by a policeman who "shook him down" for his two dollars and turned him loose.

It was now long after William's usual breakfast hour, and he was hungry. So he raided the free-lunch counter in a near-by saloon, and when the proprietor discovered that William was unable to buy the accompanying drink that etiquette demands if one would eat of a free lunch he swore at the prodigal and ordered him out. William obeyed, taking a handful of bologna sausage with him. He went down to a secluded spot by the river, bathed, dusted his clothes and returned to the depot, looking haggard but respectable. That night, when the Shasta Express pulled into Sacramento, William climbed aboard over the brass railing at the end of the observation car and walked boldly into the first sleeper. The porter was standing outside by the steps with his little stool, and hence failed to see William climb swiftly into an unoccupied upper berth, "drape the mantles of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

Yes, the good things of the world had always been for William and he hated to give them up. It was a daring attempt to "beat the cushions," and William wondered vaguely what the outcome would be. With the habit of years strong upon him he left his shoes under the lower berth for the matutinal attentions of the porter. They were expensive patent-leather pumps with wide silk laces, and the porter was somewhat puzzled to account for the extra passenger. So he woke William up and respectfully requested his sleeping-car check—whereupon William abused him sleepily and told him to go to blazes. There was something regal and virtuously indignant in the way he said it. "Furthermore," he added, "if you can't keep tab on your passengers call the conductor, but whatever you do don't wake me up again or you'll suffer for it."

Perhaps the porter was new to the business. Perhaps he was so old to it that he knew a gentleman from a hobo. Be that as it may, the bluff worked until four o'clock next morning, when a farmer's wife boarded the train at Red Bluff and showed a sleeping-car ticket for the berth in which William slumbered.

There arose at once a heated dispute. William fumbled in his trousers pocket for a mythical wallet, failed to find it and cried out that he had been robbed of his pocketbook with his berth check in it.

"I had a ticket for upper seven in car three," announced William.

"This is car four," said the conductor.

"Well, I'll be—a thousand pardons, old fellow. How stupid of me! I'll climb out directly and go to my rightful berth."

The Pullman conductor stood by to see that he did. And William's shoes were nicely polished when he left, followed by the conductor, who was wise in his day and generation.

"Perhaps I left my ticket in my grip," suggested William. "Look under the berth and see if you see a tan grip."

The conductor obligingly got down on his knees, and as he did so some one snored in upper seven.

But William had heard that snore first and was already racing out of the car. In a flash he had lifted the platform over the steps, opened the door, as he had seen conductors do all his life, and slipped gracefully off the moving train. Fortunately they were pulling into a station at the time and there was little danger attached to the escape, save from the boot of the conductor, and he was three inches short of his mark.

William stood by the side of the right-of-way and watched the green tail lights fade away up the track. Then he laughed in sheer deviltry and started on a journey over the ties that landed him in Redding at noon. He would have tarried in Redding, but he was acquainted there, so he kept right on, but slowly, for he was faint with hunger. At last, while crossing a railroad bridge over a large creek, he was relieved to observe, in a little clearing among some bushes in the bed of the creek, what is colloquially known as "a jungle scene." That is to say, William saw four tramps gathered around a campfire, enjoying a "mulligan," and feeling himself one of the fraternity by this time he descended into the creek and inquired of the group in his breeziest manner:

"How's the chances for some scoffin's?"

Chances were excellent, it appeared, so William sat among the wanderers and ate heartily of the "mulligan" and "dummy," purloined from goodness knows where. Somehow the unfamiliar food tasted better than any he ever remembered eating, and, the gods be praised, there was plenty of it. His feet were hot and blistered, so he bathed them in the waters of the creek, the while he kept up a running fire of good-humored chaff with the band of hobos. When William told them the story of his adventure in the sleeping car he was unanimously voted a member in good standing and invited to stay over for supper. One of the hobos, a villainous, red-bearded, puffy-faced man named Doc, promised to steal some chickens.

Somehow the Unfamiliar Food Tasted Better Than Any He Ever Remembered Eating

Strange to relate, William Godfrey Lovett was happy. For the first time in his life there was a lilt to existence. The carelessness, the unrestrained freedom of this unconventional life appealed strongly to the contrary streak in him. The little things, the commonplace little necessities of life hitherto held so cheaply by him, had suddenly assumed a distinct value. There is a thrill to

riding brake-beams that is not noticeable in travel *de luxe*, and as William sat on the banks of the little stream, filled with mulligan and reminiscence, and splashed his aching feet in the cool waters, he felt like a boy who has played hookey from school for the first time.

He stayed in the hobo camp that night, and Doc, true to his promise, stole the chickens. William, anxious to prove himself worthy of his salt, went into an adjoining field and helped himself to some early vegetables which he had the satisfaction of seeing boiled in an old kerosene can together with the chickens. He had a glorious repast, and it being early spring and the night chill giving way to the Central Californian warmth of approaching summer, he slept very comfortably on an improvised bed of dry grass with his feet to the fire. In the morning, after a scant breakfast with his new-found acquaintances, he resumed his journey northward on foot.

The hobos, being southbound for the summer, parted from him reluctantly, and at parting gave him much salutary advice on the subject of how to avoid work and still be happy.

All that day he followed the railroad track through the cañon of the upper Sacramento. Along about five o'clock that afternoon the Portland Limited whistled behind him and he stepped aside to let the train go by. As the observation car whirled by a man seated on the platform looked back, and William's glance met his long enough for each man to recognize the other.

The man on the observation car was William's father, "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett. He started slightly as he recognized in the shabby, dusty figure beside the track his once natty and handsome offspring.

Involuntarily he started to wave his hand in salutation, but seemed to change his mind. William understood and a sudden mist came over his eyes. He gulped and hung his head in shame—shame for himself and shame for his father.

A mile farther on he came across something tied in a white handkerchief lying on the ties between the rails. He untied the handkerchief and found that it contained a hundred-dollar bill and eight silver dollars, the latter put in, doubtless, to weight the handkerchief and keep it from blowing away. On one of his father's business cards he read these words, hastily written in lead-pencil:

Son, I'm sorry. Come back. DAD.

In the gathering gloom William Godfrey Lovett stood on the railroad track and thought things over, smiling a little and fingering this peace offering from his repentant father. It did not occur to the prodigal that he had his father on the run; rather he felt a new joy within him at the realization that, in the final analysis, his father was not the monster he had pictured him. "Son, I'm sorry. Come back." Ah, if William could only have sensed the battle between love and duty in those few words; if he could only have known the struggle it cost his father to refrain from getting off at the next station and walking back to meet him, perhaps the miracle of William's reform might have been accomplished then and there. As the matter presented itself to William, however, though the sting of his quarrel with his father was gone, the sting to his pride remained.

He pondered his situation from every possible angle except the right one. From the pine forest far up the side of the cañon came the mournful hoot of an owl; in the distance a panther screamed. The river ran below the tracks with a blithe, agreeable, subdued chuggle, as it pelted over the rocks on its way to the sea. William heard it all and it was sweeter to him than the turmoil of cities and the cramp of existence in the gilded precincts of real money. Somehow this money thrown at random from the train by his father, in the hope that the prodigal would come across it and pick it up, savored to William of insult added to injury. Always it was money. Without money—easy money—he would have grown into a strong, decent, helpful man instead of a neurasthenic dipsomaniac, dependent for the creature comforts of life on his money-mad father; and with this thought the possession of the money became intolerable to William Godfrey Lovett. There in the darkening cañon, hungry and outcast, the fragments of William's manhood bade him starve rather than use one cent of it for food.

That night, hungry and tired, William limped into the reading room of a hotel at Kennett, helped himself to an envelope and a sheet of paper and wrote to his father. It was not a vitriolic letter, but it was short and to the point:

My dear Father: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your card, together with the sum of one hundred and eight dollars. I am returning the money to you herewith, less a slight deduction for cost of money order and stamp to carry this letter. This deduction, being an expense thrust upon me by you, should, in all justice, be borne by you.

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"I Wouldn't Touch a Cent of His Money, Not If I Was Starving"

The Making of a Ballplayer

I AM in baseball because I like the business and because I can make money at it. I own a quarter interest in one of the major league clubs. Our baseball plant of steel and concrete cost half a million dollars, and our expenses, including salaries of players and officers, run up to ninety thousand a year. Over and above that our club makes seventy-five thousand dollars a season. We are not paying dividends yet, and I have to live on my salary as manager, which I do and save money besides; but some day I shall have a pretty nice investment. Twenty-seven years ago I was working in a shoe factory in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

One reason baseball makes a hit with me is that it is a clean business. Ever since seventy-seven, when the National League blacklisted those four Louisville players for crookedness—selling games—no charge of hippodroming could be made against the national pastime. The lady on the dollar never shows her face beyond the box office. Technically, perhaps, some features of organized baseball might run afoul of the Sherman anti-trust law, if the matter got into the courts, but it never will. The men who control the game are too wise for that. The rights of a ballplayer are better protected than those of a worker in any other industry. If a player is not fairly treated he can air his grievances in the newspapers, and then the fans take up the cudgels for him.

Further than that, the player can take his case to the National Commission—the supreme court of baseball—where it is decided strictly on its merits, with the player getting the benefit of the doubt. A large majority of these cases have been determined in the players' favor. So if organized baseball is a trust, it is the one trust absolutely regulated by public opinion.

To my mind baseball combines the best of American sport with the day's work. There is always enough excitement in it to keep you guessing, and anything that keeps you guessing keeps you young. I'll be forty-nine in December—no one would guess it, they tell me—and I expect to be sitting on the bench directing my team fifteen years from now. An occupation that can make your family comfortable, give you a competence and keep you young—that is a pretty good business.

One of the stars of the eighties studied law, retired from the game and went to practicing his new profession. He was in court one time and said something that the judge didn't like. So he got this call-down:

"You may be a lawyer among ballplayers, but you are a ballplayer among lawyers."

Perhaps he was a bush-league lawyer and got what was coming to him. Perhaps the judge was a born wit. But when I read the thing in the papers it hit me right where I live. I don't apologize for my profession. A player can't succeed without brains, while a manager has got to have everything the manager of any successful business has—and a lot besides. There's one thing to remember—a ballplayer must take the very best care of himself in order to hold his job in the big leagues.

I went to a college one time to sign up a youngster to play short, and a professor told me about a make-believe Greek strong-man—Ant-something was his name. It took Hercules to get the best of him. The point about this Greek lad was that he renewed his strength every time he touched the earth. That struck me as a nice idea, if it was a fake. The man who is next to the ground, near to Nature, out-of-doors, is a stronger man—and is apt to be a cleaner, better man—than the fellow who is cooped up in an office in a dirty city, working half the time by artificial light.

I am not sure now whether I went into professional baseball because of the money in it or because I liked the game; probably it was both. I was twenty-two years old and I had been working five years in a shoe shop. Baseball was my recreation. In the factory I had seen handwork supplanted by machine work until the only hand process left was cutting the leather for the vamps and uppers. I realized that less and less of the workman's intelligence was called into play; more and more he was becoming a mere human machine. I knew my birth certificate specified a pretty fair headpiece, and I thought it was up to me to make the best use of it. Besides, the work was so monotonous. A fellow with imagination couldn't get up any mental excitement wondering what was to become of the shoe he was working on. A shoe is the most commonplace thing in the world, when you think of it—but you don't; you remember it only when it pinches. I demanded some occupation where my imagination wasn't reduced to sole leather. I wanted to be able to show what folks now call initiative—thinking out a problem for myself, without the help of anybody else, before any one else.

Right here my mother enters the grandstand, so to speak. When I tried to decide whether to quit the shoe shop and make my living at baseball—our living, I should say, because I was supporting my mother—I found that the old lady was strong for my making the change. She was the greatest fan you ever saw—is today at seventy-two. Her big argument was something like this:

"Who hears of a man in a shoe shop, Nealie?" she said to me. "Who hears of the superintendent unless there is a strike—and you're far from being a superintendent, me bhoy? Now a ballplayer gets his name in the paper every day he plays and his picture once a week. I want me bhoy to be known all over the country. He will be if he goes on the diamond to stay—for you've the making of a great player, Nealie. But me bhoy won't be heard of if he sticks to his last."

So I told the boss to fill my place the first of March. That was in eighty-four. The time came and the boss asked me to stay another week. He said there wouldn't be much work, but that he wanted me to help take stock. I replied:

"I have worked my last day in a shoe shop." It was a kiddish remark, especially as I hadn't landed a baseball job; but probably it was just as well to cut loose and make a base hit or strike out in my chosen profession. Anyhow I never went back. I have stuck to baseball from that day to this, and mother is forever saying:

"What did I tell you, me bhoy? You were born with a baseball in the back of your head, which is next best thing to coming into the world with a silver spoon in your mouth."

My first season was with a club in Connecticut. I made good. My catching was only fair, but I threw well to bases. I was like the hunter who could not make difficult shots but who seldom missed the easy shots. Thinking was a lost art when I joined the team, and I tried to revive it. Can't say that I was very successful. The playing

manager couldn't always see what I was driving at. He was a good natural ballplayer, but he held the managerial reins because he was a good mixer. People in the town liked him—liked to take a drink or play a game of billiards with him, and so he was able to get next to a certain class of business men and obtain their financial support for the club. He knew that his convivial habits had a bad influence on the rest of the players and he began to hold me up as a good example for the men. He had heard a story, which he kept repeating, about a chaplain in the Civil War—a convivial soul who drank and gambled during the week and on Sundays urged the soldiers, after prayer, to be sober and God-fearing, always winding up with: "Don't do as I do, boys!"

I never set out to be a good example. Though I had a good working set of principles my habits were more or less determined on a business basis. When I was working in a shoe factory I tried to smoke as the other boys did, but I never seemed to like it. When I got into the big league I was rather glad I hadn't the habit, for sooner or later smoking knocks a man's wind. With drinking it was different. The father of a boyhood chum of mine—one of the best carpenters when he wasn't in his cups—was bowled over by drink. The memory of many a night when he was in horrible delirium made a deep impression on me. I grew up in mortal fear of the stuff. I never touched a drop of anything until I was twenty, and then only an occasional glass of beer just to be sociable. But I cut it out entirely when I began to play ball for a living. I made up my mind that my physical condition would always be a help, and never a handicap, to my success on the diamond.

Then smoking and drinking are expensive habits, and I had to be careful with my money. There was mother to look after, if for no other reason than that she looked after me, and besides I had determined to save a little money every year. That is another resolve I've kept, and because I kept it I was able to obtain a much larger interest in the club I now manage than otherwise I could have done.

Saving money wasn't easy the first three years of baseball. I made fifty dollars more a month than I had in the shoe factory, but that was only for the six months I played ball. My yearly earnings were about one hundred and fifty dollars less, which meant a good deal in those days. But when I wasn't playing ball I was clerking in a cigar store. I was quite popular with the fans and the owner evidently thought I attracted trade. It was a queer place for a man who didn't smoke and I should have preferred something else, but nothing offered that paid so well.

With four other players I was sold to the tail-ender of the National League in eighty-seven. Mother said it was the proudest day of her life when she read the write-up and saw my picture with the words, "Will Catch for the Senators." She said it was better than being a Congressman, for I was to go to Washington, be in the public eye and still be a ballplayer. I wanted her to go along, but she shook her head. She didn't want to leave her old friends in Haverhill. She said she would keep the cottage open against my return after my team had won the pennant! I see where I get my imagination. Think of Washington winning the pennant! But I guess mother had a little laugh when my back was turned. She never was wanting in what you call a sense of humor.

The Mistakes I Made as a Manager

OF COURSE I learned more baseball in the big league, but that was only a small part of it. When I went to Washington it was my first trip outside of New England, where I was born. Then for half of the season I was traveling—to Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Travel did a great deal for me—I suppose it does for everybody. It wasn't so much what I saw—sightseeing I mean—as the way I wised up to things. A first-class ballplayer is a pretty keen observer. He becomes trained to it in the game. He must not only keep his eye on the ball, but he must be on the lookout for the unexpected—just as he must pull off the unexpected on the other fellow. Big league baseball is as much a battle of wits as a contest of skill. This habit of observation a ballplayer carries off the field. It shows itself first in matters of dress and of manners. As a rule a big league ballplayer doesn't want to be conspicuous off the field. He may like the limelight all right, but he gets enough of that in the game. When he goes to bat with two men on bases and when he makes a difficult play twenty thousand people may be eying him—and he knows it. But off the diamond he wants to be just like other folks, as well dressed, but not overdressed, and with as good manners as other men at the hotel. For the ballplayer off the lots and for the recruit from the bush league, traveling with a club in the majors is a mighty good finishing school. When a new man is too raw the older players take a hand at teaching him. I remember a substitute catcher with the Senators. He had a pair of hands like two hams and his fingers were about as straight as the branches of a tree. He thought he could become a gentleman by sinking his money in rings. He wore four—one diamond and three near-diamonds. The fellows guyed him about them and told him to get down to one ring at least. He replied: "I notice that them as has 'em wears 'em." But he got wise—or got hard up and pawned the rings.

After a year in Washington I drew twenty-five hundred dollars. This made possible the next important step in my life. At the close of my second season with the Senators I brought a wife home to Haverhill. Mother received her with open arms and my friends and acquaintances were very curious to see the bride. The papers were responsible for that. Through some members of the team the Washington papers got on to the story and made quite a good deal out of what they called "A Slide to the Altar." What they had to go on was this: In a nothing to nothing game with one of the leaders I got a base on balls and was edging off first as far as I dared. The man at bat signed to me that he was going to hit. I started with the pitcher's arm, and the batter poked a single where the short stop should have been—he was figuring on a hit to right field or a throw to second. I kept on to third base and without heeding the coacher I determined to try to pull off an unheard-of play in those days—Ty Cobb's specialty now—scoring from first on a single. The catcher of the opposing team was a big man and hard as nails, and he tried to block me off from the plate. I tried to slide round him, as he had the ball waiting for me. I got my right leg clear, touched the plate and was safe, but my left leg came against his shin and he was down on me in a heap. He was badly spiked and I felt sorry, although he was not playing fair. But I was worse off—at least it seemed so. When I tried to get on my feet I felt sure my ankle was broken, and I

was carried from the field into a hospital that overlooked the grounds. My ankle wasn't broken, but I had a beastly sprain that kept me in the hospital a week. During that time Molly—that was the nurse—and I became very well acquainted. She was what you call a thirty-third degree fan. Well—it was Molly I took home to mother.

There isn't much to say about my ten years in the National League—no, it was nine, for I played with the Brotherhood one year—except to tell of my failure. Now that I look back on it my failure meant more to me than anything else in my career on the diamond. Because I failed as the manager I became a good manager—sounds strange, but it's true. I had left Washington and had been with one of the first division clubs four years when I was asked to act as playing manager. The players liked me and there were no dissensions on the team, so far as I knew; but they turned out to be a hard lot of ballplayers to handle. From the standpoint of the game they were thick-headed and obstinate. Several of them were natural hitters, and these men cared more about their batting averages than about the standing of the team in the race. Time and time again I would tell a man, as he stepped to the plate, to sacrifice, and he would disregard my orders and land on the ball. Very frequently he would hit into a double play, and double plays lost us many a game. When I remonstrated with the player his excuse invariably would be that the pitcher had grooved the plate and he saw a good chance to hit the ball out. I tried fining these men and then they laid down on me. The worst of it was that the fans seemed to back them up. The average spectator loves a single or a long hit better than anything else in baseball, and these men were known as good batters.

It hurt me still more to see that I couldn't control the men off the field. They wouldn't take care of themselves. Ballplayers were different in those days from what they are now. Boozing was common among them. I knew it, but I couldn't understand it. It seemed to me that a major league player, with a career before him and sure money in his pocket, ought to keep himself in good physical condition as a matter of course. I found that he wouldn't and I couldn't make him—not the class of players I had in those days. What those men needed, I suppose, was rough handling—some one to curse them out, fine them heavily, or order them to the clubhouse with an indefinite suspension. Somehow I couldn't do it. I've always objected to bad language on or off the ball field—never used it myself and never cared to hear others use it. But those National League players seemed to expect to be sworn at, and plain talk without trimmings had no effect on them. I lay awake nights trying to figure out how to enforce discipline, but I couldn't get the right answer. The fact was I didn't know how to handle the men.

The Need for Knowledge of Human Nature

ANOTHER reason I failed was that Molly had been taken from me. She died when my little girl was born, so I was left with three children, and my oldest boy was only five. That responsibility bore heavily on me, and there is one thing certain—the ball field is no place for troubles. No matter what a man's troubles are off the field he must leave them behind when he goes on the diamond. When he's in the game the player must attend strictly to business. I wasn't attending to business those two years I tried to manage a National League club. Toward the end I began to forget my troubles—but it was too late. My mother was taking care of my children and looking after my home, and that was a great relief. I owe a great deal to my mother. She raised my children and looked after them for seventeen years—and me too.

Meantime I was really learning the game of baseball. More than that—I was learning to be a business man. I went to the minors to get my training—went of my own choice. I turned down an offer from another major league club, bought my release and signed a contract to manage a team in one of the minor leagues. I was to have full control—was to select all the players, play or manage from the bench as I saw fit, and in addition act as business manager. That was a splendid experience.

I didn't have much money to throw away. I couldn't afford to buy players unless it was a case of necessity. I had to discover them. So I started my correspondence bureau. This was recruited largely from ballplayers—men I had played with and men I had met on and off the diamond. When I was a National League manager I made it a rule never to turn down a ballplayer. If a player wanted something and I could possibly accommodate him, I went out of my way to do him a favor. By this I made friends and kept them. Today I am known as "the ballplayers' friend." I suppose I get more tips on promising youngsters than any two major league managers. It is all due to my faculty of making and keeping friends. When I do sign a man after some ballplayer has recommended him I send the player one or two hundred dollars as a present.

As a minor league manager I learned how to train and handle men. Teaching youngsters baseball isn't so difficult if you know how to do it. I learned how—and I learned patience. Handling players is a serious problem. I put it all on a basis of business. It is no use wasting your time with the player who isn't ambitious, who doesn't want to get to the top in his profession. You can make the right sort of fellow see that it is not only common-sense but good business to keep in the best possible condition physically. I made my men see that excesses of any kind will ruin the best player that ever lived. By excesses I don't mean only drinking and moral uncleanliness. I include overeating. One of the greatest batters and fielders of the last ten years ate himself out of the American League.

Another thing I learned was psychology. I didn't get it out of books, but from studying my men—their dispositions, their human angles, their ways of thinking and their superstitions. Ballplayers are terribly superstitious, and the wise manager will humor them in this respect and take advantage of them when he can. My youngest boy had a chum—a little humpback. I was very fond of him myself and one day I took him to the grounds and let him sit on the bench with me. He loved it, as any boy would, and the players took to him. It was an important game, very close for eight innings, and we won out. The players said after the game that the boy had brought them luck, and the captain whispered to me: "We want him for our mascot. His hump will bring us luck." I had it figured out beforehand, but I wanted the suggestion to come from the players. We had a uniform made for him and he looked after the bats—kept them in a row in front of the bench. He always took care never to let the bats get crossed, for the players thought that brought bad luck. Whenever we got started hitting the ball he would throw the bats about in all directions; this meant starting a batting rally—breaking up the game—to the superstitious ballplayer. Our little humpback mascot was with us four seasons. He went on all our trips and, of course,

his expenses were paid. He also drew a pay envelope every week. When he died my players were terribly cast down; some of it was real sorrow, some of it superstition. That season we finished in sixth place—the lowest notch the team ever occupied.

Then I "came back." The American League was organizing a club in one of the Eastern cities and I was asked to get together the players and manage the team. I thought it over carefully. Baseball was growing in popularity and I decided that there was business enough for two major leagues. I knew that the war would be bitter and that a pile of money would be lost before the young league could get on its feet, but if we could hold out I knew that we could dictate the terms of peace. During the season a ball club was away traveling half of the time and the fan was deprived of his favorite amusement. Why shouldn't the American League club be playing at home while the National Leaguers were on the road? And might there not be a rivalry between the leagues that would enhance the interest in the national game? I knew I had the right hunch. This time I didn't consult my mother—I didn't dare. I knew she wanted her "bhoy" back in major league company, and I wished to consider it as a business proposition and not as a matter of sentiment.

Once I decided, I went the limit. I had quite a little money saved. With the interest it amounted to eighteen thousand dollars. Say—you should have seen the faces of the men who were promoting our club when I handed them a check for that amount and said: "Give me that much in stock." They asked me what my "side line" was. They never thought of a ballplayer, or a manager either, as a financier. I got the stock. And I was to get more if I made good. I did. Now I own a quarter interest. The first season I finished in the first division. Then I set sail for the pennant. The team was going good when the courts interfered. Two of my stars and three pitchers were enjoined from playing with our club. I had to make over my team in mid-season. I had for some time had my eye on a youngster in New England, but I wanted him to get a little more minor league experience. I gave this young fellow the job of covering the ground in the infield left vacant by one of the greatest players the game has seen. I put it to him right. I didn't expect too much from him and I never called him down when he made an error. He began to gain confidence. His playing improved, and in a month he was going along like a seasoned player. Well—I won the pennant. Yes, I "came back."

Speed and Brains the Great Need

FOLKS call me a success. I simply learned my business, and I love my business. With that combination you can take a lot of beating. If I'm a "wizard," as some say, why—I'll give the game away right here. Take my infield, for instance. At the market price of O'Toole, for whom Pittsburgh paid twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, my infield ought to be worth a hundred thousand. They didn't cost me a nickel; I got them green and young. Two of them were just out of college; one came from the minors and one was off the sand lots. I suppose some people think that I saw great players in these youngsters.

Nothing to it. The fact is I saw only one of the quartet play before I signed him! Through my correspondence bureau I got a line on them; then I had my scout look them over, and on his recommendation I signed the men. When you don't pay out money for players you can afford to take a chance.

All I really knew about these players was that they were all fast. Speed is the first thing I demand in a player. If he hasn't speed I won't fool with him—unless he is a promising pitcher or a natural catcher. Next to speed is brains. But say—there is something to be said about that gray matter. Some men have it and others are a long time getting it. Sometimes I have told a player what to do, and he would do exactly opposite at the first opportunity. I would tell him over again, and then he would forget. I have a star now who would forget what I told him while he was walking from the bench to the plate. All of a sudden, after I had expended a great deal of patience on him, he got it—got that gray matter. I could name one of the greatest players in our league who, for two years in the majors, was one of the stupidest players I ever saw. All at once he got the right baseball hunch. Now he doesn't make the wrong play twice in a season. You have got to have brainy ballplayers, but sometimes it pays to wait until they get wise to the inside game.

The manager of a business has to look ahead. This is as true of baseball as it is of a manufacturing or a merchandising business—only it is a little more important. You have got to have the players to win. There's no two ways about that. And the players have got to have the manager. But I give all the credit to the players. They are on the firing line. When a team begins to go back no power on earth can prevent it. Once in a while there seems to be an exception to this. Take Frank Chance, manager of the Chicago Cubs, for example. He built up a powerful machine. Three years his club won the National League pennant, then lost to Pittsburgh, and then won again. But that last win was a hard pull. Everybody who knew the team, particularly the weakness of the pitching staff, expected the Cubs to fall way back this last season. But somehow or other Chance kept that once powerful but creaking machine going. How he did it I don't know. I do know that there were four other clubs in the National that were stronger on paper. With any one of them Chance would have won the championship. But he infused those Cubs, several of whom were slowing up, with the true fighting spirit. I hand it to Frank Chance. He may not think it, but to my mind his greatest triumph was in nineteen-eleven.

Now I am anxious to see what he can do to rebuild that team. If he does it and still continues to be a contender in the race, I will take off my hat to him as the greatest man baseball has known. At that he will be a genius. I am a business man. I plan two, three, sometimes four years ahead. I have my eye on every man. I know when, through age or other cause, he ought to slow down. I know when he begins to slow down, and I am ready to fill his place. Take my catching staff. It looks pretty good today, but I know that one of my best men may begin to go back next season. I am all ready for that. Four years ago I heard of a catcher in a bush-league town. He was recommended to me as a natural catcher with a wonderful arm. I sent my scout up there, and on his say-so I drafted him. He caught a little in practice at the close of the season, but I saw he had a whole lot to learn. So I farmed him out—sent him to a minor league club. He will be with me next season. When the team goes South in the spring he will learn all I can teach him. I may be wrong, but I'll bet his best friend won't recognize his catching when he goes behind the bat in a major league game.

The Psychology of Baseball

ALL that is what the managers in the war game call "preparedness." But it is also good business. If your club doesn't put up a good stiff fight, or—if the fans have seen a pennant flapping from the pole—your team is not a contender, why—the attendance falls off and the club revenues suffer. This may be due to the failure of one or two players. Or suppose your mainstay behind the bat should go wrong. Catchers are hard to get at any money and five thousand dollars would be little enough to pay for a sure-fire man. Going back to the catcher I am to bring off "the farm" next season. He cost me, at the draft price, five hundred dollars. Board on the "farm" costs me nothing. So I may be in about forty-five hundred dollars just by looking ahead. Figure it out as a business proposition.

Aside from the business side of baseball the psychology of the game interests me most. If I hadn't gone into baseball I believe I couldn't have kept out of politics. I like studying men. I know just what I can expect of every man on my team in any emergency. When he is going right one of my pitchers is the best that ever curved a ball. In a very important series I was urged by some friends to put him in the box. I knew better. Why? Because he would have gone into the game afraid of the opposing batters. Nothing I could say to him would have given him the heart. He would have been wild at the start, and before I could pull him out the game would have been lost. Yet before a team he knew he could beat—a team with just as

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WORDS AND MUSIC

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

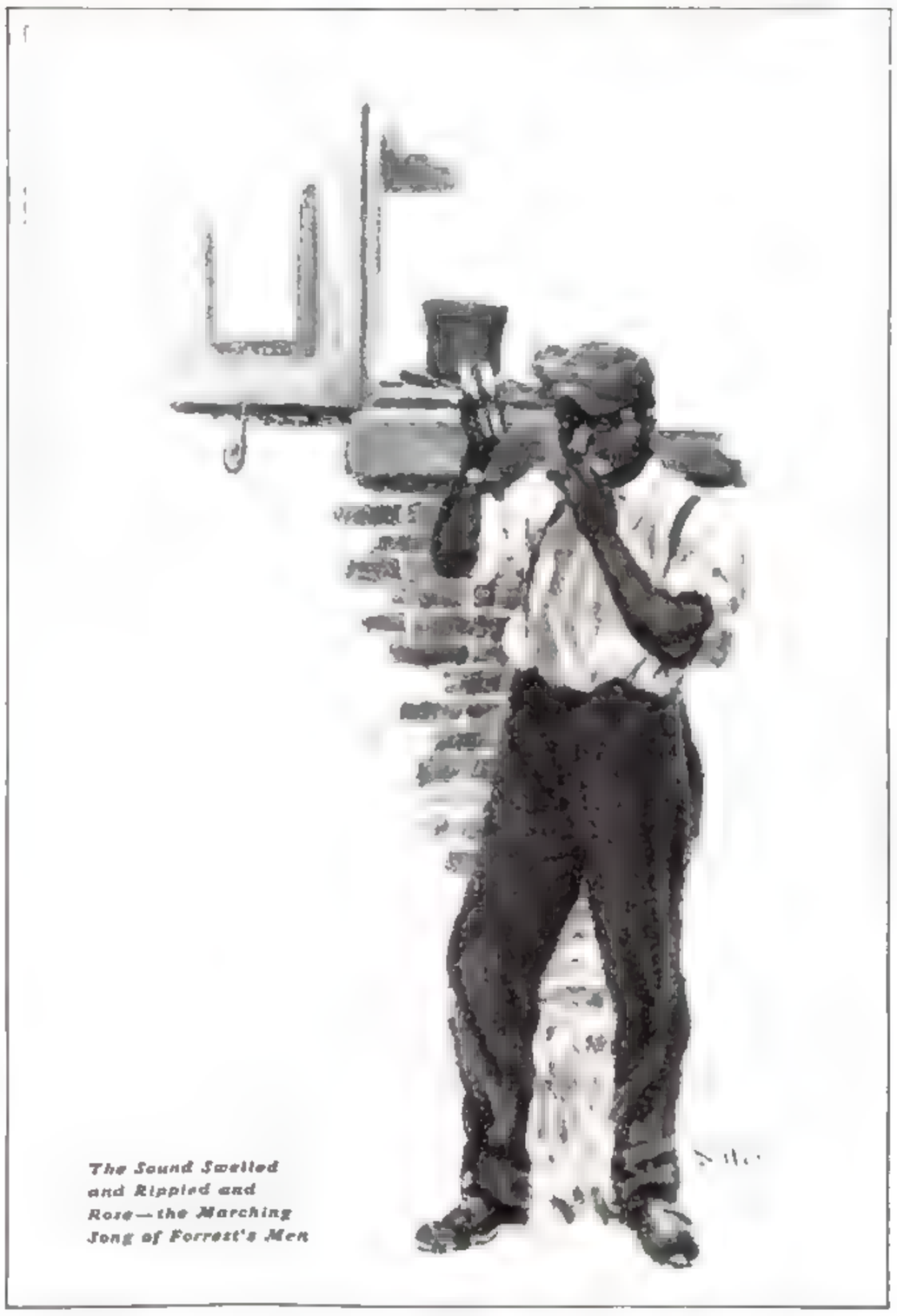
WHEN Breck Tandy killed a man he made a number of mistakes. In the first place, he killed the most popular man in Forked Deer County the county clerk, a man named Abner J. Rankin In the second place, he killed him with no witnesses present, so that it stood his word and he a newcomer and a stranger—against the mute, eloquent accusation of a riddled dead man. And in the third place, he sent north of the Ohio River for a lawyer to defend him.

On the first Monday in June Court Monday -the town filled up early. Before the field larks were out of the grass the farmers were tying their teams to the gnawed hitch-racks along the square. By nine o'clock the swapping ring below the wagonyard was swimming in red dust and clamorous with the chaffer of the horse-traders In front of a vacant store the Ladies' Aid Society of Zion Baptist Church had a canvas sign out, announcing that an elegant dinner would be served for twenty-five cents from twelve to one, also ice cream and cake all day for fifteen cents

The narrow wooden sidewalks began to creak and churn under the tread of many feet. A long-haired medicine doctor emerged from his frock-coat like a locust coming out of its shell, pushed his high hat off his forehead and ranged a guitar, sundry bottles of a potent mixture, his tooth-pulling forceps and a trick-handkerchief upon the narrow shelf of his stand alongside the Drummers' Home Hotel. In front of the little dingy tent of the Half Man and Half Horse a yellow negro sat on a split-bottom chair limbering up for a hard day. This yellow negro was an artist. He played a common twenty-cent mouth organ, using his left hand to slide it back and forth across his spread lips. The other hand held a pair of polished beef bones, such as end men wield, and about the wrist was buckled a broad leather strap with three big sleigh-bells riveted loosely to the leather, so that he could clap the bones and shake the bells with the same motion. He was a whole orchestra in himself. He could play on his mouth organ almost any tune you wanted, and with his bones and his bells to help out he could credibly imitate a church organ, a fife-and-drum corps, or, indeed, a full brass band. He had his chair tilted back until his woolly head dented a draggled banner depicting in five faded primary colors the physical attractions of the Half Man and Half Horse—Marvel of the Century and he tested his mouth organ with short, mellow, tentative blasts as he waited until the Marvel and the Marvel's manager finished a belated breakfast within and the first ballyhoo could start. He was practicing the newest of the ragtime airs to get that far South. The name of it was The Georgia Camp-Meeting.

The town marshal in his shirt sleeves, with a big silver shield pinned to the breast of his unbuttoned blue waistcoat and a hickory stick with a crook handle for added emblem of authority, stalked the town drunkard, fair game at all seasons and especially on Court Monday. The town gallant whirled back and forth the short hilly length of Main Street in his new side-bar buggy. A clustering group of negroes made a thick, black blob, like hiving bees, in front of a negro fishhouse, from which came the smell and sounds of perch and channel cat frying on spitting-hot skillets. High up on the squat cupola of the courthouse a red-headed woodpecker clung, barred in crimson, white and blue-black, like a bit of living bunting, engaged in the hopeless task of trying to drill through the tin sheathing. The rolling rattle of his beak's tattoo came down sharply to the crowds below. Mourning doves called to one another in the trees round the red-brick courthouse, and at ten o'clock, when the sun was high and hot, the sheriff came out and, standing between two hollow white pillars, rapped upon one of them with a stick and called upon all witnesses and talesmen to come into court for the trial of John Breckinridge Tandy, charged with murder in the first degree, against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Tennessee and the statutes made and provided.

But this ceremonial by the sheriff was for form rather than effect, since the witnesses and the talesmen all sat in the circuit-court chamber along with as many of the population of Forked Deer County as could squeeze in there.



The Sound Swelled and Rippled and Rose—the Marching Song of Forrest's Men

Already the air of the crowded chamber was choky with heat and rancid with smell. Men were perched precariously in the ledges of the windows. More men were ranged in rows along the plastered walls, clunking their heels against the cracked wooden baseboards. The two front rows of benches were full of women. For this was to be the big case of the June term—a better show by long odds than the Half Man and Half Horse.

Inside the low railing that divided the room and on the side nearer the jury box were the forces of the defense. Under his skin the prisoner showed a sallow paleness born of his three months in the county jail. He was tall and dark and steady eyed, a young man well under thirty. He gave no heed to those who sat in packed rows behind him, wishing him evil. He kept his head turned front, only bending it sometimes to whisper with one of his lawyers or one of his witnesses. Frequently, though, his hand went out in a protecting, reassuring way to touch his wife's brown hair or to rest a moment on her small shoulder. She was a plain, scared, shrinking little thing. The fingers of her thin hands were plaited desperately together in her lap. Already she was trembling. Once in a while she would raise her face, showing shallow brown eyes dilated with fright, and then sink her head again like a quail trying to hide. She looked pitiable and lonely.

The chief attorney for the defense was half turned from the small counsel table where he might study the faces of the crowd. He was from Middle Indiana, serving his second term in Congress. If his party held control of the state he would go to the Senate after the next election. He was an orator of parts and a pleader of almost a national reputation. He had manly grace and he was a fine, upstanding figure of a man, and before now he had wrung victories out of many difficult cases. But he chilled to his finger-nails with apprehensions of disaster as he glanced searchingly about the close-packed room.

Wherever he looked he saw no friendliness at all. He could feel the hostility of that crowd as though it had substance and body It was a tangible thing; it was almost a physical thing. Why, you could almost put your hand out and touch it. It was everywhere there.

And it focused and was summed up in the person of Aunt Tilly Haslett, rearing on the very front bench with her husband, Uncle Fayette, half hidden behind her vast and overflowing bulk. Aunt Tilly made public opinion in Hyattsville. Indeed she was public opinion in that town. In her it had its up-comings and its out-flowings. She held herself bolt upright, filling out the front of her black bombazine basque until the buttons down its front strained at their buttonholes. With wide, deliberate strokes she fanned herself with a palm-leaf fan. The fan had an edging of black tape sewed round it black tape signifying in that community age or mourning, or both Her jaw was set like a steel latch, and her little gray eyes behind her steel-bowed specs were leveled with a baleful, condemning glare that included the strange lawyer, his client, his client's wife and all that was his client's.

Congressman Durham looked and knew that his presence was an affront to Aunt Tilly and all those who sat with her; that his somewhat vivid tie, his silken shirt, his low tan shoes, his new suit of gray flannels a masterpiece of the best tailor in Indianapolis were as insults, added up and piled on, to this suspendered, gingham-shirted constituency. Better than ever he realized now the stark hopelessness of the task to which his hands were set. And he dreaded what was coming almost as much for himself as for the man he was hired to defend. But he was a trained veteran of courtroom campaigns, and there was a jauntily assumed confidence in his bearing as he swung himself about and made a brisk show of conferring with the local attorney who was to aid him in the choosing of the jurors and the questioning of the witnesses.

But it was real confidence and real jauntiness that radiated from the other side of the inclosure, where the prosecutor sat with the assembled bar of Forked Deer County on his flanks, volunteers upon the favored side, lending to it the moral support of weight and numbers. Rankin, the dead man, having been a bachelor, State's Attorney Gilliam could bring no lorn widow and children to sit before the jurors' eyes and win added sympathy for his cause. Lacking these most valued assets of a murder trial he supplied their places with the sisters of the dead man two sparse-built elderly women in heavy black, with sweltering thick veils down over their faces. When the proper time came he would have them raise these veils and show their woeful faces, but now they sat shrouded all in crape, fit figures of desolation and sorrow. He fussed about busily, fiddling the quill toothpick that hung perilously in the corner of his mouth and evening up the edges of a pile of law books with freckled calfskin covers. He was a lank, bony garfish of a man, with a white goatee aggressively protruding from his lower lip. He was a poor speaker but mighty as a cross-examiner, and he was serving his first term and was a candidate for another. He wore the official garbing of special and extraordinary occasions—long black coat and limp white waistcoat and gray striped trousers, a trifle short in the legs. He felt the importance of his place here almost visibly—his figure swelled and expanded out his clothes.

"Look yonder at Tom Gilham," said Mr. Lukins, the grocer, in tones of whispered admiration to his next-elbow neighbor, "jest prunin' and honin' hisse'f to git at that there Tandy and his dude Yankee lawyer. If he don't chaw both of 'em up together I'll be dad-burned."

"You bet," whispered back his neighbor it was Aunt Tilly's oldest son, Fayette, Junior -"it's like Maw says—time's come to teach them murderin' Kintuckians they can't be a-comin' down here a-killin' up people and not pay fur it. I reckon, Mr. Lukins," added Fayette, Junior, with a wriggle of pleased anticipation, "we shore are goin' to see some carryin's-on in this cotehouse today."

Mr. Lukins' reply was lost to history because just then the judge entered—an elderly, kindly-looking man—from his chambers in the rear, with the circuit-court clerk right behind him bearing large leather-clad books and sheaves of foolscap paper. Their coming made a bustle.

Aunt Tilly squared herself forward, scrooging Uncle Fayette yet farther into the eclipse of her shapeless figure. The prisoner raised his head and eyed his judge. His wife looked only at the interlaced, weaving fingers in her lap.

The formalities of the opening of a term of court were mighty soon over: there was everywhere manifest a haste to get at the big thing. The clerk called the case of the Commonwealth versus Tandy. Both sides were ready. Through the local lawyer, delegated for these smaller purposes, the accused man pleaded not guilty. The clerk spun the jury wheel, which was a painted wooden drum on a creaking wooden axle, and drew forth a slip of paper with the name of a talesman written upon it and read aloud:

"Isom W. Tolliver."

In an hour the jury was complete: two townsmen, a clerk and a telegraph operator, and ten men from the country—farmers mainly and one blacksmith and one horse-trader. Three of the panel who owned up frankly to a fixed bias had been let go by consent of both sides. Three more were sure they could give the defendant a fair trial, but those three the local lawyer had challenged peremptorily. The others were accepted as they came. The foreman was a brown-skinned, sparrowhawk-looking old man, with a smoldering brown eye. He had spare, knotted hands, like talons, and the right one was marred and twisted, with a sprayed bluish scar in the midst of the crippled knuckles like the mark of an old gunshot wound. Juror No. 4 was a stodgy old man, a small planter from the back part of the county, who fanned himself steadily with a brown-varnished straw hat. No. 7 was even older, a white-whiskered patriarch on crutches. The twelfth juryman was the oldest of the twelve—he looked to be almost seventy, but he went into the box after he had sworn that his sight and hearing and general health were good and that he still could do his ten hours a day at his blacksmith shop. This juryman chewed tobacco without pause. Twice after he took his seat at the back end of the double line he tried for a wooden cuspidor ten feet away. Both were creditable attempts, but he missed each time. Seeing the look of gathering distress in his eyes the sheriff brought the cuspidor nearer, and thereafter No. 12 was content, chewing steadily like some bearded, contemplative ruminant and listening attentively to the evidence, meanwhile scratching a very wiry head of whity-red hair with a thumbnail that through some injury had taken on the appearance of a very thick, very black Brazil nut. This scratching made a raspy, filing sound that after a while got on Congressman Durham's nerves.

It was late in the afternoon when the prosecution rested its case and court adjourned until the following morning. The state's attorney had not had so very much evidence to offer, really—the testimony of one who heard the single shot and ran in at Rankin's door to find Rankin upon the floor, about dead, with a pistol, unfired, in his hand and Tandy standing against the wall with a pistol, fired, in his; the constable to whom Tandy surrendered; the physician who examined the body; the persons who knew of the quarrel between Tandy and Rankin growing out of a land deal into which they had gone partners—not much, but enough for Gilliam's purposes. Once in the midst of examining a witness the state's attorney, seemingly by accident, let his look fall upon the two black-robed, silent figures at his side and, as though overcome by the sudden realization of a great grief, he faltered and stopped dead and sank down. It was an old trick, but well done, and a little humming murmur like a breeze coming through treetops swept the audience.

Durham was sick in his soul as he came away. In his mind there stood the picture of a little, scared woman's drawn, drenched face. She had started crying before the last juror was chosen and thereafter all day, at half-minute intervals, the big, hard sobs racked her. As Durham came down the steps he had almost to shove his way through a knot of natives outside the doors. They grudged him the path they made for him, and as he showed them his back he heard a snicker and some one said a thing that cut him where he was already bruised—in his egotism. But he gave no heed to the words. What was the use?

At the Drummers' Home Hotel a darky waiter sustained a profound shock when the imported lawyer declined the fried beefsteak with fried potatoes and also the fried ham and eggs. Mastering his surprise the waiter offered to try to get the Northern gentleman a fried pork chop and some fried June apples, but Durham only wanted a glass of milk for his supper. He drank it and smoked a cigar, and about dusk he went upstairs to his room. There he found assembled the forlorn rank and file of the defense, the local lawyer and three character witnesses—prominent citizens from Tandy's home town who were to testify to his good repute in the place where he was born and reared. These three would be the only witnesses, except Tandy himself, that Durham meant to call. One of them was a

Aunt Tilly Made Public Opinion in Hyattsville

bustling little man named Felsburg, a clothing merchant, and one was Colonel Quigley, a banker and an ex-mayor, and the third was a Judge Priest, who sat on the circuit-court bench back in Kentucky. In contrast to his size, which was considerable, this Judge Priest had a voice that was high and whiny. He also had the trick, common to many men in politics in that part of the South, of being purposely ungrammatical at times.

This mannerism led a lot of people into thinking that the judge must be an uneducated man—until they heard him charging a jury or reading one of his rulings. The judge had other peculiarities. In conversation he nearly always called men younger than himself, son. He drank a little bit too much sometimes; and nobody had ever beaten him for any office he coveted. Durham didn't know what to make of the old judge—sometimes he seemed simple-minded to the point of childishness almost.

The others were gathered about a table by a lighted kerosene lamp, but the old judge sat at an open window with his low-quarter shoes off and his white-socked feet propped against the ledge. He was industriously stoking at a home-made corncob pipe. He pursed up his mouth, pulling at the long cane stem of his pipe with little audible sucks. From the rocky little street below the clatter of departing farm teams came up to him. The Indian medicine doctor was taking down his big white umbrella and packing up his regalia. The late canvas habitat of the Half Man and Half Horse had been struck and was gone, leaving only the pole-holes in the turf and a trodden space to show where it had stood. Court would go on all week, but Court Monday was over and for another month the town would doze along peacefully.

Durham slumped himself into a chair that screeched protestingly in all its infirm joints. The heart was gone clean out of him.

"I don't understand these people at all," he confessed. "We're beating against a stone wall with our bare hands."

"If it should be money now that you're needing, Meester Durham," spoke up Felsburg, "that boy Tandy's father was my very good friend when I first walked into that town with a peddling pack on my back, and if it should be money ——?"

"It isn't money, Mr. Felsburg," said Durham. "If I didn't get a cent for my services I'd still fight this case out to the end for the sake of that game boy and that poor little mite of a wife of his. It isn't money or the lack of it—it's the damned hate they've built up here against the man. Why, you could cut it off in chunks—the prejudice that there was in that courthouse today."

"Son," put in Judge Priest in his high, weedy voice, "I reckon maybe you're right. I've been projectin' around cotehouses a good many years, and I've taken notice that when a jury look at a prisoner all the time and never look at his women folks it's a monstrous bad sign. And that's the way it was all day today."

"The judge will be fair—he always is," said Hightower, the local lawyer, "and of course Gilliam is only doing his duty. Those jurors are as good solid men as you can find in this county anywhere. But they can't help being prejudiced. Human nature's not strong enough to stand out against the feeling that's grown up round here against Tandy since he shot Ab Rankin."

"Son," said Judge Priest, still with his eyes on the darkening square below, "about how many of them jurors would you say are old soldiers?"

"Four or five that I know of," said Hightower "and maybe more. It's hard to find a man over fifty years old in this section that didn't see active service in the Big War."

"Ah, hah," assented Judge Priest with a squeaky little grunt. "That foreman now—he looked like he might of seen some fightin'?"

"Four years of it," said Hightower. "He came out a captain in the First Tennessee Cavalry, you know."

"Ah, hah." The Judge sucked at his pipe.

"Herman," he wheezed back over his shoulder to Felsburg, "did you notice a tall sort of a saddle-colored darky playing a juice-harp in front of that there sideshow as we came along up? I reckon that nigger could play almost any tune you'd a mind to hear him play?"

At a time like this Durham was distinctly not interested in the versatilities of strange negroes in this corner of the world. He kept silent, shrugging his shoulders petulantly.

"I wonder now is that nigger left town yet?" mused the old judge half to himself.

"I saw him just a while ago going down toward the depot," volunteered Hightower. "There's a train out of here for Memphis at 8:50. It's about twenty minutes of that now."

"Ah, hah, just about," assented the judge. When the judge said "Ah, hah!" like that it sounded like the striking of a fiddle-bow across a fiddle's tautened E-string.

"Well, boys," he went on, "we've all got to do the best we can for Breck Tandy, ain't we? Say, son"—this was aimed at Durham—"I'd like mightily for you to put me on the stand the last one tomorrow. You wait until you're through with Herman and Colonel Quigley here, before you call me. And if I should seem to ramble somewhat in giving my testimony—why, son, you just let me ramble, will you? I know these people down here better maybe than you do—and if I should seem inclined to ramble, just let me go ahead and don't stop me, please?"

"Judge Priest," said Durham tartly, "if you think it could possibly do any good, ramble all you like."

"Much obliged," said the old judge, and he struggled into his low-quarter shoes and stood up, dusting the tobacco fluff off himself.

"Herman, have you got any loose change about you?"

Felsburg nodded and reached into his pocket. The judge made a discriminating selection of silver and bills from the handful that the merchant extended to him across the table.

"I'll take about ten dollars," he said. "I didn't come down here with more than enough to just about buy my railroad ticket and pay my bill at this here tavern, and I might want a sweetenin' dram or something."

He pouched his loan and crossed the room.

"Boys," he said, "I think I'll be knockin' round a little before I turn in. Herman, I may stop by your room a minute as I come back in. You boys better turn in early and git yourselves a good night's sleep. We are all liable to be purty tolerable busy tomorrow."

After he was outside he put his head back in the door and said to Durham:

"Remember, son, I may ramble."

Durham nodded shortly, being somewhat put out by the vagaries of a mind that could concern itself with trivial things on the imminent eve of a crisis.

As the judge creaked ponderously along the hall and down the stairs those he had left behind heard him whistling a tune to himself, making false starts at the air and halting often to correct his meter. It was an unknown tune to them all, but to Felsburg, the oldest of the four, it brought a vague, unplaced memory.

The old judge was whistling when he reached the street. He stood there a minute until he had mastered the tune to his own satisfaction, and then, still whistling, he shuffled along the uneven board pavement, which after rippling up and down like a broken-backed snake dipped downward to a little railroad station at the foot of the street.

. . . . . .

In the morning nearly half the town—the white half—came to the trial, and enough of the black half to put a dark hem, like a mourning border, across the back width of the courtroom. Except that Main Street now drowsed in the heat where yesterday it had buzzed, this day might have been the day before. Again the resolute woodpecker drove his bloodied head with unimpaired energy against the tin sheathing up above. It was his third summer for that same cupola and the tin was pocked with little dents for three feet up and down. The mourning doves still pitched their lamenting note back and forth across the courthouse yard; and in the dewberry patch at the bottom of Aunt Tilly Haslett's garden down by the creek the meadow larks strutted in buff and yellow, with crescent-shaped gorgets of black at their throats, like Old Continentals, sending their clear-piped warning of "Laziness g'wine kill you!" in at the open windows of the steamy, smelly courtroom.

The defense lost no time getting under headway. As his main witness Durham called the prisoner to testify in his own behalf. Tandy gave his version of the killing with a frankness and directness that would have carried conviction to auditors more even-minded in their sympathies. He had gone to Rankin's office in the hope of bringing on a peaceful settlement of their quarrel. Rankin had flared up; had cursed him and advanced on him, making threats. Both of them reached for their guns then. Rankin's was the first out, but he fired first—that was all there was to it. Gilham shone at cross-examination; he went at Tandy savagely, taking hold like a snapping turtle and hanging on like one.

He made Tandy admit over and over again that he carried a pistol habitually. In a community where a third of the male adult population went armed this admission was nevertheless taken as plain evidence of a nature bloody-minded and desperate. It would have been just as bad for Tandy if he said he armed himself especially for his visit to Rankin—to these listeners that could have meant nothing else but a deliberate, murderous intention. Either way Gilham had him, and he sweated in his eagerness to bring out the significance of the point. A sinister little murmuring sound, vibrant with menace, went purring from bench to bench when Tandy told about his pistol-carrying habit.

The cross-examination dragged along for hours. The recess for dinner interrupted it; then it went on again, Gilham worrying at Tandy, goading at him, catching him up and twisting his words. Tandy would not be shaken, but twice under the manhandling he lost his temper and lashed back at Gilham, which was precisely what Gilham most desired. A flary, fiery man, prone to violent outbursts—that was the inference he could draw from these blaze-ups.

It was getting on toward five o'clock before Gilham finally let his bedeviled enemy quit the witness-stand and go back to his place between his wife and his lawyer. As for Durham, he had little more to offer. He called on Mr. Felsburg, and Mr. Felsburg gave Tandy a good name as man and boy in his home town. He called on Banker Quigley, who did the same thing in different words. For these character witnesses State's Attorney Gilliam had few questions. The case was as good as won now, he figured; he could taste already his victory over the famous lawyer from up North, and he was greedy to hurry it forward.

The hot round hub of a sun had wheeled low enough to dart its thin red spokes in through the westerly windows when Durham called his last witness. As Judge Priest settled himself solidly in the witness chair with the deliberation of age and the heft of flesh, the leveled rays caught him full and lit up his round pink face, with the short white-bleached beard below it and the bald white-bleached forehead above. Durham eyed him half doubtfully. He looked the picture of a scatter-witted old man, who would potter and philander round a long time before he ever came to the point of anything. So he appeared to the others there too. But what Durham did not sense was that the homely simplicity of the old man was of a piece with the picture of the courtroom, that he would seem to these watching, hostile people one of their own kind, and that they would give to him in all likelihood a sympathy and understanding that had been denied the clothing merchant and the broadclothed banker.

He wore a black alpaca coat that slanted upon him in deep, longitudinal folds, and the front skirts of it were twisted and pulled downward until they dangled in long, wrinkly black tails. His shapeless gray trousers were short for him and fitted his pudgy legs closely. Below them dangled a pair of stout ankles encased in white cotton socks and ending in low-quarter black shoes. His shirt was clean but wrinkled countlessly over his front. The gnawed and blackened end of a cane pipestem stood out of his breast pocket, rising like a frosted weed stalk.

He settled himself back in the capacious oak chair, balanced upon his knees a white straw hat with a string band round the crown and waited for the question.

"What is your name?" asked Durham.

"William Pitman Priest."

Even the voice somehow seemed to fit the setting. Its high nasal whine had a sort of whimsical appeal to it.

"When and where were you born?"

"In Calloway County, Kintucky, July 27, 1839."

"What is your profession or business?"

"I am an attorney-at-law."

"What position if any do you hold in your native state?"

"I am presidin' judge of the first judicial district of the state of Kintucky."

"And have you been so long?"

"For the past sixteen years."

"When were you admitted to the bar?"

"In 1860."

"And you have ever since been engaged, I take it, either in the practice of the law before the bar or in its administration from the bench?"

"Exceptin' for the four years from April, 1861, to June, 1865."

Up until now Durham had been sparring, trying to fathom the probable trend of the old judge's expected meanderings. But in the answer to the last question he thought he caught the cue and, though none save those two knew it, thereafter it was the witness who led and the questioner who followed his lead blindly.

"And where were you during those four years?"

"I was engaged, suh, in takin' part in the war."

"The War of the Rebellion?"

"No, suh," the old man corrected him gently but with firmness, "the War for the Southern Confederacy."

There was a least bit of a stir at this. Aunt Tilly's tape-edged palmleaf blade hovered a brief second in the wide regular arc of its sweep and the foreman of the jury involuntarily ducked his head, as if in affiance of an indubitable fact.

"Ahem!" said Durham, still feeling his way, although now he saw the path more clearly. "And on which side were you engaged?"

"I was a private soldier in the Southern army," the old judge answered him, and as he spoke he straightened up.

"Yes, suh," he repeated, "for four years I was a private soldier in the late Southern Confederacy. Part of the time I was down here in this very country," he went on as though he had just recalled that part of it. "Why, in the summer of '64 I was right here in this town. And until yistiddy I hadn't been back since."

He turned to the trial judge and spoke to him with a tone and manner half apologetic, half confidential.

"Your Honor," he said, "I am a judge myself, occupyin' in my home state a position very similar to the one which you fill here, and whilst I realize, none better, that this ain't all accordin' to the rules of evidence as laid down in the books, yet when I git to thinkin' about them old soldierin' times I find I am inclined to sort of reminiscence round a little. And I trust your Honor will pardon me if I should seem to ramble slightly?"

His tone was more than apologetic and more than confidential. It was winning. The judge upon the bench was a veteran himself. He looked toward the prosecutor.

"Has the state's attorney any objection to this line of testimony?" he asked, smiling a little.

Certainly Gilliam had no fear that this honest-appearing old man's wanderings could damage a case already as good as won. He smiled back indulgently and waved his arm with a gesture that was compounded of equal parts of toleration and patience, with a top-dressing of contempt. "I fail," said Gilham, "to see wherein the military history and achievements of this worthy gentleman can possibly affect the issue of the homicide of Abner J. Rankin. But," he added magnanimously, "if the defense chooses to encumber the record with matters so trifling and irrelevant I surely will make no objection now or hereafter."

The witness may proceed," said the judge.

"Well, really, your Honor, I didn't have so very much to say," confessed Judge Priest, "and I didn't expect there'd be any to-do made over it. What I was trying to git at was that comin' down here to testify in this case sort of brought back them old days to my mind. As I get along more in years" he was looking toward the jurors now "I find that I live more and more in the past."

As though he had put a question to them several of the jurors gravely inclined their heads. The busy cud of Juror No. 12 moved just a trifle slower in its travels from the right side of the jaw to the left and back again.

"Yes, suh," he said musingly, "I got up early this mornin' at the tavern where I'm a-stoppin' and took a walk through your thrivin' little city." This was rambling with a vengeance, thought the puzzled Durham. "I walked down here to a bridge over a little crick and back again. It reminded me mightily of that other time when I passed through this town—in '64—just about this season of the year and it was hot early today just as it was that other time and the dew was thick on the grass, the same as 'twas then."

He halted a moment.

"Of course your town didn't look the same this mornin' as it did that other mornin'. It seemed like to me there are twicet as many houses here now as there used to be—it's got to be quite a little city."

Mr. Lukins, the grocer, nodded silent approval of this utterance, Mr. Lukins having but newly completed and moved into a two-story brick store building with a tin cornice and an outside staircase.

"Yes, suh, your town has grown mightily, but"

and the whiny, humorous voice grew apologetic again—"but your roads are purty much the same as they were in '64 hilly in places—and kind of rocky."

Durham found himself sitting still, listening hard. Everybody else was listening too. Suddenly it struck Durham, almost like a blow, that this simple old man had somehow laid a kind of spell upon them all. The

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"We Didn't Always Have Horses Enough to Go Round That Last Year"

The Passing of the Locomotive

MODERN METHODS OF TERMINAL TRACTION

Suburban Train on the New York Central Made Up of All-Steel Multiple Unit Coaches—No Locomotive Used

By Edward Hungerford

THREE big American towns—Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago—are today struggling with the problem of minimizing the use of steam locomotives, with their necessary accompaniments of smoke and noise, within their limits. The solution of the problem, it is conceded, must come through the electrification, first of the great passenger terminals with their approach tracks for a radial distance of from twenty to forty miles, and finally of the freight terminals and their approach tracks. The results of the electrification of both the Grand Central Station and the Pennsylvania Railroad's new terminal in New York have served as an incentive to the men who are trying to bring about like conditions in Philadelphia, in Boston and in Chicago.

In the first of these cities the new order of things seems to be, in all probability, most quickly to be reached. It is known that the Pennsylvania Railroad, which brings many thousand commuters into Philadelphia each business day, is now preparing plans for the electrification of its suburban lines there. Though the officers of that railroad refuse to make any statement of their plans, it is surmised that the famous Broad Street Station, in the heart of the city, is eventually to be abandoned for through express-train service and given over entirely to electrically propelled suburban trains. As a matter of fact, a good many of the Pennsylvania's fastest trains have long since eliminated Broad Street Station, with its timetaking spur extending nearly a mile over the Schuylkill River.

The Pennsylvania officials, it is said, will make all their express trains conform to this rule, rebuilding and developing the outlying stations at North Philadelphia and West Philadelphia for through business. Broad Street Station is now fearfully overcrowded. It has been repeatedly enlarged until it has reached the absolute physical limitations of its site; but that same site, in the geographical heart of Philadelphia, is a delight to the residents of that town. Moreover, the competing Reading system has an equally well-located downtown terminal—which, with a recently completed and enlarged system of approach tracks, is now adapted for electrification at short notice; so Broad Street Station must be reserved for the commuter. Suburban trains composed entirely of steel motor cars can be handled and reversed so much more effectively than any form of locomotive-drawn trains that the capacity of Broad Street can, in this way, be greatly increased without the addition of a single foot of track.

Some Boston Terminal Problems

IN BOSTON the electrification of the two great passenger terminals has approached the dignity of becoming a real issue. And oddly enough the two railroads that would develop the situation there, and that are reticent as to the change at the present time, are the New Haven system—also controlling the Boston & Maine—and the New York Central, the lessee of the Boston & Albany. Though both of these systems have installed electrical operation of passenger terminals and approach tracks in their Grand Central Station, New York, as we shall see in a few moments, neither of them has leaped at the possibility in Boston. In opposing the electrification of the North and South Stations in that town each road bases its arguments upon the tremendous cost of the thing—but each is ready to be convinced; and in the course of a little time Boston will very probably win its electrification and banish the steam locomotive from at least its more congested and its finer residential districts.

The Boston & Albany sees salve for the cost in the possibilities of the development of its Back Bay yards as a high-grade part of Boston. These yards, now used for the storage of empty passenger coaches, occupy tremendously valuable acres on Boylston Street, within a block of Copley Square—the artistic and literary center of the Hub. They are essential to the economical operation of the road's terminal, but a tremendous waste when you come to consider the growth of the city. They have stood—a noisy, dirty, open space—squarely stretching across the path of Boston's finest possible development. If these were marshlands, like those that used to abound along the Charles River, Boston would long ago have filled them in and added valuable building sites to her taxable area.

The electrification of the Boston & Albany will eventually solve that problem. The New York Central, owner of the property, has already found, with the electrification of its Grand Central Station in New York, that it was perfectly feasible to place station approach tracks and yards far enough underground so as to restore city streets and more than a dozen city squares of immensely valuable building sites in the heart of the congested island of Manhattan. In these days of heavy steel and concrete construction, and with the absolute cleanliness of electric railroad operation, it is possible for a man to build a hotel over a big railroad yard without one guest in a hundred ever knowing that a train every thirty seconds is being handled right underneath his feet. Indeed, in the Grand Central scheme, provision is being made for the construction of an opera house right over the station approach tracks, which may eventually become the successor of the present Metropolitan Opera House.

So the Boston & Albany sees its way clear in a development of those tremendously valuable vacant acres back of Copley Square; and the man who goes to Boston ten years hence will probably be rid of the sight of a smoky gash cut diagonally through the heart of one of the handsomest cities in America in order to permit a busy railroad to deliver its passengers and freight at a convenient downtown point. The development of the city squares to the north of the Grand Central Station will minimize the cost of that great improvement to the railroad company that is financing—if, indeed, it does not entirely "carry"—it. A similar financial benefit will result to the Boston & Albany through the development of cellarless city squares over its Boylston Street yards. The benefits to the two cities are hardly to be expressed in mere dollars and cents.

However, at that, electrification costs and the watchdogs of railroad treasuries are bidding the big New England systems go slow in the Boston situation—the estimates of cost running from fifty-eight thousand dollars a mile for the New Haven's suburban lines up to eighty-four thousand five hundred dollars a mile for those of the Boston & Maine. The apparent discrepancy between these two figures is due to the greater number of electric cars and locomotives required for one road as against the other; but, even for the lesser figure, a man could build a pretty good type of new double-tracked railroad. Now consider the attitude of the average railroad president toward the commuter—so eminent an authority as Mr. C. S. Mellen, president of that same New Haven system, having gone on record as saying that his road lost five cents every time it carried one of these unfortunates—and you will see for yourself why the railroads have not been more anxious to electrify their lines in and out of Boston, despite the certain benefits to some of them in the full development of their terminal real-estate holdings.

The Boston situation is not a small matter. It is estimated that three times the number of passengers are now being handled at Boston's two stations as were handled at the Grand Central Station in New York at the time of its electrification—and the Grand Central has always been recognized by keen-witted operating men as representing the keenest condensation of terminal facility ever reached, with the possible exception of the fearfully overcrowded railroad station at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge in New York.

In Chicago the matter has taken a less definite form than in Boston, though the Chicagoans are making a fearful outcry against the filth that is poured out over their city from thousands of soft-coal locomotives. The Illinois Central, with the roads that occupy its terminals as tenants, has been ranked as a chief offender because of its commanding location—blocking as it does the lovely Lake Front for many miles. Hence it is that the Illinois Central, because of its location as well as because of its tremendously heavy suburban traffic, is likely to be first of all the Chicago terminals to be electrified. The Chicago & Western Indiana, owning the Polk Street Station, which is the terminal for half a dozen fairly important railroads, is planning for a great new station structure, and that may bring the electrification of more suburban lines as a corollary to its planning.

Future Developments in Chicago

IT IS a significant fact, however, that the Northwestern Railroad, which has just opened a superb new terminal station in Chicago, went to a considerable expense to erect a type of patented trainshed designed especially for the reception of steam locomotives with a minimum of heat and dirt. Still that is not apt, in the long run, to weigh heavily with Chicago. The city administration there has been struggling over a measure to compel the electrification of all railroads entering Chicago—an astonishing total of twenty-two hundred miles—before January 1, 1913. And that same city administration calmly states that, if its own powers are found to be lacking in the matter, it will not hesitate to appeal to the legislature. If the legislature of Illinois should compel electrification, which seems unlikely, the big railroads of the country—the Eastern lines especially—will be confronted by an immediate new-construction cost that is almost staggering.

. . . . . .

Before we go too far into the future, however, let us look back upon the beginnings of this popular desire for electrification. As soon as the electric railroads—which were, in almost every case, developments of the old-fashioned horse-car lines in city streets—began to reach out into the country from the sharp confines of the towns, steam railroad men began to take keener interest in the new motive power. It would have been better for some of them if they had taken sharper interest at the beginning; but they finally did begin to wonder if electricity could not be brought to the service of the long-established steam railroad.

In most cases the short suburban railroads, just outside of large cities, which were often operated by small

dummy locomotives, were the first to be electrified, and in many of these cases they became extensions of city trolley lines. People no longer had to come into town upon a poky little dummy train of uncertain schedule and decidedly uncertain habits, and then transfer at the edge of the crowded portion of the city to horse cars. They could come flying from the outer country to the heart of the town in half an hour—and, as you know, the business of building and booming suburbs was born. After these suburban lines had been developed the steam railroad men of the so-called standard lines began to study the situation. So far back as 1895 the Nantasket branch of the present New Haven system was made into an electric line. A little steam road, which wandered off into the hills of Columbia County from Hudson, New York, and led a precarious existence, extended its rails a few miles and became the third-rail electric line from Hudson to Albany and a powerful competitor for passenger traffic with a large trunkline railroad. The New Haven system found the electric third rail a good agent between Hartford and New Britain and the overhead trolley a good substitute for the locomotive on a small branch that ran for a few miles north from its main line at Stamford, Connecticut.

The problems of electric traction for regular railroads were complicated, however, and the big steam roads avoided them until they were forced upon their attention. The interurban roads spread their rails—rather too rapidly in many cases—making themselves frequently the opportunities for such precarious financing as once distinguished the history of steam roads, and also frequently making havoc with thickly settled branch lines and main stems of the steam railroads. In a good many cases the steam roads have had to dig deep into their pockets and buy at good stiff prices interurban roads—a situation that they might have anticipated with just a little forethought.

Such a condition was reached in a populous state along the Atlantic seaboard just a few years ago. A big steam road, plethoric in wealth and importance, had a branch line about a hundred miles in length, which tapped a dozen towns, each ranging from ten to thirty thousand in population. The branch line carried no through business, nor was its local freight traffic of importance; but it was able to operate profitably eleven local passenger trains in each direction daily. These trains were well filled, as a rule, and the branch returned at least its equitable share toward the dividend account of the entire property. As long as it did that no one at headquarters paid any particular attention to it.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul

THERE was no physical reason why that branch should not have been made into an interurban electric railroad a dozen years ago the road that owned it has never found it difficult to sell bonds for the improvement of its property. Though no one paid particular attention to it at headquarters, a roving young engineer with a genius for making money looked at it enviously—at the dozen prosperous towns it aimed to serve. A fortnight's visit to the locality convinced him. He went down to a big city, where capital was just hungry to be invested profitably, and organized an electric railroad to thread each of those towns. Before the headquarters of the steam road was really awake to the situation cars were running on its electric competitor. And the people of the dozen towns seemed to enjoy mightily riding in the electric cars—they were big and fast and clean. The steam road made a brave show of maintaining its service. It hauled long strings of empty coaches rather than surrender its pride; but such pride was almost as empty as the coaches.

Sooner or later any business organism must swallow false pride; and so it came to pass that an emissary of the steam road met the roving young engineer and asked him to put a price on his property. He smiled, totaled his construction and equipment costs, added a quarter of a million dollars to the total and tossed the figures across the table. The emissary did not smile. He reported to his headquarters and the steam railroad began to fight it was going to starve out the resources of its trolley competitor by cutting passenger rates to a cent a mile. When the trolley company met that, the railroad would cut the rate in two again—it could afford to pay people to ride on its cars rather than suffer defeat; but they would not ride on its cars, even at a lower rate. And once again the steam road's emissary went up the branch. He sought out the trolley engineer. The trolley man was indifferent.

"Well," said the steam-road man, "we're seeing you." And at that he threw down a certified check for the exact amount that had been agreed upon at their previous conference.

The trolley man did not touch the paper. He smiled what lady novelists are sometimes pleased to call an inscrutable smile; then shook his head slowly.

"What!" gasped the emissary from the steam road. "Wasn't that your figure?"

"It was—but isn't now!" said the engineer. "It's up a quarter of a million now."

"Why?"

"Just to teach you folks politeness and a little common decency," was the reply. And the lesson must have taken hold—for the steam railroad paid the price. The result was that it again held the territory and could regulate the transportation tolls; but what a price had been paid! Two railroads occupied the territory that was but a good living for one. The trolley line, now that it has begun to depreciate and to require constant maintenance repairs, vies with the desolate branch of the steam road, which runs but two half-filled passenger trains a day upon its rails. A tax is laid upon the steam-road property a greater tax upon the residents of that valley for operating man after operating man is going to "skin" the service in a desperate attempt to make an extravagant excess of facilities pay its way. The trolley line has already raised many of its five-cent fares to an inconvenient six cents the steam branch is held fast by the provisions of its charter and the watchfulness of a state regulating commission.

And in the beginning the entire situation could have been solved easily and efficiently by the comparatively modest expenditures required to electrify the steam railroad's branch.

A good many railroads have taken forethought. The New York Central & Hudson River found some of its profitable lines in Western New York undergoing just such electric interurban competition, and a few years ago it installed the electric third rail on its West Shore property from Utica to Syracuse, forty-four miles. The West Shore is one of the great tragedies in American railroading. Built in the early eighties from Weehawken, opposite the city of New York, to Buffalo, it had apparently no greater object than to parallel closely the New York Central and to attempt to take away from the older road some of the fine business it had held for many years. After a bitter rate war the New York Central, with all the resources and the abilities of the Vanderbilts behind it, won decisively and bought its new rival for a song; but a property so closely paralleling its own tracks has been practically useless to it all the way from Albany to Buffalo, save as a relief line for the overflow of through freight.

The Business in Branch Roads

SO THE West Shore tracks, adapted for high-class, high-speed through electric service from Utica to Syracuse, represented a happy thought. Under steam conditions only two passenger trains were run over that somewhat moribund property in each direction daily, while the two trains of sleeping-cars passing over the tracks at night were of practically no use to the residents of those two cities. Under electric conditions there is a fast limited service of third-rail cars or trains leaving each terminal hourly, making but few stops and the run of over forty-four miles in an hour and twenty minutes. There is also high-speed local service and the line has become immensely popular. By laying stretches of third and fourth tracks at various points the movement of the New York Central's overflow through freight has not been seriously incommoded. The electric passenger service is not operated by the New York Central but by the Oneida Railways Company, in which the controlling interests of the steam road have large blocks of stock.

Similarly the Erie Railroad disposed of a decaying branch of its system, running from North Tonawanda to Lockport, to the Buffalo street-railroad system, though reserving for itself the freight traffic in and out of Lockport. The Buffalo road installed the overhead trolley system and now operates an efficient and profitable trolley service upon that branch. Perhaps it was because the Erie saw the application of these ideas and decided that it was better to take its own profits from electric passenger service than to rent again its branches to outside companies—and perhaps because it also foresaw the coming electrification of its network of suburban lines in the metropolitan district round New York and wished to test electric traction to its own satisfaction—but five years

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Double-Header "Triple-Phase" Motor Bringing a Great Northern Express Through the Cascade Tunnel, Washington

Two N. Y., N. H. & H. Motors Bringing a Heavy Train Into New York

Pennsylvania Motor and Train Outside of New York City

The Tired Business Man and What Makes Him Tired

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

THE Tired Business Man is a fabulous creature with no soul and two dollars. For a number of years past he has been one of the reigning titular deities of New York. Many votive shrines, called theaters, have been reared in his name on Broadway and upon intersecting thoroughfares in the forties. Through the example of New York other cities have been moved to accept him, too, but not to worship him with the same blind idolatry.

"Plot? What's This Show Doing With a Plot in It?"

The Tired Business Man is an extinct species. There never were very many of him to start with. The last of the race is said to have been captured eating grass in Central Park in the spring of 1904, but one of the attendants carelessly left both his ears uncaulked at the same time, thus creating a draft, and the wind blew through him unimpeded and he died of whistling cold in the head, or paresis, or something. After his death a chemical analysis was made of his skull, with the following results:

Solid bone	70 per cent
Animal fats	28.09 per cent
Glue	1 per cent
Brains	A trace

Yet though dead, he liveth—or anyhow he liveth in the hearts of a considerable number of the producing managers of New York, who make a specialty of bringing out musical comedies, so-called revues and comic operas. Their lives are dedicated to doing things for the Tired Business Man. They sit up nights—no, days; they're up nights anyhow—they sit up days thinking up ideas to please him.

The Decay of the Cold-Raw-Fish School

HE IS their fetish and their faith and they are ever on guard to serve him and satisfy him. If a dramatist comes along and offers a play that is calculated to make people think, they straightway refuse it, realizing that it would never do to call upon the Tired Business Man to think when he hasn't the necessary machinery. If somebody or a couple or three somebodies write a musical show in which the songs have a meaning and fit into the theme and the humor is the least bit subtle, they pass it up because, they say—and probably they are right—that it would go right over the head of the Tired Business Man. It's a cinch it would never go through it. No doubt it was a good thing for Gilbert and Sullivan, so far as their American market was concerned, that they went out of business when they did. They never could have done anything for the Tired Business Man. They never dramatized a comic supplement picture series in their whole lives. They never made a gap in the second act so that Miss Winona Gall, the noted mimic, could come out and give her famous limitations—no, repetitions—no, imitations—we'll get it right after a while—her famous imitations of Eddie Foy, Eva Tanguay, Anna Held, Harry Lauder and Consul, the Educated Ape. They never interpolated any comic juggling acts or Yiddisher monologs or female impersonations into the action of their operas to liven them up. They wouldn't have done for the Tired Business Man for a minute.

It is true that there is a real Tired Business Man—not the imagined creation of these New York producing managers, but an actual being of flesh and blood. There are sundry thousands and hundreds of thousands of him. He may be and likely is a commuter who lives only forty minutes out from New York, but always seems to take at least eighty to make the trip. Probably he gets in to the theaters only three or four times during the season, and he brings his wife with him and it is distinctly an event. There is but one drawback to their enjoyment. They are the couple who in the middle of the last act arise hurriedly from seats G-6 and G-8 just when the climax is climaxing its blamedest, and stumble over a considerable number of strange feet as they struggle toward the aisle, she dropping her handkerchief and her rubbers anon and he with the hunted, haunted look upon his face of a man who knows that if he misses the 11:03 he'll have to wait for the 3:11. He has to read in the paper the next morning to find how the play ended and who got the child and whether the papers were ever recovered. Nevertheless, these infrequent occasions are emblazoned in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Commuter as big nights.

Other tired business men are scattered all over and about—living in upper West Side apartments or in Harlem flats or in the Bronx, over in Brooklyn and down on Staten Island. Some of them are tired business men from other cities, stopping at the hotels and boarding houses. They are business men—most people who earn their own living in this country are business men—and they go into the theater for amusement and entertainment and mental relaxation. Consequently, as a rule, they shun the morbid or blue-mass drama of the Norwegian cold-raw-fish school. They are not, generally speaking, interested in the triangle plays—plays that take up a problem that is as ancient as the Garden of Eden and as new as the latest divorce suit, as young as the youngest pullet and as old as the oldest egg, and undertake either to settle it or to muddle it up some more, depending on whether the playwright who wrote it was an old settler or a young muddler. They prefer something with laughs in it and a spirit of lightheartedness. They may even like a good, brisk, snappy melodrama with thrills to it, and a few impossible but delightful gunfighters. But when they go to a theater and pay out their good money and find songs that have no meaning—or sometimes no meaning that a modest woman could accept without blushing—and jokes that have fourteen rattles and a button apiece, and centipedelike formations of young women wearing the mere scenarios of clothes, and a plot strangled to death and then buried under fourteen tons of scenery, war paint, tail feathers, city-dressed beef, noise and cloak models—why, then, that's what makes the Tired Business Man tired.

There are still quite a few managers who seem to realize that there may be a dramatic middle ground somewhere between the Ibsen burly at one end and the Gibson girlie at the other, who aim to produce musical shows that have rhyme as well as reason to them, and that are not all horse-play, pony ballet and Clydesdale chorus—livery stable drama, as you might say. They strive to discover and to produce farces that have at least a semblance of sanity. But seemingly they are in the minority round New York.

We may figure a producer of Tired Business Men's shows dropping in on the first rehearsal of his newest production, entitled, let us say, A Hunk of Cheese. He is wearing the inevitable and distinguishing garb of his calling. All properly accredited New York managers wear a woolly overcoat with at least three kinds of fur on it—it is the badge of their business. There is but one fault to be found with this garment: it is handsome and nobby and distinctive and all that, but if you take it off and lay it down anywhere and somebody leaves the door open it is liable to go back to the zoo. The only safe way is to have the revers and collar made of water-spaniel hide, in which event the overcoat, on wandering, retrieves itself.

Seeing our manager from afar one might take him for a Nature lover who was carrying the thing to an extreme, but viewed closer up where you can discern his memorial window scarfpin and his mica stove-door set as a seal ring you know him at once for a manager. He comes into the

"Mrs. Jones-Brown, the American Public Would Never Stand for a Play Named for a Fish"

theater where the first rehearsal is progressing—in itself one of the most dismal and disheartening spectacles upon which the eye of mortal man has ever rested—and he sits down to hear and to see and to advise. Presently he rouses himself angrily like a lanced polar bear.

"What's that?" he demands. "Plot? What's this show doing with a plot in it? I thought I got rid of all that junk when I was reading the manuscript. Cut that plot stuff out. It interferes with the action of the piece. And say, Louie, whatjer mean by leaving that song in?"

Louie, who is the musical director, seeks to explain that he permitted said song to remain unimpaired because it seemed to have a bearing on the story.

Recipe for a Sure-Fire Hokum Show

"WELL," says the producer, "you chop that out too. Not enough ginger and gimp to it. Better send down to Tinpan Alley and get a good, snappy, zizzy topical number, with some verses in it about the breezes round the Flatiron Building and Uncle Joe Cannon's whiskers and Gaynor and the subway. That ought to fetch 'em. No, never mind; I've got even a better idea than that. Right here we'll stick in a good knockabout skit. I know the very boys for it—Binks and Bunks—they're playing in burlesque now with Mike McSwat's Percheron Blondes, but I can get 'em easy enough. They're the stuff. Binks does the greatest face falls and head spins you ever saw. His makeup is a scream too—paints his nose green and puts spokes round his eyes like wheels—oh, a regular scream! And what Bunks can do with a seltzer siphon and a prop ham!—well, you got to see 'em to make 'em! They've got a dandy act called Fun in a Morgue that we can interpolate. And while you're at it you'd better can that big bull calf of a baritone and cut his lines out, and take the money we're paying him and split it up in six parts and hire half a dozen more show girls—big, tall, rangy good-lookers, see! Never mind their pipes if they're there with the maps. What we want is a sure-fire hokum show that'll catch the Tired Business Man."

The present writer has heard just such orders given more than once. He isn't exaggerating it much; he couldn't exaggerate it much. It was a New York manager, making a specialty of Tired Business Men's shows, but also doing other things for the drama on the side, who

The Last of the Race is Said to Have Been Captured in the Spring of 1904

some time ago had a visit from a woman playwright who wished to submit a scenario. She had in mind an historical drama to be written about the mystery of the lost boy king, Louis of France, so very naturally she called her play The Dauphin. She had read through the first two acts when the manager raised a gemmed hand and halted her.

"Very good," he said; "that is very good, Mrs. Jones-Brown, and very interesting and all. I think maybe we might do something with it. But you'll have to change the name."

"Why," she said, "I rather liked the name—I thought it was appropriate. What are your objections?"

"Mrs. Jones-Brown," said the manager, "I have had many years' experience in this business and I know that the American public would never stand for a play named for a fish."

It was the same man who accepted a play with the scenes laid in New York, in which the character list called for several typical Bohemians in one scene.

"Hold up there," he said, "cut that out. I don't want any Bohemians in this show. The only Bohemians I ever saw on the stage did a glass-blowing turn. I'm not running a dime museum."

It was explained to the learned manager at some pains that there are Bohemians and Bohemians; that the particular Bohemians who were to figure in this particular play were supposed to be members of the care-free and roystering set that frequent certain small restaurants in the lower part of town.

"I get you," he said—"East Side gangs, huh? Well, I don't want any of them either. Those tough-guy acts are all played out too."

These two stories are true. It is also true that another manager, likewise a heavy producer of shows for the Tired Business Man, once became interested in the plan of a playwright to dramatize one of Edgar Allan Poe's stories. The manager listened while the playwright read the story through, pausing now and then to point out its stage possibilities.

"Good stuff!" commented the producer when the playwright was through reading. "I tell you what you do—you fix up a luncheon engagement and bring this fellow Poe along, and we'll talk over the dramatic rights with him."

Some of the managers have the courage of their convictions. They don't believe there is any Tired Business Man and they refuse to cater to him. But the others do some because they conceive that there may be such a creature and some because they're afraid not to follow the lead of the big men in their profession. Even as scholarly and skilled a producer as Charles Frohman caught the fever—just once. Two or three seasons back he imported an English production, The Girls of Gottenburg, to New York. This musical comedy had been a big success in London. It had a funny story in it that was founded on an actual happening in a German garrison town and it was packed with bright music. Actually many of the lines meant something and had a bearing on the development of the plot. Apparently the author hadn't thought of the Tired Business Man once. Maybe they don't have him in England. Anyhow here was a reasonably coherent, bright musical comedy. For the New York engagement Mr. Frohman brought over most of the principals who had played in the original production. But his stage manager or somebody decided—at the last minute, if one might judge by the visible consequences—to do a little something for the Tired Business Man. Among other things a monolog in dessicated German and some typically New York songs that didn't have anything to do either with the plot or the characterizations were jammed into the piece. The result was a kind of patchwork with the seams showing. Somebody rechristened it The Girls of Rottenburg, a name that stuck, and though the play wasn't a failure or anything of that sort, it lacked a good deal of being a tumultuous success.

On the other hand, Klaw & Erlanger, for a long time numbered among the most persistent worshipers at the altar of the Tired Business Man, last winter brought out an English-American version with music of a European farce called The Pink Lady. On this occasion they controlled themselves. By heroic self-restraint on the part of all concerned the piece was not renamed The Punk Lady or something of that general nature. No slap-stick musical teams were introduced. No popular song hits by the author of that sterling success, They Used to Call Me Birdie Because I Had the Thrush, were interpolated. No tours of discovery were made to the haunts of the Words & Music Brothers. There wasn't a nice, new, self-possessed, highly confident recruit from contemporaneous vaudeville in the entire cast. The songs were left to be sung and the lines to be spoken as the authors had originally intended they should be spoken and sung, and the job of singing and speaking them was attended to, moreover, by persons properly qualified therefor.

The thing was revolutionary, but it was done. One report was that the librettist or the translator or somebody insisted that the work should not be doctored up—and that he prevailed.

Be that as it may, The Pink Lady scored big from the first night. The Tired Business Man stayed away, probably because there wasn't anything about the opera calculated to win his approval, but nearly everybody else has gone to see it or is going. It opened its second season in September.

(Concluded on Page 72)

OVERBOARD

By Julian Street and J. S. Reed

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

He sniffed the scent that
left her lee,
And then he turned and
said to me,
Did that old sailorman:
"For seven mortal years,
ye fool,
She's loaded steers for
Liverpool,
An' Manchester beyan.
Which fact accounts for
it," says he,
"No stronger vessel sails
the sea,
Than the [illegible]"
—LITTLE RUSHER'S BALLAD

Peters Turned Toward Boston Light and Fell Into That Crawl Stroke That Is All His Own

TAKE a strong physique, a strong stomach and a strong desire to go abroad, shake them up with strong language and steers in a strong ship, and you have the trans-Atlantic "bull-pusher." His calling is not esthetic, but it enables him to work his way over, entitles him to a free ride back, and teaches him a lot of things concerning men and cattle

Peters and I didn't know much about it beforehand. We had simply determined to top off our college careers by traveling in search of adventure. I had suggested a cattle boat as a beginner, having happened to see one leave port when Peters and I were in swimming at L Street. As Peters agreed we went to the docks, saw a profane, tobacco-chewing, yellow-tusked old reprobate called Pop, and were booked as bull-pushers on the Bostonia.

Cow-punchers were herding the last of the eight hundred wild-eyed steers aboard the ship, amid much dust and hallooing, when Peters and I arrived in a taxi and looked round for a steward to carry our baggage aboard. But there wasn't one to be seen, so very reluctantly for it was a sweltering day in July we took up a hatbox and suitcase apiece and made for the gangway, Peters leading.

Reaching the deck, we came upon the first mate and the purser in trim British uniforms. The purser was small, but the mate was a big, bearded man as tall and well-built as Peters himself, which is saying a very great deal, for Peters stands six feet three and a half in his socks and is planned in proportion.

"Where can we stow our baggage?" he demanded with the confident manner of one who addresses the doorman at a large hotel.

The purser gave a surprised cluck in reply, but the mate let out a roar.

"Get below where you belong," he shouted, "and take your bags with you!"

Peters looked at him with a bland smile.

"For which," he remarked in a perfectly conversational tone, "you will in due course get yours."

The bull pushers' room was at the bow of the ship under the forecastle head—a small, ill-ventilated place containing forty greasy bunks, most of them already occupied by sweating, smoking cattlemen and their dunnage bags. Outside the door hovered sailors who, though they made it clear that they scorned bull-pushers, were not, as I afterward learned, above purloining a bull-pusher's property.

Peters and I hastily stripped to our undershirts, put our clothes in our suitcases, donned overalls and returned to the deck. It burned our bare feet as they touched it. The heavy, baking air was laden with the mixed smells of ship, cattle, cooking, dirty men and bad tobacco.

We dropped upon a bale of hay.

"I don't seem to care much for this," Peters remarked.

"You have to be game when you go in for adventure," I replied. I was not sure that I liked the cattle ship myself, but having suggested it I felt bound to defend it.

"Adventures don't have to smell, do they?" he demanded.

"I don't believe it will be so bad when we get under way," I encouraged.

"I should rather hope not," said he, rolling over on the hay and closing his eyes. Peters could always fall asleep like a baby. He did so now, dozing until with a hoarse whistle-blast the ship announced her departure.

"Was that the mate speaking?" he asked, sitting up and mopping his brow. Then, regarding the green, glittering harbor hungrily, he drew out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Hi, you!" came a fog-horn voice from the bridge behind us. "Douse that cigarette! 'Aven't you no more sense than to smoke on a bale of 'ay, you bloody West Indian Australian bum of a bull-pusher?"

It was the first mate again. I saw a little twitch of muscles near Peters' cheekbones. He inhaled a cloud of smoke and blew it out defiantly.

"Chuck it, Pete!" I advised under my breath. "He's sore on you for what you said."

"I'm sore on *him* for what *he* said," he replied, throwing the offending weed overboard reluctantly. "I'm going to lick him when it gets cooler."

"All hands aft!" some one shouted.

We arose, went astern with the other cattlemen, and were mustered on the quarter-deck, where for the first time we saw the commander of the vessel at close range.

The well-cut uniform that Captain Evans wore set off a burly, powerful figure of middle height. Poised upon

his bull neck was a bullet head: close-cropped pepper-and-salt hair, shaggy eyebrows and mustache, shrewd brown eyes, a large, lopsided nose, and cheeks the color of raw beef. He paced the deck, his hands behind his back, until we were assembled; then faced us while the mate read the ship's articles.

I was more taken up with the captain's personality than with the reading, so my recollections of the articles are vague. Peters noticed them more than I did. He hesitated before signing them, as all of us were presently required to do.

"Of all the ridiculous rot!" he burst out as we left the after-deck. "Did you ever hear anything like it? Mutiny, manacles, confinement on bread and water, the power of life and death! Why, darn it! this ship's worse than a Roman galley!"

Barely had we returned to our hay when we were ordered below for supplies—straw mattresses, shoddy blankets, tin cups and plates. We carried our bedding to the bull-pushers' room and set to making up our bunks, Peters grumbling, meanwhile, because there were no chambermaids. Suddenly he gave a cry.

"I don't sleep here!" he exclaimed, pointing at something that was promenading upon the wall. "It's occupied already!"

That was enough for us. Retreating to the deck, we resumed our places on the hay.

Boston Light came abeam and dropped astern. The sun scorched down relentlessly. We moped and mopped and wondered what was coming next. It proved to be the thing that they called dinner—greasy, dirty, lukewarm soup and an unsightly mess of stringy beef. A red-faced, knob-headed man, who told us with engaging frankness that he had deserted from the navy, burst into oaths, mysterious and strange, at sight of it; and a half-starved-looking little Irishman named Jerry Murphy, who sat near me, abandoned hope of nourishment after a few half-hearted efforts, and with a wistful look set down his cup and plate. He was a withered, thin-haired little person—a rind of a man—out of whom the gay Celtic spirit must have been squeezed drop by drop, I fancied, in the press of some brutal, inevitable circumstance, until there was left only the shadow of a twinkle in the deprecating eyes.

For half an hour Peters and I grimly refused our food.

"If ye won't be wantin' that bread ——?" said Jerry as we arose.

"No," I said. "Help yourself."

He did so eagerly.

On deck the heat was unabated. We sat and mopped our brows. There was a sadly ruminative look in my companion's eyes.

"It's out of the question to try to live on that stuff," he declared after a time. "Let's go to the purser and see if we can't arrange for special grub."

Accordingly we went.

Had we known that the company had "'ad 'im up" for doing just the thing we wanted him to do we might have spared ourselves the trouble of visiting the purser.

He greeted our proposal with raucous cockney laughter and bad language, which rose from a shriveled, greedy heart. The greed shone in his little eyes as we exhibited money that he itched to take.

Peters is patient with the patience of most large, powerful men, but the purser's language sorely tried him.

"Shut up!" he ordered suddenly. "You are a barnacle, and when you speak I want to scrape you off!"

With that we retired majestically to the sweltering, malodorous region of the hay.

"Gee! doesn't that water look fine!" sighed Peters, gazing wistfully at the glittering sea. Then after a pause: "I wish we had gone to New York and taken a minimum rate on one of the greyhounds."

I wished so, too, but did not say so.

Peters grew restless.

"Come on," he said, rising; "let's go back and look at the wake."

Repairing to the deserted after-deck, we leaned upon the rail and stared into the froth of cream and green lashed up by the screws. Boston Light showed as a pin-point miles astern on the horizon; back of it a smoky streak indicated the position of the city.

"Say," said Peters after a time, "take these."

"What for?" I asked as I mechanically accepted the watch and pocketbook he offered me.

"I've decided not to stay," he replied, throwing one leg over the rail.

"Don't be an ass, Pete."

He took the other leg over.

"I'd be an ass to stick on this stinking old tub," said he.

"You're a quitter!" I retorted.

"I don't like to quit you," he said with a grin, "but everything points that way, unless you'll come too."

"Get Below Where You Belong," He Shouted, "and Take Your Bags With You!"

"I've made my bed and I'll lie in it," I declared hotly.

"I'd advise the hay instead," said he. Then holding the rail with one hand he offered me the other.

I shook it with poor grace.

"I'll take a night train to New York," he said, "and catch a big liner. She'll beat you over. I'll meet you on the dock."

"Look out for the propellers," I warned sulkily.

"Sure," he gave me over his shoulder as he turned and poised himself. "Don't be a grouch. So long."

With that he let go, raised his arms and, as the ship dipped, left her side in a long outward dive.

It is hard to dive from a moving object, especially a flopping, wallowing object like the Bostonia. Peters' body swung from its course in passing through the air, struck the sea sidewise and disappeared into the foamy wash.

For a long moment I watched the wake. Presently the familiar pair of flappers and shock of tawny hair emerged from the water some little distance astern. After reaching the surface Peters rolled for a moment like an old log in the cool, choppy wake. Then he turned, blew a mouthful of water after the ship and beckoned me to follow.

I shook my head.

At this he gave a farewell salute to the Bostonia—at least that is what I suppose it was, for after holding his nose he thumbed it.

Presently the overalls, which he had kicked off as he trod water, floated to the surface, looking like the body of a drowned man; then Peters turned toward Boston Light and fell into that leisurely but speedy crawl stroke that is all his own.

Long after he was lost to view in the glittering waters that lay back of us I could imagine him out there, rolling his great bulk along like a young whale, pawing the ocean with his arms, kicking a foot out now and then in a sharp scissors stroke, shooting the spray on high, burying his head adoringly in the salt sea, letting it run in through his nose and mouth and blowing it out again with joyous guttural sounds like those made by the enamored grampus calling to its mate, or the Dreadnought belching oceans from its hawse-holes.

My reflections were rudely interrupted by a yell from one of the mates, who informed me, in language that I shall not quote, that—adjective—cattlemen were not permitted on the after-deck and that my—adjective—presence was urgently required at my work.

Without explaining to the mate that I had just stepped up to see a friend off, I went, and was instructed by a professional bull-pusher called Scouse—because of his family resemblance to a sort of mariner's plum-pudding of that name—in the art of hoisting bales of hay from the hold with block and tackle, splitting them up and feeding them to the steers.

"Where's that big pal o' yours?" asked Tom Tobin, my cattle foreman, as he passed me at my perspiring occupations.

"He was asleep a little while ago," I puffed.

"I'll see that 'e don't get no more sleep on this 'ere trip!" said Tobin indifferently. Peters' work, however, had to be divided up between the rest of us.

At six o'clock we knocked off and went to our evening meal. Whether it was better than the other meal had been I do not know. I only know we ate it, that we gorged ourselves upon it, that we stole bits of food from one another and gobbled them as though they had been rarest dainties from some fire fairy's golden casserole.

About nine the boys turned in, leaving three of us, who were to be night-watchmen, to our duties. Scouse was the only one among us who had the least conception what these duties were, for Jerry, who was the third member of our nocturnal trio, seemed as inexperienced as I. I had sought the position of watchman, fondly thinking that the duties were akin to those of lookout and conducive, therefore, to sweet rumination in the silence of the sea and stars.

This did not prove to be the fact. Our post was in among the cattle pens, which, as the ship rolled more and more in a heavy, quartering swell, became a bellowing, struggling inferno.

The frightened steers wailed their protests against European voyages like so many seasick, personally conducted tourists, struggling frantically meanwhile to keep their footing or, worse still, lying down. Only three out of every ten of them could be permitted to repose. If four went down at once all the neckropes became taut, compelling us either to beat the animals to their feet or, in an urgent case, cut a rope, releasing one of them to run about behind the rest until we went into the maze of horns and hoofs and captured it. Occupied as he was, Scouse found time between engagements to give the little Irishman and me, in terms un-Christian but not at all uncertain, his opinion of our talents as chaperons for steers.

A cold streak of gray light upon the horizon ahead found us all ready to drop with fatigue when eight bells sounded and our watch came to an end. Taking up a pile of tin plates Scouse threw them through the door of the bull-pushers' quarters by way of calling our successors. Then fleeing before a hurricane of curses we found a pile of hay in a secluded nook and gave ourselves to slumber.

It seemed to me that I had barely closed my eyes when I was roughly shaken and opened them again to find Tom Tobin standing over me. Scouse and the little man, blinking and stretching, were already on their feet.

"All 'ands on deck," said Tobin.

"What time is it?" I yawned.

"Eight-thirty."

"But I'm due to sleep until eleven," I protested.

"Oh, are ye indeed, ye young sea-lawyer?" demanded Tobin ironically. "An' will I tell the cap'n that, eh? It's 'im as 'as ordered everybody out. We've 'unted the bloody tub over for that big partner o' yours without finding 'ide nor 'air of 'im."

As I had slept in my jeans it did not take me long to make a toilet. On deck I found the cattlemen assembled before the mate, while a little way off Captain Evans paced back and forth, his hands behind his back, a scowl upon his face.

"Muster 'em," he ordered gruffly.

We lined up for the roll.

"Here, sir"—"Here, sir"—"Here, sir"—came the singsong answers until Peters' name was called, to be met with silence.

"Where the deuce is Peters?" demanded the first mate.

"He jumped overboard," I said, stifling a yawn.

The captain stopped in the midst of a step, dropped his hands to his sides and swung about in my direction.

"Overboard?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes," said I.

"Say 'sir' when ye address an officer!" the mate commanded. "Now what in blazes do you know about his jumping overboard?"

"I saw him."

"When?" asked the captain.

"About one-thirty yesterday afternoon, sir."

"Well, why didn't you say something," bawled the mate, "you bloody ——"

"That will do, Mr. Peebles," said the captain sharply. "I'll have no profanity aboard my vessel, sir." Then to me: "You stay here." And to the men: "The rest o' ye be off."

"Now, my man," said the captain when the other cattlemen had gone, "how came it that ye didn't mention this before?"

"Peters didn't want me to, sir," I said.

He blinked at me strangely, then inquired:

"Did he give no explaneetion of his act?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He didn't like the smell of the ship."

An expression of utter stupefaction came across his face.

"He also objected to the food," I added, "and to the first mate's language, sir."

At this the mate lowered at me.

"D'ye think you're in your right senses, lad?" the captain asked me.

"I am, sir."

"Humph!" was his rejoinder. Then: "Ye say it was one-thirty. How do ye know that?"

"I looked at Peters' watch," said I.

"His watch?" put in the mate. "What were you doing with *his* watch?"

"He gave it to me with his money before he dove, sir," I said, addressing the captain.

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"Here, sir," I returned, drawing them from my pocket and placing them in the hand that he extended.

"And ye inseest," he said to me after he had investigated the contents of the pocketbook, "that this mon romeeted suicide for the trifling reasons ye have given?"

"Oh, no, sir!" I exclaimed. "You misunderstood me, sir. He had no idea of committing suicide. He swam back to Boston."

"Ten miles on a turning tide?" the captain said, shaking his head sadly. "Man, ye're mad!"

"No, sir," I persisted. "You'll see for yourself. He's going to beat us over on one of the swift liners and meet me on the dock in Liverpool. You see you don't know Peters, sir. Just let me get his suitcase and show you the medals he has won for swimming."

The old seaman brightened a little at this ray of hope.

"Mr. Peebles," he ordered, "have Peters' effects brought aft."

The mate gave an order, and a sailor presently appeared with the hatbox and suitcase.

"He has been robbed!" I cried on sight of them. "The locks have been forced!"

"So ye deedn't know that before, lad?" the captain insinuated.

I opened the suitcase and ran through its contents. The jewel-case in which Peters always kept his medals was gone.

"How should I have known it, sir?" I demanded.

At this the mate grinned evilly. The captain did not reply, only gazed at me somberly and shook his head from side to side.

"The Lord ha' mercy on your eemortal soul, boy," he intoned after a long silence; "for ye have keeled a fellow man!"

I think I grinned.

"Why, what on earth should I kill him for, sir?" I asked.

"That," he declared darkly, "it will be the proveence of the board of trade at Manchester to ascerteen. 'Tis a black case, my lad. Ye will conseeder yourself under arrest."

Permitted to depart, I went below, flung myself in my old resting-place upon the hay, and contemplated the opera-bouffe developments of the past hour until I presently dozed off to dream weird dreams in which Peters swam for miles beside the ship, apologizing for deserting me.

When, about noon, I awoke and went on deck, I quickly saw that the whole crew regarded me with interest. Gossip flies through a ship as through a country town. They had heard the story, talked it over and, so to speak, promoted me. I was no longer an inconspicuous member of the bull-pushers' chorus, but had risen to importance in the cast. I was the villain. For tuppence I would brain a messmate with a belaying-pin and throw his mangled carcass overboard.

Scouse, my fellow watchman, and another bull-pusher were in my path as I moved toward the forecastle head. They stepped aside for me as supers do for a hot-tempered star.

As time went on my new rôle pleased me more and more. My bread was never stolen at the table now and the language with which I was addressed by my fellows was shorn of casual profanity. In an effort to live up to the part I became silent and gazed at the men narrowly as though contemplating further crime, and I was particularly pleased to see that, of all the cattlemen, Scouse, who had made so free with me the night before, now seemed most overawed. Never did man's manner change more suddenly than his to me. Clearly he dreaded his enforced association with a murderer upon the long night watch. Though the sea was calm and there was consequently little work to do, he kept inventing errands to get himself out of my way, while Jerry, who didn't seem to be at all afraid of me, told me in his soft brogue tales strange and amusing of lumber camps in Canada. When Scouse came back I always welcomed him with a leading question, such as whether he had brought much money with him, whereupon he would go scuttling off again like a crab.

When at four A. M. I retired to the hay the little Irishman came with me as before, but Scouse did not. Mumbling an explanation about its being too cold he withdrew to the safer if less sanitary quarters of the cattlemen. I slept until eleven, when I was once more called before the captain. I found him seated in his cabin, the walls of which were decorated with the photographs of ships on which he had sailed.

He allowed me to stand under his somber gaze for minutes ere he spoke.

"Lad," he began at last, "the Screeptures tell us that there is salvation for them that repent. Likewise a bur-rning hell, hotter than a thousand stokeholes, for them that won't. Come, now, confess that ye creeminally murdered this man Peters!"

My repetition of the facts, with arguments and explanations, rattled against the surface of his super-British mind like a fusillade of peas against Gibraltar.

Somewhere—probably from sea tales—I had got the impression that the loss of a man at sea was regarded by ships' officers as a mere casual occurrence. Had Peters not gone overboard I might have still retained that notion.

The great power vested in the captain of a British ship, as revealed in the obnoxious articles, is not without a balancing responsibility. Each member of the crew must be accounted for on reaching port. To lose a man, even in the performance of hazardous duties at night and in rough weather, is a matter of the utmost gravity, while to lose one under a fair midday sun is little short of scandalous and is likely to involve investigation, delay, expense and reprimand. Captain Evans had hitherto enjoyed the record of never having lost a man. The implication that the food and smell aboard his ship were bad enough to make a man jump overboard distressed him deeply. It was more the loss of Peters' body than that of my soul, I think, that most concerned him.

The captain closed our interview with a curt command that I set down my version of the case in the ship's log. This task, which I attacked at once, proved pleasanter than hoisting bales of hay. Seated in a comfortable chair before the chartroom table, I determined to endow my writing with a style that would reflect credit on my alma mater. Of course it would take longer, but the cushion in the chair was soft.

Beginning with an original Peters at the time of the Norman Conquest and the Domesday Book, I ran on through a stormy family history sprinkled with admirals and privateers. Even Shadrac Peters, who came over on the Mayflower, possessed aquatic talent. Did he not jump overboard off Plymouth Rock and swim ashore, thus being the first man to land? Little did he think that in so doing he was setting an example to a great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson! In writing of the coming of the Pilgrims I took pains to make it clear that they had left their homes because of British tyranny, and in dealing with General Peters of Revolutionary fame I saw to it that he had all the best of it in numerous engagements with the British, who surrendered to him by platoons, companies, battalions, regiments and brigades. The more I wrote the more I saw the possibilities not only of my tale, but of myself as a romantic novelist. At the summons of the supper-bell I left my work reluctantly.

Resuming my efforts next day, I got down to Peters himself, describing minutely his birth, parentage and early education, dwelling with psychological emphasis upon his hereditary recklessness and prowess in the water, and closing with a fine burst of pathos in which I pictured Peters battling with the tide as the smell of the Bostonia was fading, fading down the night. I was proud of my composition and of the way I had sustained it through pages meant for many days of nautical observations and hours meant for hauling bales of hay.

Days of work and nights of watching followed. The captain did not speak to me again throughout the voyage, though he occasionally acknowledged my presence near him with a dismal sigh; the mate lowered, the purser positively grimaced, and the cattlemen regarded me with a distant curiosity. The sole exception to the rule was Jerry. My crime, it seemed, had made no difference to him.

In the middle of the watch on the night before we sighted land he came and sat beside me on a coil of rope.

"Can ye swim?" he asked in his odd, quavering little voice.

I said I could.

"Far?" said he.

"Fairly."

"Three or four miles?"

"I think so."

Through the silence that followed I wondered what was in his mind.

"I been afther finding out something," he said presently. "About half past two this marnin' we'd ought to be three miles off the coast of ould Ireland. There'll be a light on shore with two white flashes."

"Then we should get to Liverpool tomorrow night," I said.

"Not nisissarily," said he. "Ye could slip over the side and swim ashore. I'd mate ye in Quanestown and give ye a lift."

"That's darned good in you," I said, "but you see Peters is going to meet me in Liverpool."

"Oh!" said Jerry blankly.

Presently he rose to his feet and laid a hand on my shoulder.

"I been afther wantin' to tell ye something," said he. "I killed a man out in British Columbia. Niver mind why. They be wantin' me out there. D'ye see?"

I got up and took him by the hand.

"It's mighty friendly of you to mention it," I said, "and if I had anything to tell I'd tell you right now. But you see I haven't, so I——"

"Oh, all right," he broke in hurriedly. "I wasn't afther pryin', y'onderstand."

Then he went away. He was a sensitive and kindly little murderer. Somehow I felt that I had not thanked him half enough.

A cold, dismal rain was beating on the decks when late on the following afternoon we ran up the Mersey. As I scanned the distant shore through a porthole two sailors came and stood beside me. When we drew nearer I braved the rain out on the open deck to get a better view. The sailors followed. I realized that I was under guard.

A launch bearing the port authorities drew alongside. I looked down eagerly in hopes that Peters would be there. He was not. A customs officer boarded us. He told me that the steamer on which Peters was due had been in port two days.

As the Bostonia was warped up to her dock my

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The Chairman Was Banging on His Desk and Calling for Order

THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

Business Advantages in Attractive Design

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

FOR ten years a certain manufacturer in this country had been making a patent kerosene lamp. It was a perfect article, mechanically speaking. The burner was devised on an ingenious principle, the draft and illumination were calculated to a nicety, and the lamp threw an abundance of mellow white light from a broad flame, burning little oil and giving off no smoke or odor. But the sales of this lamp fell far short of its merits. The maker pushed it in various ways, trying plan after plan. He advertised, explaining the principle upon which his lamp was constructed, and his advertisements brought plenty of inquiries from people who should have become profitable customers. There was the general development of suburban and summer homes to favor him. The sale of one lamp to the owner of a large country house, a seaside cottage or a mountain camp ought logically to have brought orders for more. But it was just this sort of business that did not grow. The chief sales seemed to be to farmers and people in small towns, who wanted one lamp to light the living room.

The manufacturer also sold his lamp through the trade. As a rule, after a capable salesman had been shown the principle upon which that lamp operated and had been given some figures comparing it with other kerosene lamps in lighting power and economy of oil, he could go into any territory and place goods with the largest stores. Merchants and buyers too were easily won over by the mechanical beauty of the lamp, but the lamp itself did not stay in the stores. Merchants who stocked it, expecting great things from its ingenious principle, were soon glad to drop it because it did not sell. This manufacturer spent ten years and a good deal of energy and money to demonstrate the truth of something that George Meredith put in a single phrase:

"Ugly is only halfway to a thing."

Lamps of the Periods

HIS lamp was ugly. Its looks were killing demand with the best class of potential customers. When he selected metal receptacles this manufacturer had conscientiously provided good brass, heavily plated to give honest wear. But he knew nothing of the possibilities that lay in design and so his brass containers were squat and square with not one redeeming line. A certain attractiveness might have been secured by leaving the metal surfaces plain. But even this possibility had been destroyed by meaningless ornaments stamped everywhere—four-leaf clover and horseshoe motifs, flubdubs and borders of tinsmiths' delight. The glass shades were ornamented with nonsensical convolutions and their colors were nondescript, like London neckties dyed to be worn in a fog. The whole lamp

A Skillful Designer Took This Patent Lamp in Hand

was so perfect mechanically that people who read about it asked for it in the stores. It was so ugly in design that nobody with half an eye for harmony would have taken it as a gift, especially when it was shown beside European goods of handsome design—as it always was.

A skillful designer took this patent lamp in hand. Several new shapes were worked up in the period styles so popular just now. There was a Colonial model, an Empire model, a Louis-Quinze model, and so forth. When these new goods were put upon the market the effect was immediate. Department store buyers who had thrown the old models out of stock warmed up to that lamp again and put it back. Customers who were shown a Colonial or Empire shape bought without objections. Advertising began to sell goods in good country and suburban homes, repeat orders followed, and wherever a house was fitted with those lamps a center for new sales was created among neighbors who wanted the same goods as soon as they saw them. Today, as the result of a little attention to looks, that lamp manufacturer is getting a volume of trade to which he was entitled all along on account of the utility and honesty of his product.

American manufacturing has now arrived at a point where this item of looks will be taken more and more into account. Looks are in line with a number of similar items that have gone before, enabling manufacturers and merchants to gain freedom from hard business restrictions.

About twenty years ago a young man in Paris set out to learn the wholesale drug business. The head of a great house offered to take the young Parisian into his office as an apprentice, but assured him that several years would be required to master even the rudiments of the trade. The first detail he was to take up was bookkeeping. The young Frenchman thought, however, that there must be a quicker way of learning the business. He went down to Marseilles and looked into the making and handling of crude drugs. One peculiarity struck him at once. All the manufacturers believed that they were bound in by competitive conditions, and to meet fancied restrictions of price rivalry they adulterated their products. The young man from Paris went to a small manufacturer and asked if there was any difficulty about making an absolutely pure grade of a certain staple.

"Oh, it's easy enough to make," said the manufacturer, "but nobody could sell it—the price would be too high to meet competition."

"If you will make it," said the young man, "I'll sell it for whatever price is necessary to turn a reasonable profit."

When samples of this staple were ready he went to New York, showed them to a big wholesale dealer and named prices.

"Why, we can get that stuff for half the money!" said the druggist.

"Your goods are all adulterated," was the reply. "This is the real article—one hundred per cent pure. There isn't a pound like it in your stock. Test it yourself."

When tests had been made the wholesaler bought liberally and other dealers did the same. In a few years that small manufacturer in France controlled the best trade in this specialty. Physicians, druggists, chemists and manufacturers specified his product by name in ordering, and nothing else could be substituted for it, no matter how low the price. Every trade and industry in this country can furnish similar instances. During the past decade business has been steadily rising above price limitations by the development of superior goods, the rendering of more intelligent service, and the identification of products by brands and trademark. All the tendencies have been broadening, and the price competition that was once regarded as an ironclad restriction is now often looked upon as fun.

The next step in this broadening development will be that of design. A New York selling expert says that whenever he speaks of design to the average American manufacturer, and urges improvements in the looks of his product, the latter is inclined to regard him with suspicion as if he were a visionary reformer, and class him with the socialists, anarchists and fortune tellers. Yet in practically every case where he has succeeded in getting better design into a product the public has seen the point at once and sales have increased. Say the word "design" to a manufacturer and he thinks of long-haired artists, half-million-dollar masterpieces and other remote things.

"That may be all right for fellows who make wall-paper or neckties," he agrees. "But say, where does it come in on the tobacco business?"

Design is tangible and practical, however. Good looks, good taste, beauty of shape and finish are definite mercantile qualities with direct appeal to popular demand. Design comes into the tobacco business at one point, for instance, when moderate-price goods are given something of the form and finish identified with better grades.

Good Looks in Tobacco

IN THE New York offices of the Tobacco Trust there are hundreds of veteran tobacco men. All their business lives they have been judging, grading, blending and making up tobacco. Some years ago an interesting experiment, made half as a joke, brought out the practical side of this matter of good looks. One of the cheapest products of the company was a rough cheroot made of low-grade leaf, which retailed at a very low price. Around the offices the brand name of that cheroot had become a sort of byword for anything cheap. The manager of the cheroot department resented this. He believed his cheroot was excellent value, even if the price was low, and had the salesman's pride in its purity and wholesomeness and in the great volume of business his particular product brought the company. So he sent an order down to his factory. Some of the regular cheroot tobacco was made up in a handsome perfecto shape associated only with Havana cigars, and several hundred of these glorified cheroots were passed round the different

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Several Hundred of These Glorified Cheroots Were Passed Round

The Sales Force Made No Headway in Landing the Business

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Johnny Gamble Tries One Big Deal to Complete His Million

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"MY DEAR," observed Mr. Courtney as he and his wife approached the jessamine summer-house, "do you pick your week-end guests from a city directory or do you draw the names from a hat?" Constance Joy, sitting in the summer-house with Johnny Gamble, with a complicated-looking score-card in her hand, arose and laughed lightly as a warning.

"My dear," retorted Mrs. Courtney very sweetly indeed and all unheeding of the laugh, "I pick them by a better system than you employ when you invite stag crowds. You usually need to be introduced to your guests. Just whom would you like to have me send home?"

"Paul Gresham for one," replied Courtney bluntly, "and the entire Wobbles tribe, with their friend Birchard, for some more."

"I could be perfectly happy without them myself, Ben," sighed his wife; "but the Wobbles bachelors invite themselves whenever they please, and Paul Gresham was asked on account of Constance."

Constance, in the summer-house, laughed again, although less happily than before, and dropped her portfolio as loudly as possible, while Johnny Gamble merely grinned.

"That's what I wondered about," persisted the grizzled financier, as oblivious to the noises from within the jessamine bower as his wife had been. "I should have thought that on Constance's account you would have dropped Gresham."

"How absurd!" laughed Mrs. Courtney. "Why, she is to marry him!"

"I don't believe it!" indignantly denied Courtney. "She got him in a will with a million dollars, and it isn't enough!"

Constance's foot, twitching nervously, rustled a dry leaf, and her heart popped into her throat lest the noise should be heard. The time had passed for wishing to be discovered.

Johnny Gamble had ceased to grin and was looking scared.

"Mr. Gresham is of a very old family," Mr. Courtney's wife reminded him.

"Age is no recommendation for an egg," her husband kindly informed her. "Gresham is second cousin to Lord Yawpingham, and if they had any sense of shame they'd murder each other for the relationship."

"Oh, Ben, I'm sure you're harsh," protested the optimistic Mrs. Courtney.

"I'm so charitable as to be almost weak," he insisted with a grin. "Seriously, though, Lucy, Gresham's not square. He tried to destroy Johnny Gamble's credit with me two or three weeks ago in a most underhanded manner."

There was a moment of silence, during which the pair in the bower gazed straight up at nothing.

"You seem to like Mr. Gamble," mused Mrs. Courtney. "Everybody does, however. Where is he from?"

"Some little town up the state," returned Courtney indifferently. "He's a fine young fellow, square as a die and a hustler! He's going to marry Constance Joy."

Johnny Gamble, turning the color of a tomato, dropped his sailor straw hat, and its edge hit the tiled floor with a noise like the blow of an ax. Constance could have murdered him for it. They missed a lot of conversation just about then.

Courtney and his wife rounded the corner of the bower and paused a moment before turning into it.

"Really, Ben," defended Mrs. Courtney, returning to the criticism that her husband by now wished he had not made, "except for the epidemic of Wobbleses this would have been a delightful week-end crowd: Constance, Polly, fluffy little Winnie, Mrs. Follison and our own two girls; Mr. Loring, Val Russel, Bruce Townley, Sammy Chirp, Mr. Gamble and Mr. Gresham. For your entertainment you'll have Mr. Washer, Mr. Close and Colonel Bouncer, with whom you will play poker from the time they reach here this afternoon until they go away Monday morning."

"It was a good party!" agreed Courtney. "By-the-way, I owe my poker crowd to Johnny Gamble. He asked if they would be here, and seemed to want them. He's a live member! Did I ever tell you how he helped me skin Old Mort Washer?" And, changing his mind about entering

"I Have Brought Each of You a Certified Check for One Hundred Thousand Dollars"

the jessamine bower, Mr. Courtney, explaining with great glee the skinning of his friend Mort Washer, took the other path and the two strolled away without having seen or heard the luckless eavesdroppers.

The miserable pair in the bower, exhibiting various shades of red, looked steadfastly out into the blue, blue sky for some minutes in stupefied silence. Johnny presently picked up his sailor straw hat and surveyed the nick in its brim with ingenuous interest.

"I bought that hat in Baltimore," he inanely observed.

Constance suddenly arose and walked straight out of there—alone!

II

MR. EUGENE WOBBLES, who tried to live down his American ancestry in London clubs and was, consequently, more British than any Englishman, came to Mr. Courtney lazily apologetic.

"I fancy I'm going to give you a lot of bother, my dear Courtney," he observed, lounging feebly against the porch rail.

"I prefer bother to almost anything," returned his host pleasantly; "it gives me something to do."

"Rather clever that," laughed Eugene, swinging his monocle with one hand and stroking his drooping yellow mustache with the other. "Really I never thought of bother in that way before. Keeps one bothered, I think you said," and he gazed out over the broad lawn where the young people were noisily congregating, in pleasant contemplation of Courtney's wonderful new philosophy.

"What is this particular bother?" gently suggested Courtney after a pause.

"Oh, yes," responded Eugene; "we were discussing that, weren't we? I've a rotten memory; but my oldest brother, Tommy, can't even remember his middle initial. Pretty good that, don't you think? Tommy is a perfect ass in every respect." And idly considering Tommy's perfection as an ass he turned and gazed down into the ravine where Courtney had built some attractive little waterfalls and cave paths. "About how deep should you say it was down there, Courtney?"

"Three hundred and fifty feet," answered Courtney. "I think you were speaking about a little bother."

"Oh, yes; so I was," agreed Eugene. "Very good of you to remind me of it. You know, Courtney, Mr. Gamble, who wants to buy some land of ours, has made the remarkable discovery that we're all here together. First time in years, I assure you. No matter how necessary for us to hold a complete family council, one of my brothers—most unreliable people in the world, I think—is always missing."

"And when they're all together I suppose you are somewhere else," suggested Courtney.

That proposition was so unique that Eugene was forced to spend profound thought upon it.

"Curious, isn't it?" he finally admitted. "A chap becomes so in the habit of thinking that he is himself always present, wherever he happens to be, that it's no end startling to reflect that sometimes he isn't."

"I see," said Courtney, grasping eagerly at the light. "You merely happen to be all here at the same time, and you think it advisable to hold a family business meeting because the accident may never occur again. Sensible idea, Eugene. The east loggia off the second-floor hall is just the place. Assemble there and I'll send you any weapons you want."

"Perfectly stunning how you Americans grasp things!" commented Eugene, agape with admiration. "But I say, old chap, that's a joke about the weapons. Really, we shan't need them."

"You're quite right; I was joking," returned Courtney gravely. "I'll go right up and have some chairs and tables put out on the loggia."

"I knew it would be a deuced lot of bother for you," regretted Eugene apologetically. "It's a lot of face in us to ask it. So crude, you know. By-the-way, should you say that this Mr. Gamble chap was all sorts reliable?"

"Absolutely," Courtney emphatically assured him.

"Ow," returned Eugene reflectively. "And his solicitor fellow, Loring?"

"Perfectly trustworthy."

"Ow," commented Eugene, and fell into a study so deep that Courtney was able to escape without being missed.

In the library, where he went to ring for a servant, he found Constance Joy looking gloomily out of a window, with a magazine upside down in her hands. She immediately arose.

"Don't let me disturb you," begged Courtney as he rang the bell. "Do you know where I can find Johnny Gamble?"

"I really couldn't say," replied Constance sweetly. "I left him out in the gardens a few minutes ago." And she made for the door, confident that she had not spoken with apparent haste, embarrassment or coldness.

"Won't you please tell him that Joe Close and Morton Washer and Colonel Bouncer are coming out on the next train?" requested Courtney. "You're sure to see him by-and-by, I know."

"With pleasure," lied Constance miserably, and hurried to finish her escape. At the door, however, she suddenly turned and came back, walking nonchalantly but hastily out through the windows upon the side porch. A second later Paul Gresham and Billy Wobbles, the latter walking with temperamental knees, passed through the hall.

Courtney looked after Constance in perplexity, but, a servant entering, he gave orders for the furnishing of the loggia and went up to make sure of the arrangements. He found Johnny Gamble in moody solitude, studying with deep intensity the braiding of his sailor straw hat.

"Hello, Johnny!" hailed Courtney cordially. "I was just asking Miss Joy about you."

Johnny looked at him with reproachful eyes. Courtney was to blame for his present gloom.

"Thanks," he returned. "What did she say?"

"Not much," replied Courtney, smiling slyly. "She didn't know where you were, but she's looking for you."

"Where is she?" asked Johnny, jumping up with alacrity.

"She just went out on the side porch of the library," announced Courtney. "Her message is from me, however. Washer and Close and the Colonel are coming out this noon."

"Thanks," replied Johnny, starting away. "Did you say the side porch of the library?"

A thin-legged figure stopped in the door and twitched.

"'Mornin'," it observed. "I knew Eugene's intellect was woozing again. Always announcing some plan for us to bore each other, don't you know, and never having it come off."

"This is the place and the hour, Reggie," declared Mr. Courtney. "If you'll just stay here I'll send you out a brandy and soda and some cigars."

"Thanks awfully, old man," returned Reggie, looking dubiously out at the loggia. It was enticing enough, with its broad, cool, tiled flooring and its vine-hung arches and its vistas of the tree-clad hills across the ravine; but it was empty. "I think I'll return when the rest of them are together." And Reggie, stumbling against the doorjamb on his way out, wandered away, choosing the right-hand passage because his body had happened to lurch in that direction.

"Johnny, if you say anything I'll be peevish," protested Courtney in advance. "Please remember that the gentleman is a guest of mine."

"I was grinning at something else," Johnny soothed him: still grinning, however.

"I apologize," observed Courtney. "Do you think the Wobbles family will hold their conclave if each of them waits until all the others are together?"

"I hope so," replied Johnny. "I'll make some money if they do."

"How rude!" expostulated Courtney with a laugh. "Business at a week-end house-party!"

"Business is right," confessed Johnny. "They admit that you run the best private exchange in America out here."

Courtney, enjoying that remark, laughed heartily.

"I'm glad they give me credit," he acknowledged. "Well, help yourself to all the facilities. Where are you going?"

"Library porch," answered Johnny promptly. "Excuse me, I'm in a hurry."

III

CONSTANCE JOY was not on the library porch. Instead, Johnny found there Polly Parsons and her adopted sister Winnie, Ashley Loring and Sammy Chirp. This being almost a family party for Johnny, he had no hesitation in asking bluntly for Constance.

"This is her morning for Wobbling," returned Polly disdainfully. "A while ago she was dodging the perfectly careless compliments of old Tommy and trying not to see that his toupee was on crooked; and now she's down toward the ravine some place, watching young Cecil stumble. You could make yourself a very solid Johnny by trotting right down there and breaking up the party."

"I think I'd rather have a messenger for that," calculated Johnny. "His brothers wish to see Cecil up in the east loggia."

"Sammy will go," offered Winnie confidently; whereat Sammy, smiling affably, promptly arose.

"Go with him, Winnie," ordered Polly. "Trot on now, both of you. I want to talk sense."

Quite cheerfully Winnie gave Sammy her fan, her parasol, her vanity box, her novel, her box of chocolates and her hat, stuffed a handkerchief in his pocket and said:

"Come on, Sammy; I'm ready."

"Constance showed me that schedule last night, Johnny," rattled Polly. "You ought to see it, Mr. Loring. On Wednesday, at four o'clock, he was exactly even with it; five hundred thousand dollars to the good; five thousand dollars' profit for every working hour since Saturday, April twenty-second, at one o'clock."

"I know," laughed Loring. "A million dollars in forty days; and he'll make it in less if the Wobbleses will only hold steady for ten minutes."

"You don't mean to say that a Wobbles could be useful!" protested Polly.

"Half a million dollars' worth," Loring informed her; then he drew his chair closer and lowered his voice. "It's a funny story, Polly. Two weeks ago Johnny took Courtney and Close and Washer and Colonel Bouncer up to the Bronx in my machine and arranged to sell them a subdivision for three and a half million dollars."

"Help!" gasped Polly. "Burglar!"

"They'll double their money," asserted Johnny indignantly. "Fanciest neglected opportunity within a gallon of gasoline from Forty-second Street."

"Trouble is, Johnny didn't own it and doesn't yet," laughed Loring. "He's been trying to buy it from the Wobbleses ever since he arranged to sell it."

"He'll get it," decided Polly confidently.

"Will they agree when they get together?" Loring worried. "Individually each one needs the money, and each one is satisfied with Johnny's offer of three million cash."

"Don't say another word," ordered Polly. "I have to figure this out. Why, Johnny, if you carry this through it will finish your million, and this is only the thirteenth of May. That's going some! You weren't supposed to have it till the thirty-first. Polly's proud of you!"

"I don't think you get the joke of this yet, though, Polly," Loring went on. "The Wobbleses don't know that Johnny has already arranged to sell their land, and the subdivision company doesn't know that the beautiful Bronx tract is the Wobbles estate. In the meantime both parties are here, and I'm lurking behind the scenery with all the necessary papers ready to sign, seal and deliver."

"Hush!" commanded Polly; "I'm getting excited. It sounds like the finish of the first act. Oh, lookee! Who's the graceful party with Gresham?"

Both Johnny and Loring glanced up at a tall, suave, easy-moving gentleman, whose clothing fitted him like a matinée idol's, whose closely trimmed beard would have served as a model for the nobility anywhere, and whose smile was sickening sweet.

"Eugene Wobbles' friend, Birchard," stated Johnny, who kept himself well posted on Wobbles affairs. "He is always either with Gresham or a Wobbles, and he travels for a living, I believe." And Johnny suddenly arose.

Coming from the direction of the ravine were Constance and Cecil, Winnie and Sammy, and passing Gresham and Birchard with the nod of compulsion Johnny walked carelessly on to meet the quartet.

"Good morning, Cecil," he observed. "Your brothers are about to hold a meeting in the east loggia, and I think they're looking for you."

"No doubt," admitted Cecil wearily. "It's barely possible that one or two of them are already believing that they will go up. Do you know, I think I shall establish a record for family promptness if I may be excused. Most annoying to be torn away from such a jolly talk, I'm sure." And receiving the full and free permission of the company to depart he did so, changing his mind twice about whether to go through the rose arbor or round by the sundial.

Johnny swung in by the side of Constance.

"Some one told me you had a message for me," he blundered.

"Who said so?" she was cruel enough to ask.

Johnny turned pink, but he was brave and replied with the truth.

"Mr. Courtney," he admitted.

"So I imagined," she answered icily. "Mr. Washer and Mr. Close and Colonel Bouncer are to arrive on the noon train. You'll excuse me, won't you, please?" And she hurried on to the house by herself to dress for dinner.

Johnny Gamble tried to say "Certainly," but he dropped his sailor straw hat. Constance heard it and every muscle in her body jumped and stiffened.

With an Effort She Kept Herself From Running

IV

THERE seemed a conspicuous dearth of Wobbleses on the east loggia that morning. Loring, pathetically faithful to his post, entertained them in relays as Johnny brought them up: sometimes one, sometimes two, and once or twice as many as three of them at one time; but they all lost their feeble mooring and drifted away.

Luncheon-time passed; Washer and Bouncer and Close and Courtney went into executive session; two o'clock came, three o'clock, four o'clock, and still no meeting. At the latter hour Johnny, making his tireless rounds but afflicted with despair, located Billy Wobbles, the one with the jerky eyelids and impulsive knees, on the loggia with Loring; Eugene was in the poker room trying numbly to discover the difference between a four-flush and a deuce-high hand; Tommy, his toupee well down toward his scanty white eyebrows, was boring the Courtney girls to the verge of tears; Cecil, stumbling almost rhythmically over his own calves, was playing tennis with Winnie and Sammy and Mrs. Follison; and Reggie, the twitcher, was entertaining Val Russel and Bruce Townley with a story he had started at nine o'clock in the morning.

Suddenly Johnny was visited with a long-sought inspiration and hurried down to the kennels, remembering with much self-scorn that he had dragged each of the Wobbleses away from there at least once.

The master of the dogs was Irish and young, with eyes the color of a six-o'clock sky on a sunny day, and he greeted Johnny with a white-toothed smile that would have melted honey.

"I locked Beauty up, sir," he said, with a touch of his cap, referring to the gentle collie that had poked its nose

"I Fancy I'm Going to Give You a Lot of Bother, My Dear Courtney"

confidingly into Johnny's hand at every visit. "There was too much excitement for her with all the strangers round, but she'll be glad to see you, sir."

"Give Beauty my card and tell her I'll be back," directed Johnny with a friendly glance in the direction of Beauty's summer residence. "Didn't you say something this morning about a crowd of setter puppies?"

"Yes, sir," replied the dog expert proudly. "Several of the gentlemen have been down to see them, but the day has been so hot I didn't care to bring them out. It's cool enough now, sir, if you'd like to see them."

"I'll be back in five minutes," returned Johnny hastily. "I'll say hello to Beauty first."

Beauty barked and capered when she was let out, and expressed her entire approval of Johnny in fluent dog language, looking after him reproachfully when he hurried away.

Johnny first begged a puppy of Courtney, then he brought Eugene Wobbles and Tommy Wobbles and Billy and Cecil and Reggie Wobbles down in turns to pick it out for him. Each of the Wobbleses was still there, deciding, when he brought another. When the last Wobbles, including their friend Birchard, was in the inclosure Johnny locked the gate and sent Loring on a brisk errand. That energetic commercial attorney returned in a very few minutes laden with some papers and writing materials and followed by a servant carrying a wicker table.

"Gentlemen," said Johnny in a quite oratorical tone of voice, "suppose we talk business."

The assembled Wobbleses turned in gasping surprise from the violent family dispute over the puppies.

"Upon my soul, this is a most extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Eugene, looking about him in amazement. "Why, the whole blooming family is here, even Tommy. I say, Tommy, it's perfectly imbecile, with all due respect to you, to prefer that little beggar with the white star."

"I'll back him for a hundred pounds before any official committee," indignantly quavered Tommy, feeling in all the wrong pockets for his betting-book.

"Gentlemen," interposed Johnny most crudely indeed, "I am here to repeat my offer of three million dollars, cash, for your Bronx property; one-half million dollars today, one million dollars next Saturday, May twentieth, and the remaining million and a half the following Saturday, May twenty-seventh, title to remain vested in you until the entire amount is paid. Just to show that I mean business I have brought each of you a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars." And he distributed them like diplomas to a class.

Tommy Wobbles, startled to find his toupee on straight, examined his check with much doubt.

"I say, you know," he expostulated; "this can't be quite regular!"

"Why not?" inquired Johnny.

"Well — er — it's so very precipitate," responded Tommy, putting the check in his pocket and taking it out again and folding and unfolding it with uncertain fingers. "No time for deliberation and dignity and such rot, you know."

"An advance cash payment of half a million dollars is so full of dignity that its shoes squeak," announced Johnny. "As to delay, I don't see any reason for it. You want to sell the property, don't you?"

Eugene said yes, and the others looked doubtful.

"You're satisfied with the price?" demanded Johnny.

Since Eugene kept silent the others answered that they were.

"You know that by my plan you are perfectly secured until you are fully paid; so there's no reason why we shouldn't wind up the business at once."

"Should you say that this was regular, Birchard?" asked Eugene, toying with his check lovingly. He had just finished figuring that it was worth something like twenty thousand pounds!

"Quite regular indeed," Mr. Birchard smilingly assured him. "Typically American for its directness and decision, but fully as good a business transaction in every way as could be consummated in London."

"Ow, I say," protested Eugene, but he seemed perfectly satisfied nevertheless.

"As I understand it," went on Mr. Birchard, "Mr. Gamble's proposition is very simple. You are to execute a contract of sale to him today, acknowledging receipt of half a million dollars advance payment, and are at the same time to execute a clear deed that will be placed in the hands of your agent until Mr. Gamble completes his payments. The deed will then be delivered to him and properly recorded. Is this correct, Mr. Gamble?"

"I couldn't say it so well, but that's what I mean," replied Johnny.

"Then, gentlemen," continued Birchard, "I should advise you to sign the papers at once and have the matter off your minds."

Loring had everything ready, but it was Johnny who really conducted the meeting and manipulated the slow-moving Wobbleses so that they concluded the business with small waste of time.

When it was finished Johnny thanked them with intense relief. The Wobbles property was his, and he knew exactly where to sell it at a half million dollars' profit. His tremendous race for a million was to be won, with a day or so of margin. There were only a few technical matters to look after, but in reality the prize was his. He could go to Constance Joy now with a clear conscience and the ability to offer her a fortune equal to the one she would have to relinquish if she married him.

"By-the-way," asked Johnny in parting, "who is your agent?"

"Why, I rather fancy it will be Mr. Birchard," replied Eugene, stroking his mustache reflectively. "Of course nothing is decided as yet, since there are five of us and four stubborn; but I rather fancy it will be Birchard. Eh, old chap?"

"I trust so," responded Birchard with a pleasant smile at Johnny.

V

MORTON WASHER, having acquired a substantial jackpot with the aid of four hearts and little casino, boastfully displayed the winning hand.

"Sometime, when you fellows grow up," he kindly offered, "I'll sit down to a real game of poker with you."

Courtney, keeping the bank, dived ruefully into the box for his fourth stack of chips.

"There's one thing I must say about Mort," he dryly observed: "he's cheerful when he wins."

"He can brag harder and louder than any man I ever heard," admitted iron-faced Joe Close.

Colonel Bouncer, puffing out his red cheeks and snarling affectionately at his friend Washer, corroborated that statement emphatically.

"He's bragged ever since he was a boy," he stated.

"I always had something to brag about, didn't I?" demanded Washer, his intemperate little pompadour bristling and his waxed mustache as waspish as if he were really provoked.

"I don't know," objected the solemn-faced Courtney. "I stung you for half a million on that hotel transaction. Give me an ace, Joe."

"Never!" snapped Morton Washer, picking up his cards as they fell. "It was Johnny Gamble did that. I open this pot right under the guns for the size of it and an extra sky-blue for luck. None of you old spavins was ever able to get me single-handed. A young fellow like Johnny Gamble, that's different. It's his turn. You fellows are all afraid of my threes?"

"The others might be, so I'll just help them stay out," stated Courtney kindly as he doubled Washer's bet. "By-the-way, speaking of Johnny Gamble, he was very anxious to get you fellows out here today. Now I want to give you some solemn advice, Colonel: you'd better keep away from this pot."

"Bless my soul, I have a rotten hand!" confessed Colonel Bouncer, puffing his cheeks. "But you old bluffers can't drive me out of any place; so I'll trail." And he measured up to Courtney's stack. "What's Gamble's scheme, Ben?"

"I'll have to let Johnny tell you that himself," responded Courtney as Johnny entered. "Coming into this scramble, Joe?"

"I'm a cautious man," hesitated Close, inspecting the faces of his companions with calm interest. "I don't think you or Mort has second cousins among your pasteboards, but the Colonel is concealing his feelings too carefully." And he threw down his cards.

"You're most unprofessional to say so," growled the Colonel. "I suppose you won't see that raise, Mort?"

"I'm not much interested," returned Washer indifferently, "so I'll just tilt it another stack." And he did so with beautiful carelessness. "On general principles I'm very favorable to any enterprise Johnny Gamble offers. Isn't that so, Johnny?"

"I hope so," replied Johnny with a laugh as he approached the table and, with perfectly blank eyes, looked down at the hand that Washer held up to him.

Courtney cast only a fleeting glance at Johnny, whose face it would be impolite to read, also impossible, and concentrated his attention upon his old friend Washer.

"You infernal scoundrel, I believe you have them," he decided as Washer folded his cards into the palm of his hand again.

Courtney turned for a careful inspection of the Colonel. That gentleman, daintily picking a fleck of dust from his cuff, looked unconcernedly off into the sky, whistling softly, and Courtney, pushing his hand into the discard, lit a cigar, while the Colonel met Washer's raise and added a tantalizing white chip.

It was now Washer's turn for consideration, and he studied his only remaining opponent with much interest.

"Give me one card, Joe; mostly kings," he requested as he pushed in his one white chip. "What's your scheme, Johnny?" And he looked up quite indifferent to the card he was tossing away. He picked up the one Close carefully dealt him and, without looking at it, slid it in among the other four.

"I'm ready to close with you for that Bronx subdivision," responded Johnny, acutely watching Colonel Bouncer as that gentleman asked for one card, received it and studied its countenance with polite admiration. "It's the proposition I've previously explained to all of you, but had to lay aside because I couldn't nail down the property."

"I suppose you have it now," observed Morton, pushing forward with gentle little shoves of his middle finger a very tall stack of chips arranged in three distinct and equal red, white and blue layers. He had not yet looked at his fifth card, and at Colonel Bouncer he directed but a brief and passing glance. Did he care what the Colonel held?

"I have the Wobbles estate in my pocket," replied Johnny, still watching the Colonel absorbedly. "I must get you together Monday if possible."

"Wobbles!" exploded Courtney. "Did you buy that Bronx property at my party from my guests to sell to us?"

"I did," confessed Johnny with a grin. "This is a lovely party."

The poker game suspended itself for a minute, while all four of the gentlemen looked at him in contemplative admiration.

"He's a credit to the place," observed Joe Close. "Here's where the Texas land grab was arranged, and the wool trust formed, and the joker inserted into the rebate bill."

"Nevertheless, if Johnny Gamble sits in this game I'd cash in my chips and quit," declared Morton Washer.

"He's good enough company

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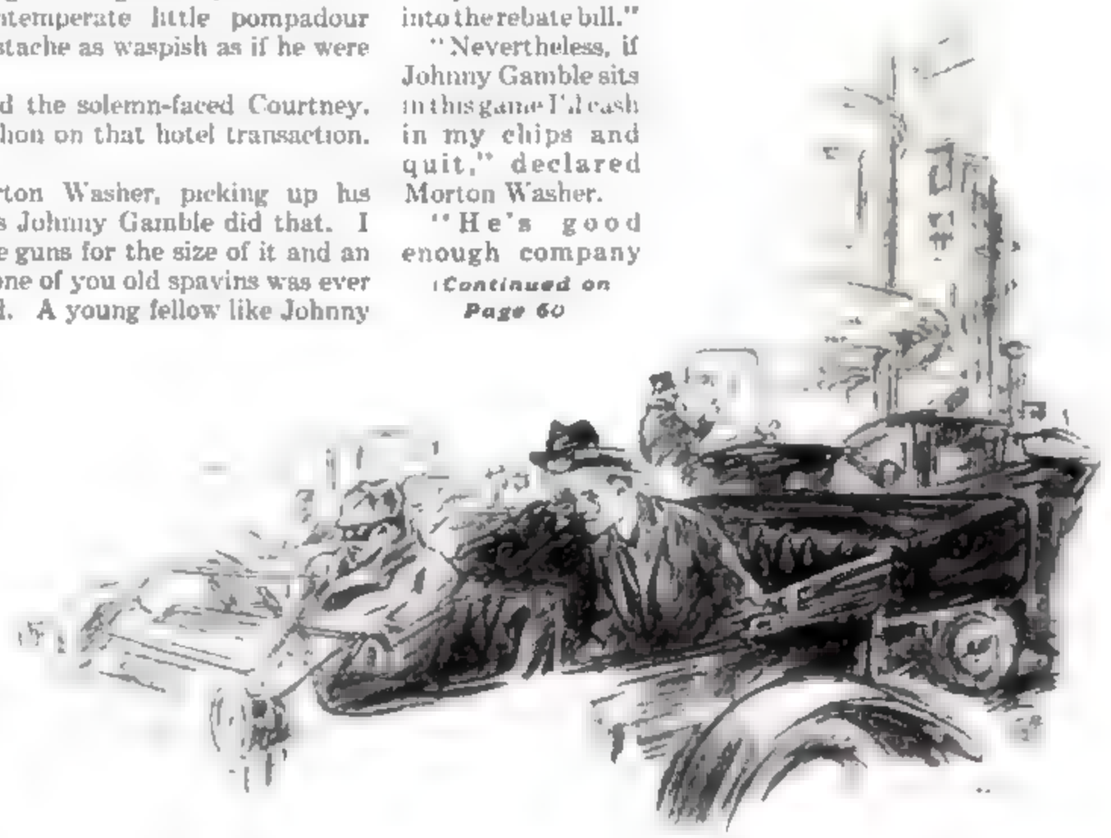


"She May Not Be so Keen for That Million as You Think"

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

By Forrest Crissey

A FEW small farmers in the South, a little more alert than their neighbors, are finding a live opportunity in the commercialization of a crop product that has long been a general staple article of home use.

This long-neglected product, which in some hands and in certain localities is taking on the dignity of a very profitable cash crop, is cane syrup.

The place that this commodity holds in the households of the South is indicated by the fact that a Southerner visiting the North will seldom fail to denounce maple syrup as a poor and flimsy substitute for the cane syrup of his native fields. Not until recently could a Southern family living in the North order cane syrup from a first-class grocery with any reasonable expectation that it would be furnished. In the South the local grocery was generally supplied with this commodity from the incidental surplus of those patrons who made more of it than they could use at home. It was more an article of local barter and exchange than a commercial commodity. And this condition still holds to a very great extent, although cane syrup is increasingly making its way as an article of interstate commerce.

One of the pioneers in this commercialization of cane syrup is G. W. Storter, who runs a general store in Florida and does farming on the side. He declares that cane syrup is the most profitable crop that he can produce, and that hundreds of small farmers in those localities of the South where the soil is adapted to cane culture can make it one of the best-paying crops from their lands.

Of course a sudden overproduction would cut down the price and is a contingency to be reckoned with by those who might be inclined to take a hand in it; but this danger is modified by two considerations—the gradually increasing demand for cane syrup, and the fact that a rich soil and a practically frostless climate are required to produce the best of cane and bring it to full maturity.

"I have raised sugar cane and made it into syrup for years," declares Mr. Storter; "and it is the best crop I can grow. My average production is five hundred gallons of pure syrup from an acre of cane, but in certain seasons I have been able to take eight hundred gallons from an acre. And this result has been had without the use of a pound of fertilizer and without cultivation after the first year of planting. It costs money to fertilize land in the South, and when a crop can be made without expense of fertilization or cultivation a big problem has been solved."

'Way Down South in the Land of Cotton

"ONE planting has generally served for ten or twelve years, and certain of my plantings produced handsomely without renewal for a still longer period. In connection with these statements as to yield and duration of plantings, however, it should be said that my soil is almost ideal for cane—rich and deep—and that the climate is as favorable to this particular crop as is the soil. There are comparatively few localities in the South where such a production, with no expense for fertilization, could be reasonably expected or could be secured. Here we never start to grind up cane before the first of January. This means that it has a chance to reach complete maturity. In localities where the frost is earlier the crop must be cut when it is only about seventy-five per cent matured; but in localities where the earlier cutting compels a twenty-five per cent sacrifice there is still enough left to make it a decidedly profitable crop. My net profits vary from season to season. Generally they are somewhere between one hundred and fifty dollars and two hundred dollars. By net profit I mean what is left after deducting all labor and manufacturing costs of every sort. The manufacturing cost is about seven cents a gallon. Into this is figured the expense of cutting, of hauling to the mill, of grinding, of boiling and of putting into cans. The total cost of production runs close to seventeen cents a gallon and I have never received less than forty-five cents at wholesale. Sometimes the price has been very much better than that.

"The man who puts up cane syrup must exercise vigilance to see that every can is so sealed that it is airtight. The one-gallon can is undoubtedly best adapted to this trade. I do not advocate the indiscriminate production of cane syrup, for that would quickly drown out the market; but where a small farmer in the South has a few acres of rich, moist soil, he will do well to put in cane and make a pure, clean article of syrup. This will be the means of adding several hundred dollars to the cash income of the small farmer who is favorably situated for this crop. And even a few hundred dollars additional cash income means prosperity to many a small and struggling farmer of the South."

Painting a Wound Left by a Branch Removed Correctly

The number of farmers who will be able to find the way to a larger prosperity through the production of cane syrup will depend to a large extent upon the salesmanship of those who become interested in handling this product. If these dealers are alert and progressive in developing a wider market for this commodity the profits from this crop may be maintained and many more producers may share its benefits. In various sections of the South there is a somewhat concerted action along this line among the local merchants. Josiah Chase, of Florida, one of the shrewdest observers in the Southern produce market, declares that the North is almost wholly ignorant of the merits of pure cane syrup, and that when the merchants of the South do the necessary educational work this product will come into its own and bring a new degree of prosperity to thousands of small farmers who are bound still by the traditions of King Cotton.

It is probably true, however, that those who are quickest to act will take the largest percentage of profit. To those who are willing to do a little hand-to-hand work in the task of building a larger market for cane syrup one suggestion may be made: build up a family trade. This may be done by personally soliciting winter visitors from the North, by writing to native Southerners who have located in the North, and by seeking private orders from Southern families in Southern cities and towns. Again, local organization of the syrup producers of any community would be able, under intelligent direction, to do much toward building a trade along family lines for a considerable volume of product.

J. H. Hale, the "Peach King" of Connecticut and Georgia, says there is a "fat, neglected opportunity" for many a man or woman in furnishing to orchardists young peach trees that are budded along "performance lines." Those who qualify for this peculiar specialty, however, must have a natural bent for horticulture and must also be located in a peach-growing section. Mr. Hale's view of the fatness of this opportunity is fully confirmed by George A. Drew, whose work in the restoration of old and neglected apple orchards has made him a national reputation. An interesting feature of this opportunity is the fact that it may be as successfully followed by a woman as by a man. Then, too, it may be started with small capital and carried out on a small place.

"There's a sound old saying," declares Mr. Hale, "that if a horse can trot his pedigree is all right. The same may be said of a peach tree. The stock-breeding world found out a long time ago, however, that the best and surest way to get a winning colt is to breed that colt from a speedy sire and dam. This principle has been applied with proved and satisfactory results in every line—in cattle, in hogs, in wheat, in corn, in strawberries, in about every kind of animal or plant from which the farmer or the orchardist gets a livelihood—except peach trees! Right there the otherwise sound and proved law of breeding from a parent that has demonstrated its pedigree by its works seems to come to a sudden halt.

"I once asked a city child where milk came from. She promptly answered: 'From the milkman.' That's the way it is with the stock for planting a peach orchard: it comes from a nurseryman. And if that nurseryman gives you trees that are true to name from start to finish, and of apparent hardiness, he feels that he has done everything that could be done or demanded by any reasonable buyer. And so he has, according to the accepted standard and practice of the day—but let us go back of the milkman to the cow; back of the nurseryman to the tree and the seed from which the tree starts. The peach tree that the orchardist buys for planting is not one tree, but two; its base is a seedling grown from a wild native peach pit; its top or working part is made of little buds from a developed peach tree of known variety."

The Peach With a Pedigree

"IN THE mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, where the wild native peach thrives, the mountaineer women and children drive quite a business in gathering these wild peaches and selling the pits to the local store. Practically all the peach seedlings in this country come from this region—the nurseryman buying the pits from the stores.

"Now what happens in the nursery where these pits have been planted? The pits are planted in rows. Along in August or early September, when the little seedlings from the pits are about as big as lead pencils, the work of budding begins. In the big nurseries, where peach trees are grown by hundreds of thousands, boys are often sent out to do this important work of budding.

"These boys slice the buds from the very young trees of presumably known variety in nursery rows budded the year before possibly in a field right next to the seedlings—trees so young that they have never produced so much as a sample of fruit. This process being repeated year after year leads farther and farther away from good fruiting stock. Right here is the whole point. What kind of a tree should those buds, which are to become the working, bearing part of the new tree, have been cut from? From a strong, mature tree that has not only produced enough fruit to show that it is true to variety but has also thoroughly demonstrated its superiority above the average of its orchard companions! And by that I mean a tree notable for the quality of its fruit, for the quantity of its fruit and for the regularity of its crop.

"In other words, the buds should be cut from trees that have given a good 'performance record,' as a stockman would say, instead of from trees of no performance at all. Of course this would greatly increase the expense of the process—but there are plenty of men who are willing to pay the premium on thoroughbred stock in any line. Peach trees would prove no exception to this rule. There are many reasons why the nurseryman has the buds cut from young trees. One is that very young trees produce only wood buds, while mature trees have fruit buds as well. The wood bud is the one required for budding. Buds from a mature tree are likely to be twenty-five per cent of false or fruit buds; while those from a very young tree will get ninety-five per cent of buds that grow. Then, too, the buds from a young tree are easier to cut and easier to insert into the seedling.

"Another point in this connection is that when one mistake is made in the budding process in the nursery it is likely, if not certain, to perpetuate itself anywhere from ten to thirty times as the rebudding goes on from year to year. This would not occur in using buds from mature trees of known performance. The nurseryman does his best to avoid mistakes and the most careful growers have men whose eyes are trained to differentiate between varieties of young trees, inspect the nursery rows and weed out the mistakes. Again, the nurseryman could not afford to sell pedigreed peach trees at the prices now asked under the sharp competition of the contract-bidding system that prevails. I am not accusing the nurseryman of dishonesty or of charging too much for what he gives. What I am doing is to point out the fact that there

is a demand for young peach trees budded from mature trees that have made a performance record. You can get thoroughbred prices for thoroughbred stock—not from everybody, but from those who demand the very best and believe that the best is the cheapest.

"Not everybody can enter into this specialty and make it pay. They must have decided horticultural tastes and considerable practical knowledge and working skill. Again, they must be located near bearing peach orchards of considerable extent in order to secure buds from trees of high performance.

"Personally, I will not plant a Northern-grown peach tree. Why? Because I do not know of a peach section of the North that has not at some time had a touch of the 'yellows.' That is a contagious disease of the peach that science has not yet been able to stamp out. Now I may be a bit extreme in my position that I will not plant a Northern-grown peach tree in my orchards. Probably there are thousands of them not tainted with the yellows. I'll grant that without argument; but, at the same time, I'm not going to take any chances of introducing that scourge into my orchards if I know it.

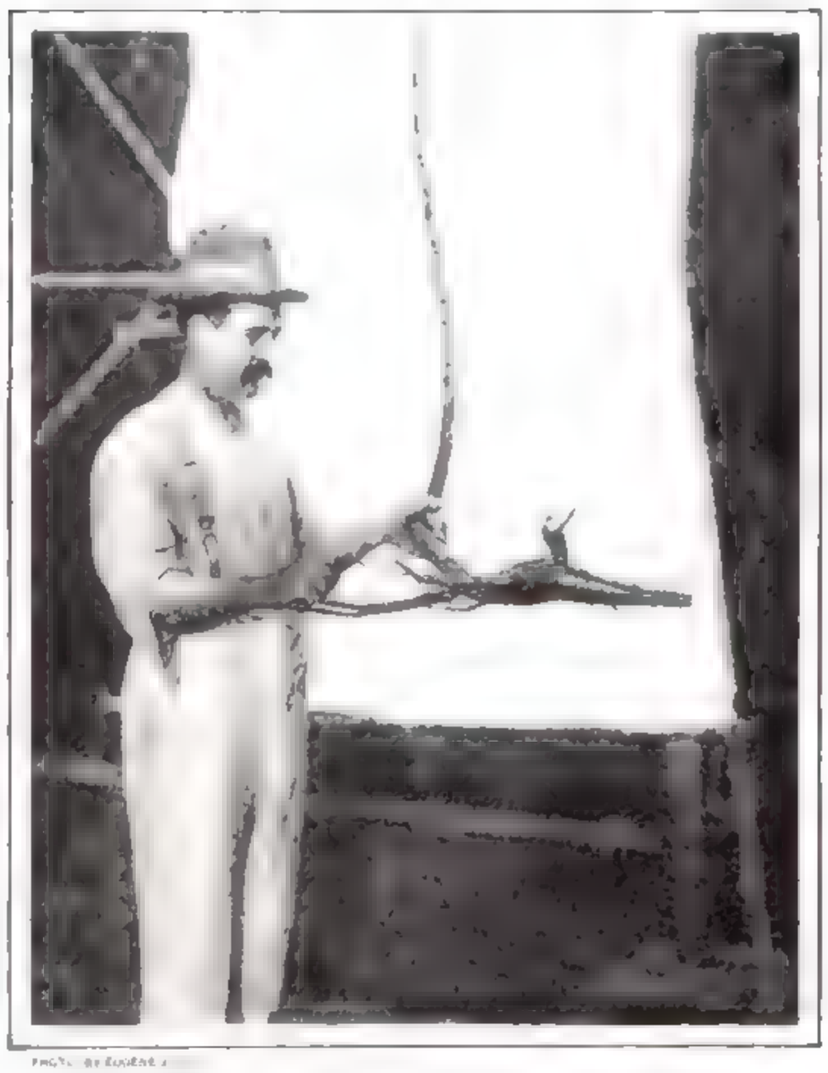
"Because other growers probably feel much as I do on this score, I would say that the man or woman starting into the business of raising peach stock budded from the best-bearing trees should be located in the South."

The Best the Cheapest

"THE process of budding is very simple. It cannot be adequately described in the printed word, but a few moments of actual demonstration in a nursery will be sufficient to teach the beginner. Not so, however, with the art of selection. This comes only with experience and an intimate acquaintance with the trees themselves; and only the person with a knack for growing things will make a pronounced success along this line.

"I see no reason why any one going into growing pedigreed trees should confine himself to peaches. There is plenty of room for the same high development in other fruit trees. My idea would be to start in with a very small place and give minute, individual attention to every young tree. Of course the specialist would be obliged to charge a much higher price than the prevailing commercial one—say twice as much anyhow—perhaps more; but he could find plenty of patrons, in my opinion, who would willingly pay the premium for select pedigreed stock. Men of wealth who are planting country places want sure and quick results. Then, too, they like to be able to tell their visiting friends that their peach trees are not the ordinary commercial things; that there is fine breeding behind each tree and that the tree from which number three in row four was budded was the greatest producer of its kind in a certain famous orchard.

"Again, I think that such a specialist will find patrons among those who are planting commercial orchards and who feel that they cannot afford to neglect anything that promises to insure and increase results. Suppose you were planting a ten-acre peach orchard with trees fifteen feet apart each way. That would mean a total of about nineteen hundred and thirty trees. Today young peach trees cost about sixty to eighty dollars a thousand. If you felt that an additional expense of one hundred and nineteen dollars and eighty cents would give you trees with a high-performance record behind them—trees true to variety; trees of the 'class' of a thoroughbred Morgan colt, whose ancestors did things would you hesitate to spend that money? I hardly think so. There are so many advantages in favor of the pedigreed tree—so many chances that it will pay for its extra cost many times over that the shrewd orchardist will figure that he cannot afford not to insure his enterprise with those advantages. Therefore I hold that here is a neglected opportunity for many a man and woman—but they must have a decided taste for horticultural work and be situated in the right locality."



Trimming Roots of Young Shade Tree Before Planting

L. W. Ellis, of Indiana, who was lately connected with the office of farm management in the United States Department of Agriculture, is emphatic in the declaration that hundreds of farmers are missing opportunities for adding to their incomes or their land values simply by neglecting a careful study of what might be accomplished in the matter of rearranging their farms. As a somewhat extreme illustration of this point he tells of a farmer in Iowa who was not content to accept his farm as he found it, but who studied it from the viewpoint of its weaknesses as a marketable piece of farm property.

The farm was two hundred and forty rods long and something more than seventy rods wide. The public road cut across one end of this strip and the farmhouse and barns were next to the road. He had not been working the farm long before he realized that a trip to his back fields entailed half a mile of travel over a road that was rather steep. However, he felt no dissatisfaction with his bargain because his farm paid a good income and the value of his land was steadily increasing.

About the fifth year after he bought the property he received an offer of one hundred dollars an acre for it. This was a decided advance over the price he had paid and was a temptation to him; but he insisted that he must take due time to consider before giving his answer. And he did consider! He walked all over the farm and tried to look at it with the eyes of a possible purchaser. The outcome of these reflections was a visit to the neighbor who owned a forty-acre strip running the length of his own farm. As there were no buildings on this strip he obtained the refusal of it for seventy-five dollars an acre. Then he did more figuring, refused the offer for his own farm and bought the adjacent strip.

Not only did this additional forty acres make his farm far more "sightly" but it gave him an opportunity to reach his back fields by a much easier road. What was the result of his figuring? The added investment of three thousand dollars put twenty-five dollars an acre on the value of the new forty acres. His thinking and attention to the opportunity for replanning his farm brought him an immediate compensation of forty-seven hundred and fifty dollars. That he did not sell the farm at that profit, but considered it a better bargain to keep it for active operation, does not affect the problem. He could have sold it at that advance and the increased value was there.

Often the farmer's opportunity lies not in the purchase of more land, but in the rearrangement of his fields and buildings to the end of saving labor and giving his farm a more sightly and businesslike appearance.

The habit of close and thoughtful observation of the farm plant will uncover many a neglected opportunity to the man who is looking for these overlooked chances right at home. The owner of a large vineyard on the Hudson was somewhat discouraged over the fact that his crop of Delaware grapes did not compare well with those of his neighbors and competitors.

One day, in the harvest season, he noticed that the gang of pickers went to a certain spot in the vineyard and returned with their hands full of compact, ruddy clusters. While they were eating these with their luncheons, the owner of the place went to the exact spot from which the pickers had secured the clusters for their own eating. He was astonished to find the vines there loaded with grapes of the finest quality. They were not only greatly superior to the product of the other parts of the vineyard but were extremely choice.

A Grape-Grower's Discovery

AS THESE vines had received the same cultivation, pruning and fertilization given to all the other vines, he naturally concluded to seek for the explanation of their excellence in some marked difference in the soil. A hurried examination showed him that these superior grapes were all produced from a thin streak or wedge of sandy soil unlike that in which the main body of his vineyard was planted, but similar to that of a considerable acreage of his place still unoccupied with vines. Promptly he changed the location of his vineyard and multiplied his profits by four! Observation of "little things" is a very industrious uncoverer of neglected opportunities.

The man who fails to watch the market and reflect upon his observations is almost sure to miss some valuable opportunity. No matter how keen and close a student he may be of the physical features of his farm and its management, he is almost certain to be well paid for special attention given to the marketing end of his products.

A certain farmer living on the edge of a small town in Minnesota confesses that he found a very fat and welcome opportunity concealed in a pond on his place. Next to his dairy the department of his farm which most interested him was his poultry. He had a knack for getting eggs from his hens, but he could not induce them to produce eggs at their "maximum capacity" when the rest of the hens in the country were on a strike.

This perversity of his hens in connection with the relentless law of supply and demand depressed him. How could he overcome this law, take the eggs when the hens were disposed to lay them and at the same

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The Kind of Peach Trees to Bud From

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

How the Tail Wagged the Dog

THREE dominoes, the first and third laid at right angles to the second, give the ground plan of H. & A. Weeks' stove works at Five Oaks. The offices are in the southwest corner; so, in going from them to the railroad station, one walks along the whole front of the plant. Across the macadamized street, between the plant and the railroad tracks, is a long, narrow strip of park that the railroad company generously maintains, where, on pleasant days, somebody is sure to be loitering.

This was a pleasant day in June and E. Addison Humphrey, on his way from the Weeks offices to the station, probably wouldn't have noticed whether there was anybody in the park or not, for he had much more important matters on his mind. Just opposite the southeast corner of the plant, however, a loiterer sat against the trunk of a maple tree with his short legs crossed, smoking a large, black brier pipe—an exceedingly blocky man, with very wide shoulders, deep chest and limbs that made up in thickness what they lacked in length. He was dressed like a day laborer in calico shirt, frayed trousers, rusty shoes and battered felt hat. His face was broad and stupid-looking.

There was really no reason why E. Addison Humphrey should have noticed him—only, in passing, he chanced to glance down and the man was looking up. For the smallest fraction of a second their eyes met and an odd little shock of alarm flashed along the inventor's nerves. He felt subtly that the man was watching him and that he was by no means as stupid as he looked. However, he kept straight on, with his long, rapid strides, to the railroad station.

The signs on the station doors said that the west end of the waiting room was for men and the east end for women; but the two ends were only partly divided by the office for the ticket agent and telegraph operators, which occupied the middle of the building. The two telegraph operators sat at the front of this office behind a big bay window that looked out on the broad brick walk before the station. In pleasant weather the window-sashes were usually raised for ventilation, but a heavy wire screen prevented any inquisitive person on the outside from reaching in.

Saw Shea Write "Blue Eye" on Some Boxcars With Chalk

"After a Little I Got a Trustworthy Man Inside the Place"

At traintime quite a crowd usually collected on the brick walk. Humphrey overheard somebody there saying that the train he meant to take was ten minutes late, so he walked on to the east end of the station. He had much else to think about; but the blocky loiterer had set up a persistent disturbance in his mind. For five minutes, perhaps, he paced thoughtfully up and down at the east end of the station. Then something prompted him to look in through the window. The blocky man was in the station, standing at the telegraph wicket, filing a message. The inventor felt an unreasonable suspicion that the message concerned himself.

From his seat in the train he glanced along the brick walk, but did not see the loiterer. He did, however, see that one of the telegraph operators, behind the big bay window, was sending off a message; and he wondered whether it was the one the loiterer had written.

It was suppertime when he reached Vale and he went directly home. His own proper business of manufacturing Humphrey's patent wooden ovens had to shift as best it could these days.

"I don't know whether I've got any business of my own any more," he grumbled to his wife; "but I do know I won't have any if I let Munson win this fight. He hates me, and he'd smash me flatter'n a pancake the very first thing he did. It's sort of ridiculous for me to be running one end of a big gasoline-stove fight; but there don't seem to be anybody else to run it. Old Henry Weeks can't do anything outside of the plant. Demler would go over to Munson inside of a week if I didn't keep him in line. Murdock will fight all right; but he's no general. So I suppose I've got to pull that whole caboodle out of the hole in order to keep out myself."

Mr. John W. Munson, president of the Big Rapids Stove Works, being disappointed in his ambition to organize a gasoline-stove trust, had inaugurated a trade war. With him were Sprague, of Chicago, and Burnham, of Cleveland. The other side consisted of Weeks, of Five Oaks; Demler, of Detroit; and Murdock, of Pittsburgh—with E. Addison Humphrey virtually in command. All the well-known tactics of trade warfare were in play—prices were cut right and left; advertising expenditures were tripled.

"Something's got to break pretty soon," Humphrey commented meditatively—following his habit of thinking aloud to his wife. "Everybody's losing money hand over fist and straining his credit to the last notch. It's just a question of whose money or credit gives out first.

"Of course Munson's got one tremendous advantage over us," he added absently a moment later. "You see, old Henry Weeks is true blue right to the core, and I hope I'm not a pickpocket myself. So we not only tote fair with our allies, but give them rather the best of it. We're using our credit—I mean Weeks' credit—right now to bolster up Demler, who's a rather weak sister. On the other hand, Munson's running the fight for himself and Sprague and Burnham. I know Munson from the ground up, and it's sure as shooting that he's throwing the hook into them all he can. It ain't in him to be square. When Sprague and Burnham leave things to him it's sure as shooting he's skinning 'em. That gives him a big advantage, you see. We weaken ourselves for Demler and Murdock; he strengthens himself on Sprague and Burnham. I'd give a leg," he concluded thoughtfully—"yes, I'd give a leg and a half if I could catch him at it with the goods right on him, so Sprague and Burnham couldn't doubt it; but maybe that's too much to hope for," he sighed.

"Yes, sir; he's up to all the tricks, is Munson. Oh!" At this exclamation the inventor's musing tone abruptly changed. Springing up, he snapped his fingers impatiently and cried: "There it is, you see! I've got so blamed much on my mind I forget half the things I ought to remember! I saw a fellow loafing in the park at Five Oaks today, and I'll bet he's a spy for Munson. And here I was, almost forgetting it! I want to write a line."

Dashing to the table in the living room, he seized pen and paper and wrote to the manager of the advertising agency in Chicago that he patronized: "Please send me a good telegraph operator who can be trusted. Want him as soon as possible."

Thus, three days later, Five Oaks was enriched by another loafer—a middle-aged, nervous-looking man in threadbare clothes, who seemed devoured by curiosity concerning trains. When he was not studying the time-tables that were tacked up on the station walls—particularly those near the ticket agent's and telegraph operators' office—he was usually sunning himself out in front beside the big bay window where the telegraph instruments chirped busily. That evening he wrote a letter to E. Addison Humphrey at Vale which read:

Your man's telegrams are addressed J. W. Munson, Big Rapids, and signed C. Shea. I caught one and part of another today, as below—also caught a message dated Big Rapids, addressed C. Shea, Five Oaks, and signed M., as below.

The messages given below, however, were in an arbitrary cipher consisting of code words, such as "connect, disrupt, maintain, prostrate, transact"; so that no possible ingenuity could decipher them without the key.

From the same source Addison soon learned that Mr. Shea was cultivating the friendship of various employees in the Weeks plant and might be seen from time to time sociably conducting them into a saloon—but in this, of course, Mr. Shea was strictly within his constitutional rights.

The strain of the trade war was becoming unendurable. Something obviously must break before long. The credit of H. & A. Weeks was already stretched like a bowstring. The allegiance of Demler, at Detroit, was dubious, and Addison knew, as a matter of course, that ingenious Mr. Munson would overlook no possible opportunity of winning him over; but whoever came out victorious would reap some advantages from the war. Prices cut to the bone—or even right into the bone—and prodigal advertising had greatly stimulated the domestic consumption of gasoline stoves. No manufacturer would have believed, twelve months before, that so many stoves could be sold on any terms.

Moreover, cut prices had opened up quite a brisk little export trade. The eminent South American house of Mendoza & Son—with headquarters at Rio de Janeiro, a branch at Buenos Ayres and an American agency at New Orleans—had already bought a dozen carloads from H. & A. Weeks.

This business was handled by Arthur Weeks, Junior, of that firm—for the senior member, old Henry Weeks, was lost outside of the shops which he had personally built up

and knew intimately. By the simple force of gravitation all war questions that seemed strategically important came before Addison Humphrey—technically an outsider—for his opinion, and were usually decided by him; but matters of routine in shop and office went their ordinary way.

Addison was not informed, for example, that Mr. Gomara, New Orleans representative of Mendoza & Son, wired Arthur Weeks that he would be in Chicago on a certain Wednesday and desired a conference there; but upon returning from Chicago Arthur promptly laid the subject-matter of the conference before him.

Mendoza & Son, it appeared, had decided to transfer their gasoline-stove trade from Germany to the United States. A careful study of the subject had convinced them that the use of gasoline stoves in their territories might easily be multiplied many fold. Señor Gomara supplied Arthur with some figures showing that gasoline stoves were as yet, comparatively speaking, unknown in South America. The field was enormous; its future possibilities unlimited.

The stoves that Mendoza & Son had recently purchased from Messrs. Weeks were superior to the German article; moreover, the house's relations with its German sources of supply were not satisfactory. The house, therefore, invited Messrs. Weeks to coöperate with them in capturing a continent. They would advertise widely and spare no pains or expense to introduce the Weeks product. The future advantages of having one's name and trademark thus sown in a vast new field were easily imaginable. Meanwhile, of course, in view of the trade conditions in the United States and of the house's heavy expenditures for advertising and introducing the stoves, they would expect a very low price on the pioneer consignments. In short, they were ready to sign a contract with Messrs. Weeks for a hundred carloads, deliverable in round installments at convenient intervals, if a satisfactory price were made. Mr. Gomara suggested a price that Henry Weeks found, by careful calculation, to be fifteen per cent below the cost of manufacturing and loading the stoves on the cars at Five Oaks.

Henry Weeks regarded the proposition rather dubiously. To be sure, there were vast future possibilities; but, for the present, there was a dead loss of fifteen per cent—on top of what they were losing in the domestic trade—and a further straining of resources already strained too much. Arthur Weeks, however, was enthusiastic about it. To capture the South American trade was certainly a great stroke; the future would recoup them many times for present losses; in fact, Arthur had already signed the contract.

Addison's own prompt conclusion was that, the contract having been signed, there was nothing more to do or say about it. Indeed, going over the subject with Arthur, he rather thought he would have signed the contract himself. If they won the fight this South American connection would give them an important advantage in the gasoline-stove combination which was sure to result from the fight, whoever won. If they lost the fight nothing else would matter much anyway. The standing of Mendoza & Son was above all question; and if Weeks hadn't taken the contract probably Munson would have taken it. It would not be this contract that either made or broke them—and the inventor was looking for the main chance.

The main chance seemed, within a month, to personify itself in Mr. Demler, at Detroit. A strike suddenly and mysteriously developed in his shops—which saved him from the painful necessity of making stoves to sell at a loss. Clearly, Demler was weary of keeping up his end in the fight; he was "lying down"; and Addison was morally certain that Munson was getting round him. With Demler's weight definitely taken out of their scale and put in Munson's scale, a disastrous ending of the war for the Weeks side might readily be foreseen.

Addison's mind was depressed by this prevision as he stepped from the secretarial office into Henry Weeks' room about five o'clock one July afternoon. It had been unconscionably hot for several days. The old manufacturer sat at his big, plain desk, but his chin had dropped on his breast. One big hand, as hard as a board, lay laxly on the desk, palm up; the other rested in his lap. He was dozing.

Once upon a time he had mentioned to Addison that he rather thought he'd celebrate his seventieth birthday by knocking off work for three or four months and taking a trip back to England. The birthday had occurred three months before this July day. He had celebrated it by entering the shops at ten minutes past seven and working eleven hours.

From the beginning this dozing figure at the desk had been solid rock under the inventor's feet—a faithful old soldier, ready night and day; but he was wearing out. Remorse constricted Addison's heart. Why hadn't he advised the old man to make whatever terms he could with Munson, take the ample competence he would be sure to get and enjoy his old age in peace? He stepped back noiselessly into the secretarial office.

Mr. Weeks seemed to have heard him, however, through the light doze, for he promptly straightened up.

"Don't go tiptoeing round!" he growled, with a formidable frown. "It makes me nervous. I don't know but it's some of Munson's sneaks. I was just looking over Mendoza's specifications again."

As a matter of fact, a number of blueprints and several photographs lay on the desk. Taking the empty chair beside the desk, Addison picked up one of the latter. In an instant his casual glance halted and concentrated, as though something in the photograph specially arrested his attention.

"Mendoza's specifications?" he repeated.

"He doesn't take our regular type of stove," the old man explained casually; "wants a few changes to make it look more like the German stove he's been handling. They don't do the stove any particular good," he grumbled, "or any particular harm—except I never did like that danged tank." He referred to the receptacle at the top of the stove for holding gasoline. It was of a different shape from that on the regular Weeks stove and in a different position.

Addison examined the photographs and blueprints with care and laid them back on the desk without comment; then took up the matter he had meant to discuss. He hadn't thought of the Mendoza contract for many days; but, upon leaving Mr. Weeks, he thought about it until midnight. Thereafter he paid much attention to it.

The first overseas shipment to Messrs. Mendoza was to comprise fifty carloads; but the stoves were to go forward from the works in five-car lots. The first lot was to be loaded at Five Oaks on the fifth of August.

The morning of August third, being at Vale, Addison opened the usual report by mail from his telegraph operator at Five Oaks. He had got absolutely nothing from these reports, with their undecipherable code words. The chance that he would get anything out of them seemed exceedingly slim; yet he held on with a faint hope. This report looked as sterile as the rest. It contained part of a message from Mr. Shea to Mr. Munson and part of one from Mr. Munson to Mr. Shea. The latter ran:

"Administer suspender locomotive tradition multiply concert strenuous predominate blue eye legislature generate territory ——" The operator had been unable to catch the rest.

These were plainly code words arbitrarily picked out of a dictionary—all except two. "Blue eye" didn't sound like code words. But what could they mean? Had Mr. Munson or Mr. Shea turned romantic? Addison concentrated his mind upon "blue eye" until he was dizzy, but could get nothing out of it.

The operator's reports of August fourth and fifth were utterly blind, with no sort of eye in them; but the report of August sixth contained a message from Shea to Munson in which "blue eye" again occurred; also, it contained a postscript which caused the inventor to sit up in his chair as though he had received an electric shock. This postscript read:

Saw Shea write "Blue Eye" on some boxcars with chalk.

If Addison had followed his impulse he would have expressed his excitement by springing up and pacing the floor; but he had learned not to squander nervous energy that way. He was sure that in "blue eye" he held the key to a riddle. The trouble was he hadn't as yet the least idea what sort of riddle it was or how to apply the key. That was his problem. He settled back in the chair and forced his mind to work steadily upon it. About an hour later he called in his unkempt, generally lazy, but dependable employee named Luther Morrow.

"I want you to go to Chicago with me this morning, Lute," he said. "There's no telling how long we may be gone. We're going to find a 'blue eye' or die trying."

Luther removed his oversized derby hat, thoughtfully scratched his head and glanced down dubiously at his seedy attire.

"Maybe I better trot home and put on my Sunday duds," he suggested.

"Come just as you are," Addison replied. "You look just the way I want you to."

The two were gone, in fact, for three days. Then Luther Morrow returned to Vale; but Addison stopped at Five Oaks. While there, incidentally he paid off the telegraph operator and dismissed him.

Yet day after day passed and nothing in particular seemed to have happened. The trade war continued with unabated vigor. Consignments of stoves for Messrs. Mendoza left the Weeks plant in rapid succession. It was not until the middle of September that Addison wired Mr. Munson at Big Rapids:

Am ready to talk combination. Can you meet me at Hotel Regal, Chicago, tomorrow afternoon?

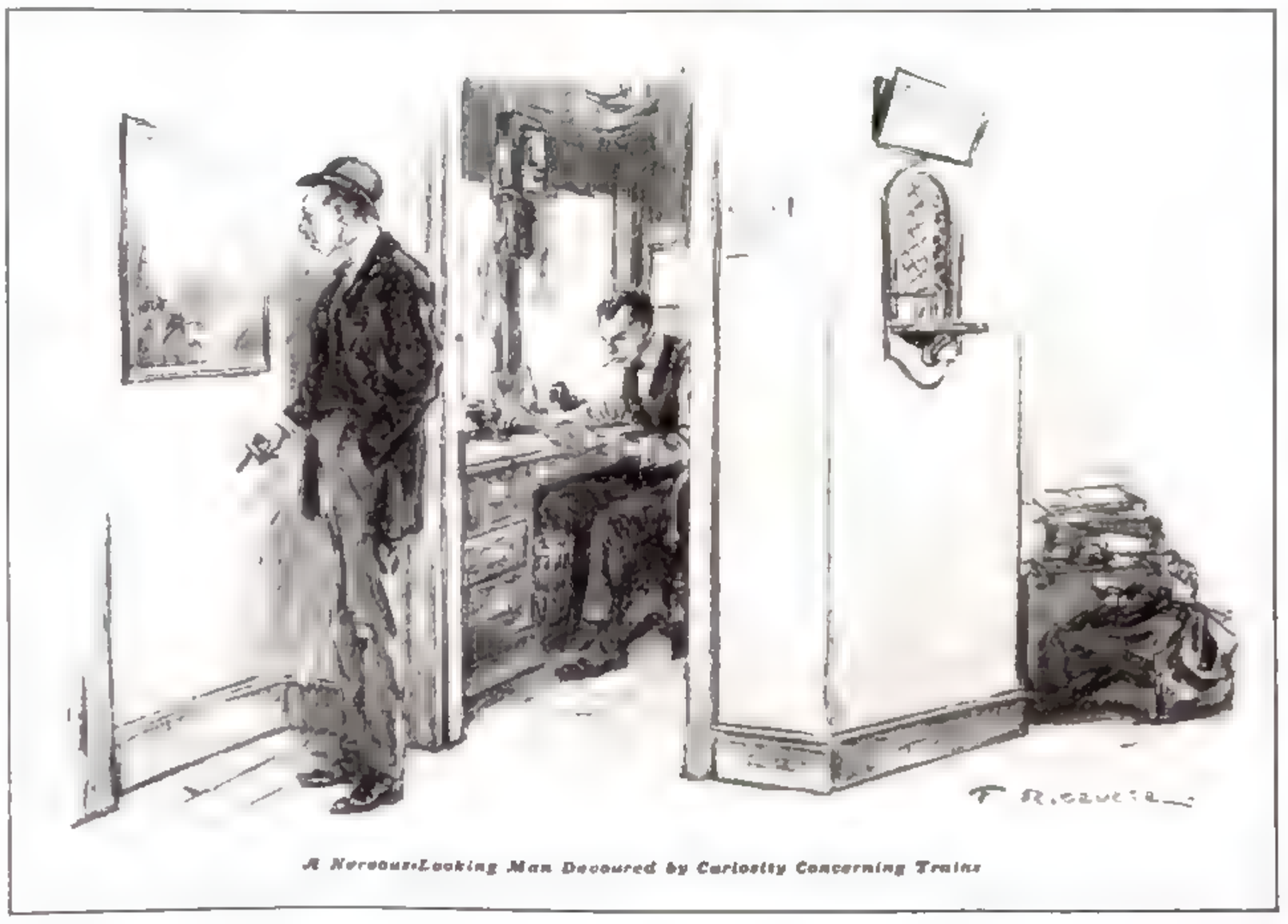
Feeling quite sure that Mr. Munson—taking this as a signal of surrender—both could and would meet him, Addison also telegraphed Mr. Burnham, at Cleveland, to the same effect; and telephoned Mr. Sprague, at Chicago.

When Mr. Munson stepped into the inventor's apartment at the Regal he was disagreeably surprised, therefore, to find his two allies present. He was also a bit surprised to see that the usually frugal wooden-oven man was occupying a two-room suit, as an open door into the bedroom testified. Another noticeable thing stood in the corner of the sitting room—a framework of some sort, with a sheet thrown over it.

"I want to talk consolidation," said Addison pleasantly, after hands had been duly shaken and the three guests were seated. "But I thought it would be better if these two gentlemen"—indicating Messrs. Sprague and Burnham—"were present to hear a sort of statement that I'm going to make."

Mr. Munson—a powerful, swarthy, beetle-browed person—gave a grim little nod of assent. Whereupon

(Continued on Page 53



A Nervous-Looking Man Devoured by Curiosity Concerning Trains

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Mr. Taft's Idea of Heaven

PRESS reports of the President's speech at Pocatello, Idaho, contain the following: "I love judges and I love courts. They are my ideals on earth that typify what we shall meet hereafter in Heaven under a just God."

In his first annual message to Congress, December, 1909, Mr. Taft said: "The deplorable delays in the administration of civil and criminal law have received the attention of committees of the American Bar Association. . . . I do not doubt for one moment that much of the lawless violence and cruelty exhibited in lynchings is directly due to the uncertainties and injustice growing out of the delays in trials, judgments and the executions thereof by our courts."

In his message of December, 1910, he said: "One great, crying need in the United States is the cheapening of the cost of litigation by simplifying judicial procedure and expediting final judgment. Under present conditions, the poor man is at a woful disadvantage in a legal contest with a corporation or a rich opponent."

Much else in the same strain might be quoted from the President's utterances—suggesting, certainly, that his conceptions of Heaven are deplorably inadequate.

Away back in 1895, Mr. Taft, then a judge of the United States Circuit Court, said:

"The opportunity freely and publicly to criticise judicial action is of vastly more importance to the body politic than the immunity of courts and judges from unjust aspersion and attack. . . . But non-professional criticism also is by no means without its uses, even if accompanied, as it often is, by direct attack upon the judicial fairness and motives of the occupants of the bench; for if the law is but the essence of common-sense the protests of many average men may evidence a defect in judicial conclusions, though based on the nicest legal reasoning and profoundest learning."

Mexico and Russia

FEW political tasks could be more difficult than that undertaken by President Madero: to establish a constitutional government after a generation—or ten generations, rather—of autocracy.

Six years ago, it may be recalled, the Czar established constitutional government in Russia, summoning the nation to elect a representative legislative body and solemnly pledging that the electoral law should not be modified except by consent of the national representatives. The first Dumas proved refractory. There was every probability that another, elected under the same laws, would show equal independence; and the Duma naturally would not consent to a modification of the electoral law that would exclude most of the liberal members. So Stolypin modified the law without the consent of the nation's representatives—that is, the Czar kept his pledge about a year. The third Duma, which was hardly more than a body of bureaucratic appointees, submissively passed Stolypin's measures to destroy the remnants of constitutional government in Finland; but on other measures, which more nearly touched its interest, it, too, presently developed refractoriness. In both houses hostile majorities were mustered against the premier; and, but for his recent assassination, he would very likely have again modified the electoral law so that only himself and his private secretary would be eligible to the national parliament.

In Mexico the old machinery of absolutism is still in fair working order and tolerably ready to President Madero's hand. If he once starts working with it the end of constitutional government will come in Mexico as quickly as in Russia.

Italy and Africa

IN 1893 the scandalous failure of the Banca Romana precipitated a panic in Italy about as severe as our own. There was much slow, painful work of recovery and reconstruction, which was not completed when the affair of Adowa occurred. Defeated and surrounded by Abyssinians, the Italian army was nearly destroyed. That tragic check to Italy's African ambitions, besides overthrowing the ministry, sent Italian bonds down to eighty-six cents on the dollar, while exchange against the country rose to a hundred and twelve. The Government at once borrowed a hundred and thirty million lire, and financial troubles became acute again.

Since then—that is, in the last fifteen years—Italy alone, among the larger European Powers, has got on without adding materially to the national debt. Her foreign trade has more than doubled and her three and three-quarters per cent Government bonds have sold well above par. Indeed, her credit, calculated on the price of her bonds and the interest they bear, is higher than Russia's or Austria's and practically as high as Germany's.

They say no Adowa is to be feared in a war with Turkey; but to lay hands upon Abyssinia doubtless seemed to the statesmen of that day even easier and safer than seizing Tripoli from the Turks now seems. At least, the fruit of fifteen years of fiscal reconstruction is all put at hazard by a new war; and Italy's debt, though it has not increased of late years, is even now seventy-six dollars a head of the population—a population among which dollars are comparatively scarce. The debt, indeed, is estimated at twenty-five per cent of the national wealth—the highest ratio in Europe among first-class nations.

Market Opinions

AT THAT singular British institution, Lloyds, you can take out insurance against almost any contingency, from war with Germany or the death of the king to early frost on Sunday week. Essentially the transaction is this: For a certain premium paid over in cash the underwriter bets that a given casualty will not happen.

If a certain contingency, such as a foreign war, is attracting public attention Lloyds' insurance rate is quoted in the newspapers and commonly regarded as an indication of the probability of war, the popular assumption being that the underwriters have special, secret sources of information. But the war rate, as a matter of fact, is governed by the number of applicants for war insurance.

One man gets a notion that war with Germany is imminent and takes out insurance against it, which he gets at a moderate rate. News that Lloyds have begun to write war insurance is published. A dozen other men rush over to get war insurance, and the rate goes up because the article is in greater demand. The newspapers say the war-insurance rate is advancing, and a hundred men, convinced that war is more imminent, run for insurance. Up goes the rate again; and the man in the street sagely concludes that Lloyds have private intelligence of an order to mobilize the German army.

This is the way nearly all speculative market opinion is formed—by a simple process of reaction upon itself. Owning, let us say, a thousand shares of Consolidated Button, you take fright and consult your broker—with bated breath and glassy eye. He safely opines that Consolidated Button is going down. You dump your stock on the market and it does go down. You then wonder where your broker got his information. From you, of course!

What to Do in Alaska

THE Government still holds title to about half the land west of the Rockies and to nearly all the land in Alaska. Immense deposits of coal and other minerals underlie this public domain. What shall the Government do with them? In view of a diminishing and partly monopolized coal supply, the importance of the question is obvious. It will soon furnish the chief subject of discussion at the American Mining Congress at Chicago.

The acuter phase of the question concerns the Bering coalfield in Alaska. This large body of excellent coal, only twenty-five miles from tidewater at Controller Bay, remains untouched, while the Pacific Coast is importing Eastern coal at a cost of seven to nine dollars a ton on the dock. The navy uses, on the Pacific Coast, about a hundred and fifty thousand tons of Eastern coal yearly—brought all the way round South America by an endless procession of colliers and foreign tramp steamers, which might easily be intercepted in case of war.

The Mining and Scientific Press, of San Francisco, asks why the Government doesn't at once open a colliery of its own in the Bering field, primarily to supply naval needs, but incidentally selling the surplus product at a fair price based on cost of production. This the Government might well do without prejudicing the question of the ultimate disposal of the coalfield. It owns the coal; it has the money to develop a mine; and in the Bureau of Mines it has a corps of experts abundantly able to handle all the technical questions. The bureau's chief coal-mining engineer, Mr. Rice, has had much experience—"He has," says the Press, "opened, equipped and run a number of collieries as large as or larger than any needed in Alaska."

If the Government is finally to lease the Alaskan coalfields it should know all about mining conditions there - cost of production and transportation, the state of the Pacific coal market, and so on. By operating a mine of its own it could gain this knowledge much better than in any other way. If a twenty-five-mile railroad to tidewater is necessary as part of the mine's equipment, why shouldn't the Government build it? After Panama, the silly old talk that the Government can't successfully handle practical matters of this kind will impose on no one.

Our Huge Gold Hoard

IN 1892 we lost fifty million dollars of gold by exportation. The Government, under the act of 1890, was then purchasing fifty million dollars of silver yearly and paying for it in Treasury notes redeemable in "coin." Roughly, every gold dollar that left the country was replaced by a dollar worth about sixty-seven cents in Europe. Before the close of that year a great many European investors sold their American securities lest, by waiting, they might have to take dollars worth sixty-seven cents. Paying for the securities so sold back to us naturally accelerated gold exports. In the first five months of 1893 we lost sixty millions more, and it was an open question whether the Government would not have to redeem its notes in depreciated silver. Everybody, the Treasury and the banks included, tried to hoard gold. The harder everybody scrambled for gold the scarcer inevitably gold became and the more silver depreciated. In the fiscal year 1893 a hundred and two million dollars of greenbacks and Treasury notes were presented to the Government for redemption in gold, but the metal left the country as fast as it was withdrawn from the Treasury, exports in that year amounting to a hundred and eight millions.

By 1896 the total stock of gold in the country had fallen, probably, to five hundred million dollars. The mint figures were somewhat larger, but a special investigation later showed an error in the estimates. With that error corrected, the stock of gold in the country is now above one billion seven hundred million dollars—much the largest stock possessed by any nation. It is absolutely certain, however, that we could never have accumulated this stock had not Congress, at the special session of 1893, repealed the silver-purchase act and later declared unequivocally that our paper money rests on gold rather than on "coin." Intelligent currency legislation has accomplished that much.

Heroes and Common-Sense

DESCRIBING the naval battle of June 1, 1794, the great Carlyle wrote, in his French Revolution:

"But how is it with that Vengeur ship? She neither strikes nor makes off. Fire rakes her fore and aft. . . . The Vengeur is sinking. Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on ropes, fly rustling aloft; the whole crew crowds to the upper deck and with universal, soul-maddening yell shouts: '*Vive la République!*' . . . She staggers; she lurches her last drunken whirl; ocean yawns abysmal; down rushes the Vengeur, carrying *Vive la République!* with her, unconquerable, into eternity!"

Several years later, however, upon fuller investigation, Carlyle recast the narrative. The Vengeur, he found, did make off as fast as her crippled condition would permit. Being summoned by a shot over her, she promptly struck her colors. Nearly all her crew gracefully surrendered as prisoners of war. About an hour after the action was over, the deserted Vengeur sank in a most prosaic manner.

The French, in short, were not so heroic as Carlyle first pictured them, but they had far more common-sense. Being beaten, they gave up and saved every life possible. When La Liberté sank in Toulon Harbor the other day, no doubt every one of the crew saved himself who could. As a psychological and prosaic fact, many a "hero" who refuses to desert his post in the face of certain death, even though he can no longer do the least good there, is simply paralyzed by the danger and incapable of moving.

Perhaps the most heroic episode in American history is the defense of the Alamo—conducted in flat disobedience to the orders of a commander-in-chief who was not only brave but wise. It was Houston's prudence and patience that beat the Mexicans and won Texan independence.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Hobnailed Reformer

THERE isn't so much sanity in this world as one would suppose, to hear folks make claims for themselves. All of us have slants in one direction or another, and complete saneness in any one individual is as scarce as any superlatively scarce thing—such as, say, the affection of the people for the Standard Oil Company, or Wall Street's love for T. R.

Nor is it my purpose to set up Gavin McNab as one-hundred-fine in this regard; but he assays so much sanity to the pound he is well worthy of celebration.

Gavin may have his particular line of buzzes, for all I know; but if he has he can conceal them from public view skillfully; and, so far as level-headedness goes, it is fairly safe to pin a medal on him.

Suppose you live in San Francisco, or, on the other hand, suppose you do not—which, by the way, about covers the secret of your habitat—you undoubtedly know of John D. Spreckels, and Rudolph, and James Phelan, and a few others. You must know of them. They are the big men of San Francisco; and, of course, that makes them big men of the nation. All San Franciscans admit that. Well, bearing this in mind, I make free to say Gavin McNab is the biggest man in San Francisco, nevertheless and notwithstanding; and I am fully aware how that statement will be regarded by some of Gavin's colleagues not to say compeers and colaborers—in the various fields of San Francisco's activities. Comment will concern my sanity—not Gavin's; but I shall be in Denver by that time and a mile high, where such little things escape one.

You see, Gavin is an intense sort of person—concentrated, one might say. When he thinks it is necessary to tell a man about himself he tells that man about himself; not about any other person—just himself! He has a fine flow of language, embellished with a Scotch burr that would make Harry Lauder jealous, and a direct not to say straightforward way of speaking. Also, he is at no loss for descriptive titles; and, having been in San Francisco for many years, he knows the number of every one of its denizens and just where such denizen gets off. Likewise, he has imparted these interesting personal statistics to about all who have come within the purview of his burr.

Now this sort of thing does not induce personal popularity. I make me no doubt any person can find in San Francisco numerous leading citizens who will say things about Gavin—when Gavin is not present—that are pretty mean. When a large, muscular person steps on your face with a large, muscular pair of feet that for the moment happen to be incased in hobnailed boots, it does not soften your language concerning the stepper when you have occasion to refer to him afterward and in his absence.

It must be admitted that Gavin has stepped on quite a number of classic San Francisco countenances, but all for their necessary realignment of features. He is an opinionated person with the courage of his conversation—and you know what that means. In his bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as salve. Wherefore there are a good many San Franciscans who walk round the block when they see him coming. Sometimes, though, Gavin gets them in a room or at a dinner, and then there is no escape.

A Recipe for Being Lonely

TWO years or so ago the Commonwealth Club gave a dinner in honor of Ambassador Bryce, of Great Britain. Gavin made a speech at that dinner on The Elevation of American Municipal Life, a topic he was competent to address himself to, for he had done considerable elevating of municipal life in that same city of San Francisco. He began by saying he had never met the ambassador before, but that it was through the inspiration of the ambassador's book on the United States, and kindred writings, he first became identified with politics. "Fired with enthusiasm," said Gavin, "a few of us plunged into civics. We immediately encountered two classes of people, from neither of which good government draws its inspiration—those who believe that whatever is is right and those who believe that whatever is is wrong. My advent seemed to have the unhappy result of bringing these together. At the end of a year I was in a delightful position—I would not speak to one half of the people of San Francisco, and the other half would not speak to me."

That about explains it. When McNab went into politics he went in wearing the hobnailed boots. He hasn't taken them off since, though he now claims to be out of politics, which he probably is until some politics comes along to get into. It was years ago that he made his first essay into civics. Reverting to John D. Spreckels and James Phelan—one always has to revert to John and James when writing about San Francisco, you know—they were holding converse with Gavin one day and John D. made an application of a scriptural quotation to fit a present emergency. Whereupon, not to be outdone, James amplified the text a little and also applied it. Whereupon, further, Gavin showed them they both were wrong in their construction. And Spreckels asked:

"McNab, where did you get your profound knowledge of the Bible?"

"Where do you think I got it," answered McNab, "when I was born on a sheep ranch, of a Calvinistic mother, and there was no other book within forty miles?"

That's where he started—on a sheep ranch. Presently he came to San Francisco and got a place as night clerk in the old Occidental Hotel. Latecomers in the hotel found him reading—always reading, all night long. One day he said to a friend: "I'm going down today to appear before the Supreme Court and get a license to practice law." He went—and got his license. Then he began to practice law.

Chris. Buckley, the "Blind Boss," was master of San Francisco. I may be wrong, but I think McNab had a place in the City Hall for a time. However, San Francisco, under Buckley, was what our leading muckrakers would call "a sink of corruption," with Buckley in control and the Southern Pacific running Buckley and the state McNab and some others started in to clean up. He was against the Boss. Those were the merry days in San Francisco when the free and untrammeled voter had a faint chance to get his free and untrammeled vote in the ballot-box if he went to the polls armed with an ax and a pair of brass knuckles, but not a chance to get that free and untrammeled vote counted except as the Boss directed.

They deposed Buckley and presently had another lot of bosses to fight. Gavin is a Democrat, and he soon grew to be the Democratic leader—in fact if not in name. When there was any fighting to be done he was on the spot. Big, broad-shouldered, courageous, with a bitter tongue, they soon grew to fear him. He has the gift of epigram. He can say much in a sentence.

And so it went through the various struggles. McNab was on the reform side; but he was a politician. Once he defeated his own brother, who was running for sheriff, because party loyalty demanded that defeat. Through it all he was sane. He didn't suffer from the various delusions of the usual reformer. He looked situations squarely in the eye and applied the remedies those situations demanded. He never was and is not a theorist. His big, sane Scotch mind precludes that. And he has been a strong man in San Francisco—and is yet, for he is in the full height of his remarkable powers.

You would think, at times, that McNab is a cynic, but he isn't. He's a philosopher. His gift of apt expression, of comparison, of illustration, of characterization, is marvelous. He is never dull, never prosy and never afraid to say what he thinks about project or projector. Like every strong man, he has vast enmities and enduring friendships. He is either the best or the worst; but he is big, and sane, and courageous, and non-theoretical. And this is about his civic creed and philosophy in a nutshell, as expressed by himself:

"The power of public opinion can purify a city in a day. When enlightened public conscience measures appreciation to the worthy officer, and insures disgrace to the corrupt or inefficient, a rule of action is established stronger than penal statute. . . . When people reach that sense of honor that they ostracize those who bring them shame, they deprive corruption of power. Few men will sin if, with the wages of sin, they are unable to buy back from the community any part of the favor they lose by their acts. The American mind is more influenced by example than by precept."

He Has a Fine Flow of Language

Frugal Fergie

A MAN locally known as Fergie, who lived in Pendleton, Oregon, years ago, was much interested in the telephone when it was first installed. Fergie stuttered badly. It took him a long time to articulate the simplest sentence. One day he went to Sam Jackson, editor of the Eastern Oregonian, and asked about this newfangled invention. He wanted to know if Sam had talked over it, and was told Sam had. Then he wanted to know if it was true one really could talk all the way from Pendleton to Portland. Sam said this marvel had been accomplished.

"Then," stuttered Fergie, "I'm goin' down and call up my girl in Portland and talk to her."

Half an hour later Fergie came back.

"Did you talk to her?" asked Jackson.

"Yes," stuttered Fergie.

"How'd you make out?"

"Fine!" said Fergie. "I had a fine talk with her."

"But could she understand you, Fergie? You know you stutter a good deal."

"Look here, Sam Jackson," said Fergie indignantly, "do you think I was agoin' to stutter any with it costin' me seventy-five cents a minute to talk over that thing?"

A Side Order of Time

A MAN went into a restaurant in Livingston, Montana. He wrote his breakfast order on a slip the waitress handed him. It read like this:

"Melon. Coffee. Boiled eggs."

As an instruction to the cook he wrote under the third item the words: "Four minutes."

When the check came back it was carried out thus:

"Melon, thirty-five cents; coffee, twenty-five cents; eggs, twenty-five cents; four minutes, ten cents!"

A Confused Chair

THERE was a great deal of noise on the floor of the House of Representatives while a new member was rambling through a speech. Speaker Cannon, who was presiding, rapped hard with his gavel and shouted: "The confusion is so great the chair cannot hear itself think."

"Why should the chair desire to engage in that profitless undertaking?" asked John Sharp Williams.

Which or Neither?

FRED KELLY, the Cleveland writer, was in a small Ohio town. It was luncheontime and he was hungry.

A native came along.

"Where's the hotel?" asked Kelly.

"Which one?"

"Why, is there more than one?"

"I didn't know there was any!" said the native, moving off.

DAISY AIR RIFLE

"The Daisy Boy"

"COME ON, BOYS"

"Get your Daisy Air Rifle, and let's go over in the field, and practice shooting. My, but it's fun these days to get out into the open, and sight along the barrel of your Daisy,—then pull the trigger and know that the shot will go straight into the mark you're shooting at."

"I wouldn't take anything for my Daisy. Sometimes we play soldiers and sometimes we are hunters. Father says that I am getting to handle my Daisy so well that when I get a little older he can trust me with a real hunting rifle But I'd just as soon have my Daisy. It shoots a thousand times without reloading, and looks just like a real magazine rifle, like father has, and it shoots just as straight. I tell you, I wouldn't trade my Daisy for anything"

That's the way all the boys feel about Daisy Air Rifles. The boy likes them because they appeal to his natural love for a gun, and out-door play. Parents like them because they help make boys manly and self reliant, yet are entirely safe.

All hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to your nearest store, and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you, whether you are ready to buy or not.

"Daisy Special," 1000-shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot retaining device, one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of air rifle, ... $2.50
Other Daisy Models, ... 50c to $2.00
Little Daisy Pop-Gun, ...25
New Daisy Target for indoor and outdoor practice, . .50

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, we will sell any model on receipt of price

Send for our free book "The Diary of a Daisy," containing complete rules of play and hints on marksmanship

DAISY Manufacturing Company,
287 Union Street,
PLYMOUTH, MICH.

Export Office,
R. M. Lockwood Mgr.,
18 Broadway,
New York City

BRANCHES:

Pacific Coast Branch, Phil. B. Bekeart, Manager: 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif

Mexican Branch, Louis N. Chemalha Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.

THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

Continued from Page 18

departments. Every shrewd judge of tobacco got some of them and was asked for his opinion. The general opinion was favorable

"What is it?" the experts inquired of the cheroot manager "something new? Well, it's about time you got a cigar fit to smoke in your city That's a neat piece of goods—domestic leaf in an imported shape ought to make a fine selling combination."

When they were told that they had been sampling some of the regular cheroot stock the manager of the cheroot section got several months' peace

American designs in lines such as textiles and pottery is often weak beside that in the products of France, Germany and other older countries. We did not invent cotton cloth or chinaware and have perhaps done little to develop them. But when it comes to something like shoes, which we may literally be said to have invented, so far as modern footwear is concerned, our goods have elements of practical design that give them every advantage in markets where it might be impossible for our manufacturers to compete on prices alone.

For example, there is an American shoe-store in Berlin selling footwear made in New England. Every so often the proprietor receives something new in goods from this side of the ocean. For a few days after a novelty appears in his window he does a brisk business with his own competitors German shoe dealers find round-about ways of buying a pair of those newly arrived shoes and send them to German shoe factories to have them copied. That used to worry the American shoeman; now it doesn't worry him at all, for the German manufacturers take several weeks at least to turn out something resembling the latest American last. They never achieve the comfort, wearing quality or good looks of our footwear. By the time competing dealers have these copies in stock something still more novel and fashionable has arrived from home. That sort of stern chase might go on for a quarter-century, with American shoe manufacturers always in the lead, because this country has become the shoe-designing center of the world.

An Expert Opinion

When good looks come close to the practical market aspects of a product, such as shoes or furniture or plumbing fixtures, the American manufacturer is likely to develop satisfactory design; but in a matter of good looks for their own sake he often misses the point, and lets the Frenchman or the German monopolize all the discriminating demand. A manufacturer of office appliances came to a selling expert with a problem. His devices, he said, were used in many lines of business; but there were several groups of possible customers upon whom little impression had ever been made. High-class restaurants, crack dressmaking and millinery establishments, and so forth, resisted his salesmen's efforts. His appliances were needed there as much as anywhere, and would effect economies in accounting, but the sales force made no headway in landing the business The manufacturer thought that section of the trade would have to be worked by special salesmen—young men at home in good society, or perhaps a stunning society woman if one could be hired and trained

"The trouble with your stuff," said the selling expert, "is that you haven't made it look good enough externally to be placed in a handsomely furnished place of business. All your thinking is centered on the mechanism. When it comes to cases you let your pattern shop do the designing. Look at this case! It is only a nickel-plated casting covered with parlor-stove ornamentation. See that other one, finished in oxidized copper with meaningless burnished spots and patches. Those machines are all right for a lager beer saloon or a big railroad office, but would you put them in your own library?"

That manufacturer pays considerable attention to looks in his personal surroundings; his private office was decorated and furnished by a famous architect. He gets his clothes from a New York tailor who charges a hundred dollars for a business suit, largely on looks, for this tailor chooses

Factory Price $16.50 on a $25 Karpen Chair

To [illegible] Karpen Furniture we make this special offer for a limited time, it bought through a Karpen dealer

No. 229. English Rocker (Arm Chair to Match)

$16.50

$20.75

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

[illegible] best achievement in furniture design [illegible] and construction It is covered with [illegible] Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture Chicago New York TRADE MARK

To identify our productions when shopping, look for our trade-mark

If you contemplate the purchase of other furniture [illegible] Karpen Design Book. It is sent free. Request it and please write greater wisdom

Karpen Furniture is sold by [illegible] reputable dealers. Wherever dealers [illegible] in offer you the special prices on the chairs shown above.

S. Karpen & Bros.
Karpen Bldg., Chicago Karpen Bldg., New York
20 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

[illegible] Karpen Workers Own and Operate Karpen Factories

REMEMBER THE NAME
Shur-on
EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

GRACE THE FACE
STAY IN PLACE
$5 Shur-on $5

Persons Often Look Alike Without Being Alike

Other mountings may look like Shur-on Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted

Comfortable, Convenient, Durable

Write us for "How, Where and Why" to Shur-on

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Established 1864 Ave. H, Rochester, N. Y

Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the

Manual of Prayers

Best Morocco Binding

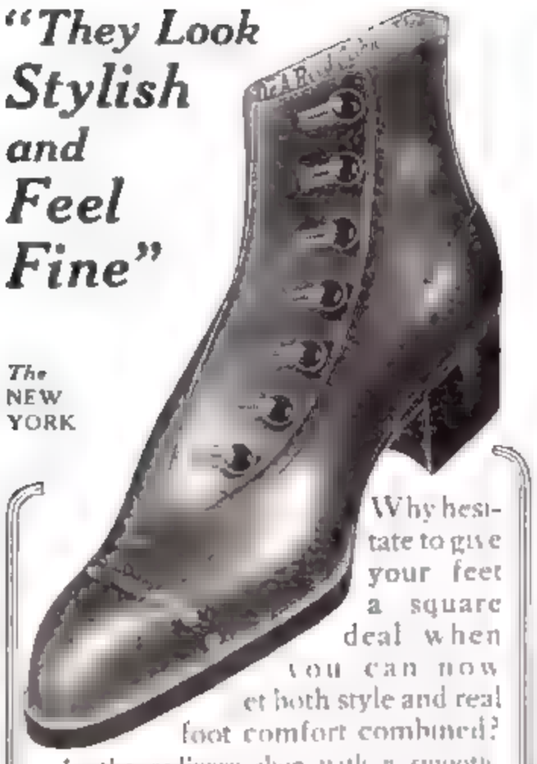
and a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary—Both for $3

JOHN MURPHY CO.

Address us 200 W Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

"They Look Stylish and Feel Fine"

The NEW YORK



Why hesitate to give your feet a square deal when you can now get both style and real foot comfort combined?

In the ordinary shoe with a smooth, [illegible]d insole, your weight spreads the foot outward causing the uppers to pinch and bag. The slipping of the foot on the smooth surface and the friction against the uppers result in callouses that develop into corns and bunions. In the

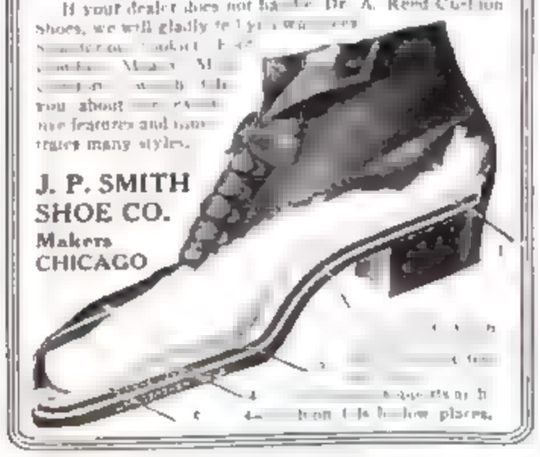
Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

Your foot sinks down into the soft fibre cushion and *does not spread outward—for pressure of the upper is released.* The heel, ball of foot and toes form impressions or pockets in the cushion insole, holding the foot in place as in a mold, *eliminating friction.*

Therefore—no bagging or pinching of the uppers, friction eliminated—the cause is removed and corns gradually disappear.

Write for Free Style Booklet

If your dealer does not handle Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes, we will gladly tell you where they [illegible] you about [illegible] new features and [illegible] many styles.



J. P. SMITH SHOE CO.
Makers
CHICAGO

LIMBERT'S Holland ARTS & DUTCH CRAFTS

51

Our New STYLE BOOK Mailed Free

Will be sent [illegible] for every [illegible] maker [illegible] Arts and Crafts [illegible] Mich. [illegible] styles and [illegible] history [illegible] mig styles [illegible] [illegible] are in [illegible] by Holland Dutch Artists and Craftsmen of recognized ability who impart an individuality and superiority to each piece bearing our branded Trade Mark, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Printype OLIVER Typewriter

The Only Writing Machine in the World That Successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT

—17 Cents a Day!

The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which has crowded ten years of typewriter progress into the space of *months*, is now offered to the public for *17 cents a day*.

Offered at the same price — an *ordinary* typewriter—*payable in pennies*.

The commanding importance of *Printype* is everywhere conceded.

For who does not see what it means to make the world's vast volume of typewritten matter as *readable as books and magazines*!

The Printype Oliver Typewriter is equipped with beautiful Book Type, such as is used on the world's *printed page*.

Printype illuminates the typewritten page with a marvelous clearness and beauty.

It does away with all strain on the eyesight which the old-style *outline* type imposes.

Printype puts life and style and *character* into typewritten correspondence. It makes every letter, every numeral, every character employed in business, financial, commercial and professional work "*as plain as print*."

The complete story of *Printype* has never before been told. Here it is.

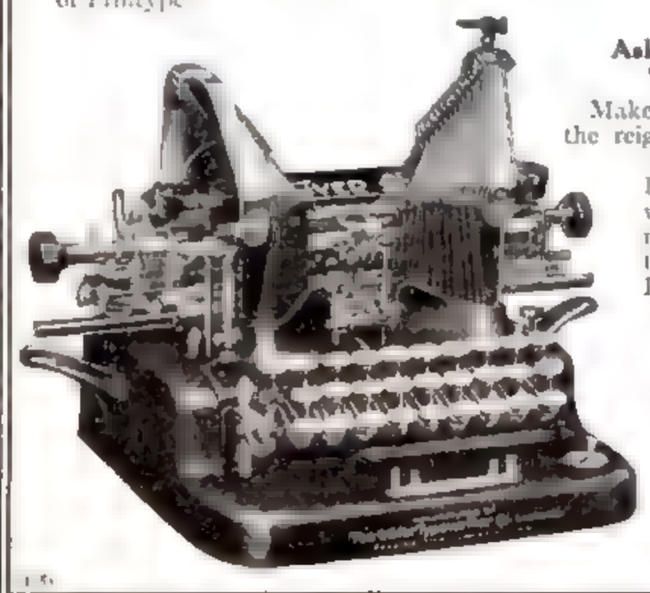
The Real Story of Printype

The idea from which "Printype" sprung resulted from the success of our type experts in equipping a typewriter used in our offices to write "The Oliver Typewriter" in our famous trademark type, just as the name appears on the outside of the machine and in all Oliver publicity.

The beautiful appearance and the marvelous clearness of the reproduction of our "ebony" trade-mark type disclosed the possibilities of equipping The Oliver Typewriter to *write the entire English language in shaded letters!*

We worked for *years* on the plan and finally succeeded in producing, for exclusive use on The Oliver Typewriter, the wonderful shaded letters and numerals known to the world as "Printype."

After Printype was perfected and placed on The Oliver Model 5, came hundreds of interesting tests which conclusively proved the surpassing merit of Printype.



The Public's Verdict

The reception of Printype by the business public has been most enthusiastic. We withheld any formal announcement until the machine had been on the market for some time. Personal demonstrations were its only advertising. The resulting sales were stupendous. Here, there and everywhere Printype letters soon began to appear. Wherever received, these distinctive, beautiful letters awakened immediate interest. Thus the fame of Printype grows as its beauty and utility dawn on the business world.

That the public is overwhelmingly in favor of Printype is impressively shown by this fact:

Already over 75 per cent of our entire output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

Printype OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The public is *discovering* Printype.

Within a year, at the present rate, *90 per cent of our total* sales will be "Printypes."

Thus The Oliver Typewriter, which first successfully introduced visible writing, is again to the fore with another revolutionary improvement—*Printype, the type that prints print!*

To Corporations:

The Oliver Typewriter is used extensively by great concerns in all sections of the world.

Our "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan is designed to help that large class of typewriter buyers who want the same typewriter that serves the great corporations, but prefer the easy system of purchase.

The masses want The Oliver Typewriter because it stands the test of the world's largest corporations.

Meet "Printype"—You'll Like Its Looks

Ask for Specimen Letter and "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan!

Make the acquaintance of Printype, the reigning favorite of typewriterdom. Ask for a letter written on the Printype Oliver Typewriter, which will introduce you to this beautiful new type. We will also be pleased to forward the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan on request.

Address Sales Department,

The OLIVER Typewriter Company

804 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.

Chicago

Agencies Everywhere

15

are part of the general trend. The manufacturer has in many cases set his face against the public demand for improvement, only to find, when it was forced upon him in some such shape as the pure-food law, that the change was a benefit, relieving him from dishonest and underhand competition and enlarging his trade in new directions.

Design is an immensely important item in this changing basis of demand. The consumer may not always be able to formulate his wishes, but he recognizes good looks in merchandise when he sees it, and the manufacturer who embodies sound design in his product has something that works for him automatically, puts him above competitors and clinches sales.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early number.

Beauty of Shape and Finish are Definite Mercantile Qualities

LIGHTING SECURITIES

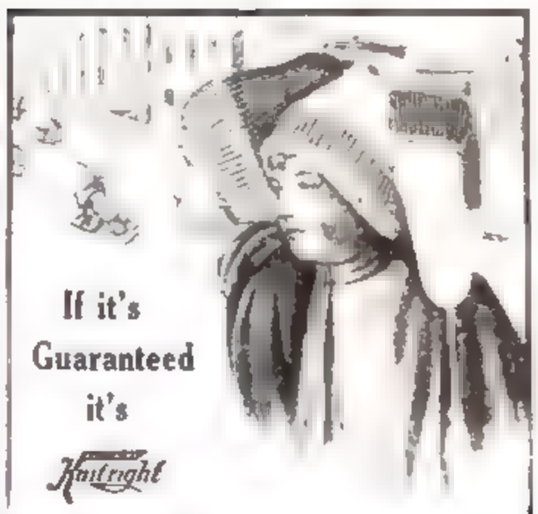
Struggles Between Gas and Electric Companies

By ROGER W. BABSON

FEW people, except those in the innermost councils of certain gas and electric-lighting companies, realize the great revolutionary possibilities in the so-called fireless cookers, different makes of which are being advertised in the leading magazines today. Though little has been written or heard of the underlying principles involved, probably few inventions since the electric motor have the possibilities of so radically changing household methods as has the invention of the fireless cooker; and yet this is by no means a new invention.

I remember, when a small boy, seeing a tea-basket that one of my seafaring ancestors brought from China to his home in Gloucester, Massachusetts, a hundred or more years ago, which operated on the same principle as our modern fireless cookers—namely, that of obtaining a certain degree of heat and holding and concentrating said heat for use exclusively in cooking a certain food.

One of the greatest wastes today exists in connection with the application of heat. Think of the great heat waste connected with the operation today of several hundred thousand locomotives, as they race back and forth across our continent! These locomotives are actually endeavoring to heat all outdoors and at the same time save some of the heat to generate power. Think of the great amount of heat wasted in our nation's blast furnaces simply for the purpose of melting certain ores! Think of the intense heat wasted in the boiler rooms of steamships, office buildings and factories! Not only is this heat wasted, but money and power are expended to remove the surplus heat so as to make such places livable for the engineers and firemen compelled to work there. All this is as nothing compared with the great waste of heat in the millions of kitchens throughout the world. If our mothers and sisters could concentrate all the heat that they are producing in



Common-Sense Headwear

For Little as well as Big Folks

Knit-Right

Toques and Hockey Caps for Fall and Winter are ideal. Easy to put on, graceful, light, and above all, warm, yet giving the head proper ventilation, made in every conceivable color effect, they will be worn by millions of American children this Fall.

Each *Knitright* (guaranteed) Cap is absolutely

Guaranteed for Six Months

The Cap on the little boy in the picture is No. 198. This Cap is our famous "Duplex" Reversible, two caps in one; plain color cap on one side, a two colored cap on the other. The Cap on the little girl is No. 179, Half-Cardigan double-worsted stitch, very elastic, attractive design. The price of each is 50c. in all colors, sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Ask your dealer for "Knitright (guaranteed) Hockey Caps and Toques. If you fail to get them write to us. Our booklet "Sensible Headwear" sent on request. Address Dept. J

GREAT WESTERN KNITTING CO.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

Established 1881. N. Y. Office 366 BROADWAY.

1898-1911

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

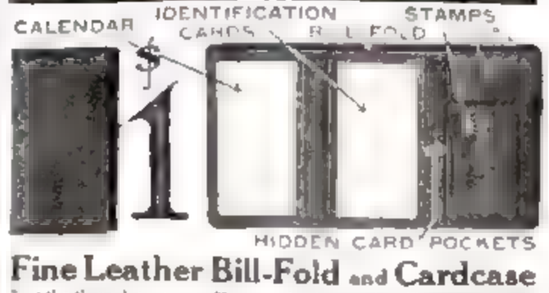
Odd Lots of Stock

We offer the small investor, the owner of a few hundred dollars, a plan designed especially for his convenience and safety. On this plan, we buy 1 share or more of stock and 1 bond or more.

Our Circular No. 7—"Odd Lot Investment"

Members New York Stock Exchange

71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Fine Leather Bill-Fold and Cardcase

Just the thing for a man's Xmas or birthday gift. Made of genuine black Goat Seal, 5 pockets, lined throughout. Size ... Our price $1. Above in Genuine Seal or Pigskin, $2. NAME STAMPED IN GOLD FREE. Any name ... Emblems of leading fraternal orders stamped in gold for 25c extra. ... Money refunded if not as represented. Write for FREE Catalogue of our "guaranteed" leather goods. Address

U. S. LEATHER GOODS CO., 240 N. Clark St., CHICAGO

BOOK-KEEPERS You cannot get a better aid if you understand CONTROLLING ACCOUNTS. My book gives full instructions to open and operate them. Price One Dollar. Stamps accepted.

Ch. Deming, Pub. Accountant, 156 5th Ave., New York

Why Not Let the Largest Retail Shoe Concern in the World Offer a Timely Suggestion in Footwear?

DO YOU know that for thirty years Cammeyer has dictated the shoe styles of America?

That The Cammeyer Retail Business reached two million dollars in 1910?

That the great New York store has a capacity of a thousand customers at one time?

That 410 competent salespeople (more than any two other stores in the world) are here to handle our customers?

Why Don't YOU Take Advantage of the Same Efficient Service

through the medium of the splendidly equipped Cammeyer Mail-Order Department? A force of thirty people, including Ten expert shoe shoppers, can give you the same careful attention as enjoyed by the New York Men and Women of Fashion every day of the year in this store, though you may live three thousand miles away.

The Cammeyer Catalogue for Fall and Winter, 1911-1912

awaits your inspection. It contains 80 pages of exclusive Cammeyer styles, including portraits of the new styles in Russet Shoes for Fall, and complete information about shoes in general. Your name and address on a Postal Card addressed to us is all that is necessary.

Dept. B.

Cammeyer
Stamped on a Shoe means Standard of Merit
6th Ave. & 20th St.
NEW YORK CITY

The "Broncho Buster"

$3 $3

Austrian Velour

$5 $5

Money refunded if not as represented
HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A, Houston, Texas

HOLDS COAT AND SKIRT
HOLDS COAT AND TROUSERS
The WEST "ELCO" SUIT HANGER
Two Hangers in One
WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER CO., 45 So. Front St. Philadelphia

their stoves directly on the article which is being cooked, think of the saving of fuel, energy and health!

"Now what has this to do with lighting securities?" the reader asks; and briefly the answer is as follows: The ultimate value of "lighting" securities, whether the lighting is by gas or electricity, rests not in the use of gas or electricity for lighting purposes, but rather in its use for heating and cooking purposes. The people today have all the light necessary [illegible] certain extent with the population, yet it does not need to increase proportionately with the population, as two or three people in a room require no more light than one person; while a family of twelve in the poorer quarter of a city will use only a small fraction of the light used by a wealthy family of three in its city mansion. Therefore the future of gas and electric securities depends upon the use of gas and electricity for cooking and heating purposes rather than upon their original use, which was for lighting purposes.

Up to the present time, gas companies and electric companies have been greatly handicapped in the sale of their product by the expense of manufacture. Though seldom realized, there is little or no expense connected with the "manufacture" of coal, the principal item of expense being its extraction from the mine and the transportation charges. Even the cost of hauling it through the streets from the coal yard to the house and carrying the same into the cellar is often greater than that of the coal itself at the mine. Now all gas companies and such electric companies as do not use waterpower are obliged to purchase this coal, have it transmitted to their plants, and burn the same—even before obtaining the gas or electricity which they, in turn, will sell. Consequently it will be seen that, for purposes other than lighting, gas companies and electric companies are greatly handicapped; and no corporation can buy coal and use it for the generation of gas and electricity and then sell and distribute said product for a price that will enable a housewife to use it for her cooking as cheaply as if she herself purchased the coal and used it herself.

Why Gas Bonds are Safe

As "necessity is the mother of invention," the gas companies, when forced out of the [illegible] of the lighting business by the invasion of the electric-lighting companies, succeeded in cheapening the cost of producing gas so that it could be used for cooking purposes. This use has greatly increased, so that today, instead of the greatest consumption of gas being on Christmas Eve, as was the case twenty-[illegible] years ago, it is now on the Fourth of July; [illegible]ct, if the gas companies had not been able to reduce the cost and increase the efficiency of that product so as to make it practicable for cooking purposes there would have been reorganizations of a large percentage of our nation's gas companies since the invasion of the electric light. Instead, as the gas companies have been able to adapt their product to cooking uses, their output has continually increased and gas securities have a most enviable record for stability and strength; in fact, it is claimed that no other class of bonds shows such a small percentage of defalcations as gas securities. The following, taken from the circular of a firm that makes a specialty of selling gas bonds, is [illegible]

"Gas bonds have a [illegible] for [illegible] A gas bond usually is secured by a mortgage on all the property, rights and franchises of the company [illegible] on and value of [illegible] The bonds are issued only with the approval of a trust company [illegible] for the trust company [illegible] proved that [illegible] ore company [illegible] operated upon [illegible] sold [illegible] large pro[illegible] proved that [illegible]

Adler's Collegian Clothes

Eight out of every ten men would wear Adler's Collegian Clothes if they only knew how their ideas of style, fit, fabric and wear are met in these premier clothes.

The suits and overcoats we produce are just the sort that appeal to the man who wants the satisfaction of knowing that his clothes look right on him and that he feels right in them.

When you know you can get these kind of clothes, isn't it wise to see that you get them? The price range is $15 to $30.

Our new [illegible] book, a guide for men's correct clothes, mailed [illegible] any address on request. It also tells you where to buy Adler's Collegian Clothes right in your town or vicinity.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Milwaukee Chicago

It's Time to Get Ready for Winter

The first nip of frost should be a hint to you to put your home in condition for indoor Winter life. The walls and ceilings may need refinishing, floors waxed or painted, woodwork varnished and furniture refinished to make it bright and inviting. Good paint is a preservative—its use outside the house or in is a conceded economy—but you should use the best.

ACME QUALITY
Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

offer you a finish for any surface you wish to renew—wood or metal, plaster or cement. Each the best finish of its kind to be had—for instance

ACME QUALITY NO-LUSTRE FINISH—A hard, durable, flat, lustreless finish in white and attractive colors and tints suitable for decorating walls, ceilings, woodwork, or any interior surface. Used directly on plaster or over canvas or burlap. Spreads easily, flows out smooth and even and does not show laps.

ACME QUALITY VUL-K-LAC—Gives very finest rubbed and polished finishes upon fine furniture. Use it on the mantel, mahogany furniture, dining-room tables, etc.

THE ACME QUALITY PAINTING GUIDE BOOK

should be in every householder's possession. We will send you a copy on request. Write for it. This book tells about the all-embracing line of ACME QUALITY products and tells where and how each should be applied. Illustrated. If your dealer does not have Acme Quality Paints and Finishes, write to

Acme White Lead and Color Works

Dept. Q, Detroit, Michigan

PAINTS ENAMELS THE ACME QUALITY KIND STAINS VARNISHES

affected in times of panic or general business depression. The decisions of the highest courts of the land, including the United States Supreme Court, have protected the rights and favored the interests of bondholders. All these facts add safety and soundness and stability to gas bonds as investments."

At the present time most families of average means use electricity for lighting purposes and gas for cooking purposes either all or a part of the year; and, so long as conditions remain in *statu quo*, the earnings of both gas and electric securities should gradually increase in a growing community, where the companies are properly managed.

If, however, any method should be discovered whereby either gas or electricity could be delivered to the housekeeper at very much cheaper rates, or whereby the housekeeper could concentrate all her heat, wasting none, then there is likely to be a revolution in lighting securities. As to whether the gas companies or the electric-lighting companies will reap the greater harvest from such an invention, it is impossible now to anticipate; but certain new developments indicate that the electric-lighting companies are almost sure to receive a distinct benefit.

As readers know, the fireless cooker is today used almost exclusively by those who have gas stoves. The old method of boiling a leg of lamb necessitated the placing of the meat in a kettle on top of the stove and keeping a good fire under it for two or three hours. If wood is used one or two baskets would be consumed—if coal is used nearly a hod would be consumed; while to use a gas stove for such a purpose is a distinct and expensive luxury. Where intense heat is required quickly, as for broiling steaks, cooking muffins, and so on, a gas stove has a distinct advantage and is doubtless cheaper than a coal or wood fire; but for cooking an ordinary dinner, which requires about two hours or more, a gas stove is often far from economical.

The Fireless Cooker

The fireless cooker, however, enables the housewife to heat a metal plate—a performance that takes about twenty minutes—place this metal plate in a compartment of the cooker, put over it the receptacle containing the leg of lamb and a little water, close it up—and in two or three hours the meat is perfectly cooked. It thus will be seen that the fireless cooker has already made the use of gas practical and cheap for general cooking purposes where heretofore it has been a luxury; for, in the above example, instead of using gas for two hours to cook a leg of lamb, it is now necessary to use it for only twenty minutes. Therefore just at the present time gas companies have a distinct advantage over electric-light companies, and their earnings are rapidly increasing; and gas securities of all kinds stand comparatively high.

Certain of our large electrical companies, however, are strenuously working to discover an electric fireless cooker, whereby the metal plate may be heated by electricity directly in the cooker, and thus eliminate the great waste of heat required in heating said metal plate on the gas stove. Whether or not this will ever be accomplished I do not know; but if it is accomplished, and the gas companies do not discover some offsetting invention, the electric fireless cooker should cause an uplift in most electric securities and may be a severe blow to some gas companies.

I have explained this condition of affairs in such detail because this is the great fundamental factor which our nation's large electric and gas interests are so carefully considering today—and because this subject is of most vital interest to purchasers of stocks in either gas companies or electric companies. I say "stocks" because this is not a question that the investor who buys only seasoned gas or electric bonds need bother his head about, as there are much more important factors for him to consider.

As in the case of electric-railroad securities and the securities of other public-service corporations, these other factors to be studied in the selection of lighting securities may be grouped under the two following headings:

1—Franchises and replacement values.
2—Earnings and management.

As we treated so fully the subject of franchises and replacement values in our

A Helping Hand

The I. C. S. actually takes the workingman by the hand and helps him to prosperity.

You may be working under such circumstances that advance seems impossible, but the I. C. S. will show you how to GO UP. You may now have a fairly good position, but you can go still higher. Just follow the example set by thousands of I. C. S. men who have made good and are making good.

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Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages
Concrete Construction	Commercial English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Industrial Designing
Stationary Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Mechanical Engineer	Show Card Writing
Mechanical Draftsman	Advertising Man
Architectural Draftsman	Stenographer
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeper
Electric Lighting Supt	Poultry Farming
	Spanish
	French
	German
	Italian

Name
Present Occupation
Street and No.

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and it is just as good as it is delicious.

Peter's Chocolate

is the ideal food and candy combined. Because of its dulcet flavor and its nourishing qualities it makes a delicious light luncheon. Eat it whenever you are hungry. Peter's comes in several varieties.

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You don't decide finally until you've used the stove or range 30 days and then if for any reason you don't like it, return it at our expense. Thousands of people have tried Kalamazoos and bought. Two Days' Approval Test. Cash or credit terms, shipment within 24 hours. Remember every stove and range we make is sold direct from factory to user at one small profit. Stove Book and Catalog No. 152 sent free.

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Air gun that will shoot half inch Nickel barrel. Takes down. Price $1.00. Book free.

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discussion of street-railroad securities a few weeks ago, it is not necessary to repeat the same here. It, however, should be remembered that the same fundamental principles apply to the franchises of lighting companies as to street-railroad companies. The only reason we do not today hear so much about lighting franchises as we do about street-railroad franchises is that, first, lighting franchises have not yet begun to expire; and, secondly, because the public is not brought into such direct touch with the employees of a lighting company as with the employees of a street-railroad company. Moreover, the manager of a lighting company knows, by watching the volt meter and ampere meter in his library, the quality of light which every patron in the city is receiving; while the manager of a street-railroad company has little direct control over the behavior of its conductors and motormen. For this reason it is a very much simpler matter for the directors of a lighting company to keep the public happy than for the directors of a street-railroad company—which, by the way, is a very important factor, and is probably the factor which has caused me personally to prefer lighting securities to street-railroad securities.

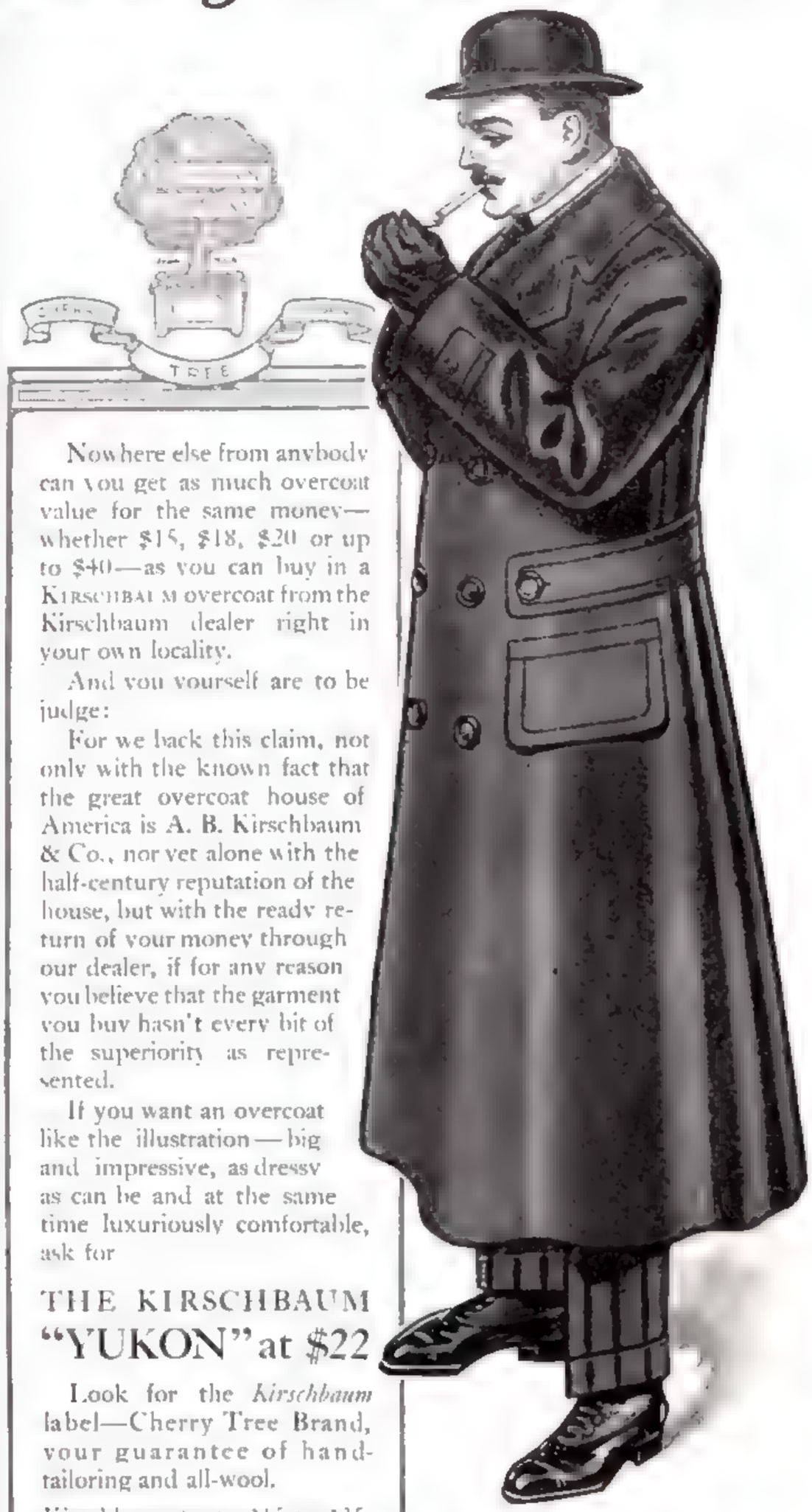
However, the securities of a lighting company should always be kept within the replacement value; and investors, or the banking house upon which they depend, should take great care to see that the franchises are properly written and do not expire until many years after the bond issues mature; in fact, in some ways this is more important to lighting companies than to street-railroad companies—for lighting companies are much more subject to competition. This is especially true in the case of an electric company that has not placed its wires underground, as it is very easy in such cases for other interests to erect a competitive "overhead" plant. The fact that gaspipes are located underground is one of the reasons why gas companies are so little subject to competition and gas securities have been so popular. In the same way, the placing of electric wires underground by the more conservative electric companies is greatly adding to the strength and stability of electric-lighting securities

Franchises of Various Kinds

Regarding the franchises of different companies, these vary in the different states. Usually they are the same as the street-railroad classes; but in California it is different. California law gives the company the right to do business in any of the municipalities within the territory served for a period extending to the end of the company's corporate existence—usually fifty years. By the terms of this law, the company is not obliged to obtain permission from the municipalities themselves that right being given in its charter. The company is, however, obliged to comply with such police restrictions as may be necessary regarding the tearing up of the various streets in the municipalities in which the company operates. The privilege given by the state is neither perpetual nor exclusive; it simply extends during the life of the corporation. When the corporation's charter expires it is renewed by special act of the state legislature, as was the Hiberma National Bank's charter that recently expired. A new charter was granted for a period of fifty years. I have never known of any objection to the granting of a new charter to a company operating under this law; but this is no reason why there may not be some day

The same statements as to earnings and management made in reference to street-railroad securities also apply to lighting securities in the case of cities where both the gas and electric-lighting interests are identical. It is for these reasons that many conservative investors, when purchasing stocks of lighting companies, confine their purchases to stocks of such companies as control both the gas and electric lighting of the localities served. Of course, when purchasing bonds, this is not so important to consider as when purchasing stocks, as all honestly issued bonds of well-managed lighting companies, whether gas or electric, in well-established cities, should be absolutely safe; in fact, if the reader has any doubt as to his ability to select such safe bonds, it is only necessary for him to follow the rule I have so often mentioned heretofore—namely, to select an underlying lien—that is, a bond of an issue that is

A·B·Kirschbaum & Co.
Cherry Tree Brand



Nowhere else from anybody can you get as much overcoat value for the same money—whether $15, $18, $20 or up to $40—as you can buy in a KIRSCHBAUM overcoat from the Kirschbaum dealer right in your own locality.

And you yourself are to be judge:

For we back this claim, not only with the known fact that the great overcoat house of America is A. B. Kirschbaum & Co., nor yet alone with the half-century reputation of the house, but with the ready return of your money through our dealer, if for any reason you believe that the garment you buy hasn't every bit of the superiority as represented.

If you want an overcoat like the illustration—big and impressive, as dressy as can be and at the same time luxuriously comfortable, ask for

THE KIRSCHBAUM "YUKON" at $22

Look for the *Kirschbaum* label—Cherry Tree Brand, your guarantee of hand-tailoring and all-wool.

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Name of your nearest Kirschbaum dealer sent on request.

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Yungfelo Yukon
(Convertible Collar)

Length 52 inches. Sweep around bottom 72 inches.
Shoulders natural
Collar may be worn (1) as illustrated, (2) buttoned closely up with PROTECTOR style, (3) [illegible] ears as a storm collar
Lapels bold and ample. High gorge
Front double breasted, with durable row of fine imported buttons.
Back straight with movable belt. **Belt** may be lightened and coat made extremely form fitting. 30-inch hook center vent
Sleeves 3½ inch false cuff. **Cash pocket** in left sleeve; buttons and flap.
Also made as single breasted.

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER

New Engine of Burglar Defense

THE burglar can get past your burglar alarm. He can break your police communication by cutting the wires, [illegible] your dog's friendship with meat. But there is one *unconquerable* home guard against which the burglar is helpless. It is the new Savage Automatic — the new Engine of Burglar Defense.

It shoots 11 shots quick as lightning — no other pocket arm shoots over 9. It aims easy as pointing your forefinger. Nothing can keep your enthusiasm down when you feel the Savage working in your own hand, light and steady. Even though a novice at shooting, you go on [illegible] bullet after bullet into the mark like a crack shot, as fast as you pull the trigger.

Do you see why the Savage banishes night fear, and day fear of vicious intruders? Do you see why great detectives, Wm. J. Burns, Wm. A. Pinkerton, and Walter Duncan carry it? And why crack shots like Buffalo Bill, "Bat" Masterson, Dr. Carver, E. C. Crossman applaud it?

It will have a very trouble getting a Savage Automatic while [illegible] and get rid of fear.

SEND FOR THE NEW BOOK—"IT BANISHES FEAR"

Free interesting [illegible] "Bat" Masterson [illegible]

FAMOUS SAVAGE RIFLES

Send also for a book which explains about the famous 303 Savage Featherweight, $25, and the 22 cal. Takedown Repeater, $10. Free for dealer's name. Savage Arms Co., 719 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Superior

A PERFECT UNION SUIT

This is the idea that made the Union Suit Perfect

Read the panel to the right. It is the highest achievement in underwear making — a union suit that always stays closed — that fits all over — feels perfectly comfortable, always.

Go to the nearest retailer and get a Superior Union Suit. Know for the first time what real underwear satisfaction means.

Write today for this free book of styles and fabrics, containing the story of the Perfect Union Suit and actual samples of the materials, at all prices. Write today to

THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO., Dept. A, Piqua, O.

followed by some other issue. Practically speaking, all first-mortgage lighting bonds of established companies in growing communities should be safe for permanent investment purposes, the amount outstanding usually being less than the replacement value of the property. If, however, one has any doubts, he should surely be safe in selecting some first-mortgage issue that is followed by a consolidated or refunding mortgage issue. This is especially true since the great majority of the consolidated and refunding issues are likewise safe almost universally so when controlled and recommended by established banking houses of unquestioned integrity.

Lighting securities have many advantages; but I am limited by space to mention of only three. First — There is the steadiness of earnings and the fact that the earnings are not adversely affected by business depression. Though electric securities have not been outstanding many years, gas securities have passed through the three great depressions of the seventies, eighties and nineties. Instead of the earnings of these gas companies declining during such periods, as did the earnings of nearly all railroad and industrial corporations, they steadily increased, and electric securities would have had the same experience; in fact, the earnings of all lighting companies are even less dependent on business conditions than are the earnings of street-railroad companies.

Second — We have the central control, mentioned above, whereby the manager, sitting in his office, knows exactly what service every customer in the city is receiving, insuring the elimination of the personal-labor factor. In connection with this advantage there is another — namely, that lighting companies are not affected by strikes, the labor factor being a very unimportant matter. In the case of all steam and street railroads the labor factor is very important, not only owing to the effect on the public, but also owing to the effect on the earnings, as men are continually asking for an increase in pay; and, in many instances, the labor costs increase at a greater rate than the earnings. In the case of lighting companies the labor item is very small; and not only have the companies nothing to fear from strikes, but they are fully able to meet all legitimate demands for increased salaries. This is a very important factor and one which is liable to become increasingly so as years go on.

Selecting Public Utility Bonds

The third distinct advantage of lighting and, in fact, all public-utility securities lies in the feature that such a company cannot become bankrupt and retire from business. An industrial or manufacturing corporation [illegible] business may become almost a total loss. This is one of the reasons why industrial bonds are usually not in public favor; in fact, the value of industrial securities is very dependent upon the energy and constant vigilance of the management, which is entirely subject to the human equation. In the case of steam and other public-utility propositions, the courts have ruled that the companies cannot arbitrarily shut down and go out of business, even if their management, for some ulterior motive, so desires. The properties must be operated by some one and a total loss is almost impossible in the case of public utilities.

Of course, when purchasing lighting securities, great dependence must be placed upon the integrity and good will of the bondhouse purchasing the same, as it is impossible for the investor to inspect the franchises, legal proceedings, location of [illegible], management [illegible] suggestions, [illegible] a dealer in public [illegible] before [illegible] of investment.

In selecting bonds of public [illegible] should be taken to buy [illegible] the total amount [illegible] and [illegible] not over two [illegible] the combined [illegible] not over thirty-five dollars; gas, electric and water companies combined, not over [illegible] dollars."

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GUARANTEED
SILK HOSE

Has at last made it possible for you to wear silk hosiery the year 'round, yet practice the strictest economy. Not only do you get this wonderfully fine silk hose at about the cost of good lisle, but with each four-pair box is included our guarantee to replace with a new pair absolutely free, any pair that wears holes in heels or toes within a quarter year from date of purchase.

Men's	Women's
No. 285, medium weight . . 50c	No 365, medium weight . . 75c
4-pair box $2.00	4-pair box $3 00
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4-pair box $3.00	4-pair box $4 00

At all good dealers or direct from us on receipt of price and style number.

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
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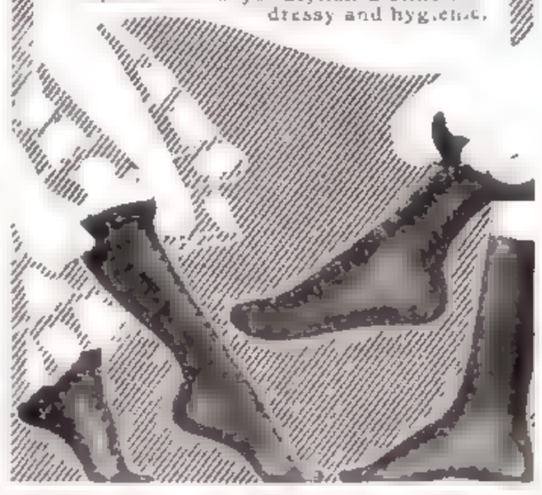
We Make the Famous
PHOENIX MUFFLER
The dealers' and chest protector for [illegible] days. Stylish, distinctive dressy and hygienic.



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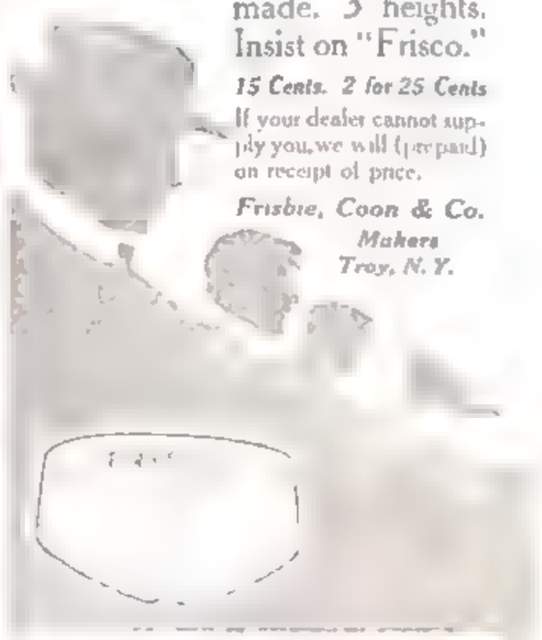
FRISCO — the constant choice of comfort-loving men. Speaks for itself as to style. Four ply, hand made. 3 heights. Insist on "Frisco."

15 Cents. 2 for 25 Cents

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Frisbie, Coon & Co.
Makers
Troy, N. Y.



CLASS PINS
For College, School, Society or Lodge

Just Be Sincere

HE who tries to look *"awfully swagger"* only contrives to look *awful*—he's not sincere.

TO be well-dressed is to be genuine about it—natural about it—void of parade or pretense. We tailor that sort of clothes—genuine all through—all wool all through—hand tailored all through—with the cling and swing and drop and drape that make a man look *distinguished*. These clothes are "hall-marked" and all marked

Sincerity Clothes

THEY'RE for sale at the clothiers' who serve you *best* and *with the best*—those who put a *pledge* behind every *purchase*. Our Book of Modes is a picture-book of "Here's How" in dress.

Free. Write for it.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

Chicago

Builders of

Sincerity Clothes

Sense and Nonsense

Slide Fleming, Slide

WHEN Goff ran against Fleming for the governorship of West Virginia there was a contest that went before a Democratic legislature. The legislature was determined to seat Fleming and did seat him—but wanted to do the work in an orderly way. Consequently, for several days there were speeches, motions, parliamentary objections and maneuvers.

One of the state senators, who came from an interior county, knew that Fleming was almost certainly to be seated and wanted it done at once. After several days of fussing round he got the floor and made this speech:

"Mr. Chairman: What's the use of all this here speechifyin', argufyin' an' parliamentarifyin'? Ain't Fleming our candidate? He are. Then slide him through!"

Birds of a Feather

IN THE early days in Oregon, as elsewhere in the West, money was scarce and high rates of interest were demanded and paid. Over in Eastern Oregon lenders were frequently able to get as much as five per cent a month interest.

A citizen of Pendleton, who was dying, was worried about this. He had a lot of money with a banker who was lending it at five per cent a month. Still, he knew others were doing it, and among the number his minister, who had a few thousands placed with the banker for the same advantageous disposal.

The dying man sent post-haste for the minister.

"Parson," he said, "there's one thing worries me. Do you think my chances of going to Heaven will be damaged because I have been charging five per cent a month for my money?"

The minister didn't answer for a minute or two. Then he said: "No, brother; I think not!"

Reason Enough

"I would not seem undutiful,"
Said Able Seaman Blunt.
"My loyalty is beautiful—
A highly noble stunt;
But when they tells me, after dark,
To dive an' catch a hungry shark,
I simply says, 'I won't!'"
Said Able Seaman Blunt.

"It's wicked to be mutinous,"
Said Mr. Blunt with zest;
"But when they talks of shootin' us
An' hangin' all the rest
Because our highly docile crew
Won't kiss the mate an' hug him too,
I feels I must protest,"
Said Mr. Blunt with zest.

"Nor would I seem too querulous,"
The Able Seaman said;
"But when the Cap would carol us
Old songs that should be dead,
An' beat us with tremendous force
Unless we cheered till we were hoarse,
It showed him badly bred,"
The Able Seaman said.

"I hate to act seditiously,"
The Able Seaman cried;
"But when the Captain viciously
Propelled me over side
Because I could not rightly trim
An' manicure his nails for him,
It really hurt my pride!"
The Able Seaman cried.

"That pride is not inordinate,"
So Mr. Blunt explained.
"Nor was I insubordinate;
But I was greatly pained,
When I had failed to cure his gout,
To have the Captain knock me out
An' have me bound and chained!"
So Mr. Blunt explained.

"An' so, though very dutiful,"
Said Able Seaman Blunt,
"I took that ship, with booty full,
An' did a pirate stunt;
I threw the Captain in the sea
There's more I might relate to ye;
But, just the same, I won't!"
Said Able Seaman Blunt.

—Berton Braley.

Fishing by Lantern Light

AS AN edible product, the bullhead is not to be sneezed at. First you should kill your bullhead by the use of a knife-point in the back of the neck. Then pass the edge of the knife round the back of his head, at the rear of his side fins. Take hold of the edge of the skin with a pair of pinchers and you can strip it off in two or three pieces. Some nail him to a board for this work. The professional fishermen on the Mississippi and other large rivers usually hang him up by a hook. When the head of the bullhead is removed there is not so very much of him left; but the remnant, residuum or net result is a bit of hard, firm, red meat which, when fried or used in a chowder, is about as good a bit of fish as you are apt to get. There is no better fish in camp, humble though it be and little mentioned in railway literature.

One time a party of us were out chicken hunting on the Iowa prairies in the earlier days, and were encamped on the shores of a little lake that looked as though it might have some sort of fish in it. Unfortunately, however, the lake was surrounded with a fringe of bulrushes which ran out so far as to prevent fishing from the shore. It occurred to some one of the party that we might run our wagon out into the lake, almost to the edge of the rushes, and use that as a fishing platform. We did this, climbing into the wagon over the tongue, which extended inshore. As the night was dark we hung a lantern over the water from the tailgate of the wagon and presently began to fish, using grouse giblets for bait, and each having on his float a tall white feather.

Apparently the light gave notice to all the bullheads in that part of the country that something was doing. The sport, which began on a moderate scale, increased steadily; for, so far as we could learn, no one ever had fished for any sort of fish thereabout. We sat high and dry on the reversed wagonseats and had what seemed to us considerable sport, watching our tall white feathers swim out toward the edge of the lantern's circle of light. Little by little the floor of the wagonbox was covered with a dark mass of amiable and unprotesting bullheads. Had we been provided with sideboards for the wagon, no doubt we could have heaped them up even as the farmer does his corn in huskingtime. Some time past midnight we took up the lantern, closed the tailgate of the wagon, climbed ashore on the wagontongue and went to bed. In the morning we backed the team into the water alongside the wagontongue, hitched up and drew our load of fish ashore. How many there were let us not undertake to say, for this is no fish story: but could you have done that with trout, or salmon, or bass, or pike, or tuna, or yellowtail, or albacore, or bluefish, or tarpon—or any other of the most prized species of our game fishes of salt water or fresh? Certainly not.

In his class, the bullhead is the prince of all fishes. In this selfish and materialistic age he shines forth the one example alike of simplicity, dignity and fairmindedness. We may look forward to a long future of happy association with him. As he was the companion of our fathers and our grandfathers, so will he continue to be the gentle playmate of our sons and grandsons.

Not Posted

A CERTAIN local boss in West Virginia politics always controlled his delegations to the conventions, and the delegates voted the way he told them to—and not until he did tell them.

At one convention a delegate presented a resolution that the boss favored but had not heard about soon enough to post his delegates as to how they should vote on it.

The chairman of the convention put the question: "All in favor of this resolution say aye."

There were a few ayes, and the boss' delegates looked at him inquiringly. Seeing that he would not have time to pass the word and wanting the resolution passed, he dashed down the aisle toward the chairman, waving his hands and shouting:

"Don't put the negative! Don't put the negative! I did that once and got in a hell of a fix."

Part of full length figure of 1912 Panel. Now ready

"Your Face is Your Fortune"

In the life of every *man* and *woman* some supreme happiness is won or lost by personal appearance. A complexion that is clearer, cleaner and more wholesome than the average is surely—sometime, somewhere, somehow—going to reward you with something dear to your mind or heart.

Likewise, a neglected complexion will just so surely work against you.

In a million families, men and women are happier today because Pompeian has added to the value of their personal appearance. Sometime, somewhere, somehow will come the wish that you had used

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

But you can't "wish on" a good complexion. Now is the time to begin. Discover how Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin; how it exercises the muscles of the face, stimulates the circulation and creates a fine skin-health. A short use of Pompeian will surprise you and your friends. A test will prove this. Make the test. Sometime, somewhere, somehow you will be glad that your face is really your fortune. "Don't envy a good complexion: use Pompeian and have one." Sold by all dealers, but you can try before you buy

1912 Art Calendar

of this charming "Prospect in Beauty" sent with each trial jar. Size 32 in. x 8½ in., an ideal panel or framing picture for flat bottom, but can be cut off with 7 inches to use. Reproduced in exquisite colors (blues, red and gold) from original $1000 painting by Carle Blenner, painter of beautiful women.

Trial Jar and 1912 Art Calendar both sent for 10 cents (stamps or coin). This is a rare chance to get a trial jar of the most popular face cream and a copy of the most popular Art Calendar. Clip coupon before you forget it.

Magazines and Books for Library Slips one in each package)

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 49 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: Please send me ... for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and a 1912 ... Art Calendar.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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ARROW COLLARS A

are favored by men who are fami
who, in their dress, impart an impr

There is an ARROW COLLAR for every taste, every face and every occasion. 15c each 2 for 25c

Send for PROPER DRESS and EVENING ATTIRE, two good books on fashion, by an authority

DORSET ARCANUM MARGATE

AND CLUETT SHIRTS

liar with the trend of fashion, and
ession of distinguished individuality.

Enough of the shirt appears to show that it is a color-fast perfectly fitting CLUETT. $1.50 and up

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, Makers, 457 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

What makes your dinner a success?

SNOWY linen, delicate china, shining silver and glassware correctly placed, and your own evident enjoyment and ease in knowing that your dinner is exactly right.

That's the beauty of

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

It is *right*. And you know that you are right in offering it.

Your most critical guest—*silently* critical of course—appreciates this perfect soup at the first taste; and approves and enjoys your whole dinner more because of this appetizing course.

No one ever ate better soup. No amount of money and care can produce better. And you can verify this sweeping assertion at *our* risk. If you are not completely satisfied the grocer refunds your money.

Why put it off? Why not learn the facts *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken Gumbo	Pea
Okra	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

"Roses and buttercups feed,
I know,
On sunshine, earth and air
And I think my blushing
dimples grow
From *Campbell's* luscious
fare"

BUSINESS HELPS

NOTHING is more surprising than the poor judgment, the lack of judgment, the general shiftlessness of judgment, so often displayed in regard to their own affairs by men of business acumen who earn excellent salaries by using excellent judgment for other people. Many a man who is conscientious, brilliant and painstaking when the interests of an employer are concerned is the very reverse of painstaking, brilliant or conscientious in regard to his own interests, especially the kind of interests that most materially affect the permanent prosperity of his family. And where it is not positive lack of judgment that is to blame it is something much worse—a general neglect and inattention, as if the interests of one's own family were of practically no concern—and this often in the case of men who are ready and eager to give endless care and attention to the interests of others!

I have seen this kind of thing so often, and so often have seen disastrous results, that I will set down some of the cases that have come under my personal knowledge; for this class of fatal business inattention or heedlessness must be startlingly common. A cobbler's children, as the ancient proverb has it, are ill shod.

A year ago a man died who had been earning a salary of seven thousand dollars. His employers had admired the ability with which he watched every detail of the business in their behalf. His mind had been constantly alert to seize upon every opportunity to make better money for them. He was a student of up-to-date methods and carried on his work with a quiet exactitude that enabled him to master any situation that arose. He lived in excellent but not extravagant style, and no one could have doubted that he looked after his own affairs with the same skill that he showed in behalf of his employers. It should be added that he had unusual opportunities to watch the inside workings of various corporations and even the beginnings of some that became remarkably prosperous, and that his work for his employers was not of a kind to take so many hours daily as to weary him and give him no chance for time and thought for his own affairs.

He was very reticent about his own finances even with his wife, except that he let her know the amount of his salary, and said that he was saving annually more than a quarter of it. She had no doubt, therefore, that he had a big sum of money excellently invested; and when he suddenly died, leaving her with two little girls and a boy to care for, she believed that she was a fairly well-to-do woman.

Careless Disposition of Money

What she discovered concerning the actual state of her finances, however, was disconcerting. Her husband's main saving consisted of a sum of twenty thousand dollars, and this was lying in a bank and drawing only three and a half per cent interest. The widow, who had always had her questionings so repressed that she had come to a humble acquiescence in her husband's belief in her utter business incapacity, found that this very bank was paying four and a half per cent on such deposits as were left with an agreement that they should remain untouched for a year. She at once gave the required assurance and the money was entered on the new basis.

It seems that the husband had always had what amounted to a superstition in favor of hoarding money in a bank—he had the tucking-away habit. To him it seemed better to put money into even a poor bank than into excellent outside investments. He had never stopped to realize that bank corporations are like any other corporations, either good or bad, depending upon their capital and management—that is, he had never stopped to realize this for his own capital, although he knew it well enough in regard to the capital of others.

In another bank was sixteen thousand dollars drawing only three per cent interest. This sum, acting under the helpful advice of the cashier of the bank itself, she used in the purchase of first mortgages on excellent property, and secured on the sum an income of six per cent.

She had a dread of anything like dangerous speculation, for she was a woman with three dependent children. Therefore she was not in the least tempted toward companies that alluringly offered ten or twelve per cent, because her business instinct told her that if a company paying ten per cent is safely established, its stock can only be bought at such a rate above par as will not give more than, say, six per cent to the investor, and that if it is not safely established it is not the kind of thing for people to go into who cannot afford to lose if things turn out badly.

As a result of these changes the widow's income was added to at once—an increase that came from the exercise of ordinary business judgment by a woman without business training. It was small enough even then for bringing up a family that had been run with a larger income, but it was enough to get along with modestly.

There had been a few thousand dollars besides, and these—as if to add a final ironical touch—were found to be invested, not in the good companies that the man knew of, but in wild-cat concerns that had never paid a dollar in dividends and probably never would.

Lax Household Finances

I once knew a specialist in business organization, a man whose profession was that of launching new businesses or putting decrepit businesses on their feet. To him the knowledge of every detail of business management had become so absolutely familiar as to be mere matter of course.

His earnings were large, but his mode of living and his extravagant hospitality sometimes frightened his wife. But whenever she tried to talk with him on any business affair of their own, whenever she attempted to lead him into any discussion of their own concerns or suggested holding their expenditures to a known and certain sum each month, he would only say, partly in jest but much more in earnest: "Oh! Spare me vulgar details!" He would not even accept her offer to keep an itemized account of the outgo. "Women don't know anything of business," he would say; "they should pay attention to their homes."

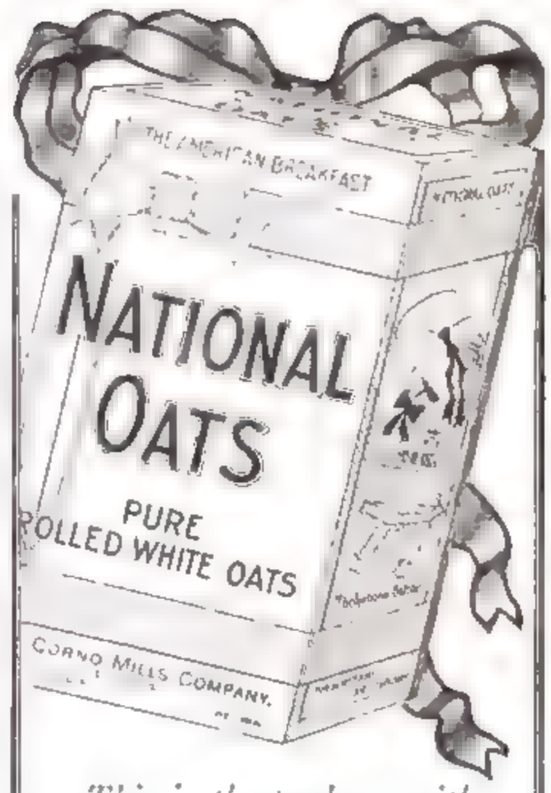
Expenses continued, bills began to pile up, and in spite of the man's big earnings bankruptcy proceedings supervened. Upon investigation it was found that his personal affairs were in a hopeless muddle; and that he to whom order and system had apparently been the very law of nature, had used neither system nor order for himself. As a result both he and his wife had to pay the price of financial carelessness.

I knew a man who was earning ten thousand dollars a year for a lumber company. Nothing was too good for him or his wife. He was a splendid business man, and the company for which he worked would without doubt have continued to raise his salary steadily on account of his good work for them. At the age of thirty-five he died, and when his affairs were looked into it was found that there was no money to pay even the current bills of butcher and baker and the rent. His friends paid the bills, and his wife is now washing other women's hair for a living.

A widow who had found herself faced with the problem of raising a family of young children gradually made herself into an efficient business woman in the handling and reinvesting of property that her husband had left her. Her judgment and opportunities were for real estate, and she made a success through careful study of real-estate locations and values, supplemented by close personal application to collections, repairs and general management.

Her son developed into a thoroughly capable business man who was flatteringly advanced by his firm. As he gathered money for his own investments he showed that he had inherited a family liking for real estate. But no success came of it. He selected property that he might have known would not go up in value. He repeatedly clung to holdings after they had reached their climax in value, and then bitterly watched as the buildings deteriorated and prices sank. To repairs and collections he devoted but a very limited amount of time, and so lost money even on such real estate as was really good; and there were constant deficits to make up from the savings from his salary.

Throughout, however, his services for his employers continued to be excellent, in



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Rich—delightful—oats flavor.

Our own particular process of milling—curing—packing, does it.

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No wicks to trim, chimneys to clean
Pyro Stoves Cook everything Cheaper than coal.
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You Are Missing Something Good

if you have not learned some of the good American dishes which are made with Foulds' Macaroni and Spaghetti. Distrust the foreign kind if you will, that is no reason you should deprive your family of this appetizing and valuable food.

Where Foulds' is made we are all American and we observe those rules of sanitation and cleanliness that you do in your own tidy kitchen. The American grown Durum wheat and the modern scientific methods we have developed during our 20 years of experience, give Foulds' the flavory, firm and tender qualities which distinguish it from ordinary macaroni and spaghetti.

Foulds' is never sold in bulk, but always in the clean American way, in triple sealed packages that protect it from uncleanness all the way from our clean factory to your clean kitchen. You can distinguish Foulds' from the foreign made by the yellow package with the red band.

Serve this American food often. There are many ways to prepare it, many commonplace dishes that it improves appetizingly. It is the best substitute for high priced vegetables; with its help meat and poultry, or their leftovers, go twice as far, and reduce living costs that much.

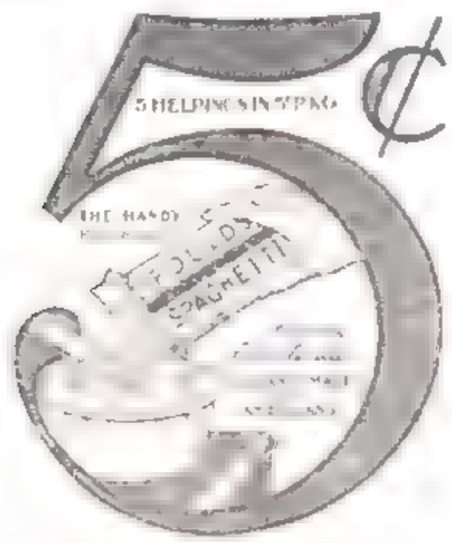
Here is a simple recipe that you can make the chief dish of a luncheon, dinner or supper, and no one will ever question the absence of both meat and potatoes. It is especially good for the children's evening meal—no "bad dreams" will follow, no matter how much they eat.

Spaghetti with Hard Boiled Eggs and White Sauce

Without breaking the sticks, boil and d[rain] five-cent pack[age] and arrange on [a hot platter]. Cover with the whites of three hard [boiled eggs] cut in strips. Put these with the Spag[hetti] and pour over it a cupful of the white sauce. Gr[ate] the yolks of the eggs over the top of the dish and set [in the oven] a few moments until well heated; then se[rve].

To make "White Sauce" as called [for in the recipe] take tablespoonful[s of butter] [and] [flour] [and] [milk] [and] [salt] [and] [pepper] [and] [cook]

And Spaghetti Cook Book



The Foulds Milling Co.
Sales Dept. Chicago, Ill.

a startling contrast to his positively stupid [methods] for himself. In a city of [rapid] growth and of steadily increasing [real] estate values—a [fact] [which] [is] [true] [in] [many] cities for [many] [years]—he showed little judgment as to [investments] in locations where it was practically certain that there would be no advance at all.

A particularly clever young man owned his own home, which happened to be located in an unattractive part of the city. He decided that it was desirable to [own a home] in the suburbs, for the sake of his wife and children, and so he bought a small place at a point some miles away, for occupancy during two or three months of each year. He rather [prided] himself on his public spirit, for it was remarked [that] to take the long ride [to the city] and start back so early each morning.

"I should like a better location in the city and I should like a better location in the country, but those two places together represent quite as much capital as I can put into homes," he said.

He had won a reputation for clever business ideas, and so the friend to whom he said this looked at him in considerable surprise.

"At how much do you estimate the two places?" he asked.

"Ten thousand for the place in the city and four thousand for the one in the country," was the reply.

"And isn't it a fact that neither of them is in a particularly fine location and that neither of them can be expected to increase much in value?"

This was reluctantly admitted; and the friend continued

"Every day, going to your country [home], you pass through the nearer suburb of B. There the houses stand well apart, the site is high and the air is fine, there are trees and flowers galore, there are the most delightful people, and the prices are steadily mounting. For fourteen thousand dollars—the price of your two indifferent and non-advancing properties, you could buy there to excellent advantage. You would then have an ideal all-year-round home, better for your family from every point of view, and at the same time you would have a property that would year by year be earning money by accretion of value. Isn't that all true?"

The man pondered for a little. "Yes," he said; "that is all true. I didn't realize it, but it's all true."

"In other words, you are one of the men who won't work for themselves," [remarked] the friend.

Shortsighted Buying

One reason why so many men are [successful] brilliantly for others, but not [for] themselves, is that when they are judging [and] acting for others the risk is not their [own] and the matters are not such as affect directly their own pocketbooks.

Many a man can judge wisely and farsightedly from the very reason that his judgment is not swayed by nervous fear of personal loss.

I knew a rising young man who had opportunity to buy [a home] of his own at what seemed, and was, a decided bargain, but he [refused] because it involved a larger investment than he liked to contemplate. "Twelve thousand dollars is more than I can afford," he said, "and even then I should have to take most of it on a mort[gage].

"How much rent are you [paying] now?" "Sixty-five dol[lars] [a month]." "And what interest [would] you have to [pay] [on] [twelve] [thousand] five per cent [on] [twelve] thousand would [be] [seven] [hundred] [and] [fifty] [dollars] [a] [year]. [You] [would] be just about [saving] [the] [rent] [of] a home of [your] [own] instead of for [nothing]."

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

If you don't know about Jones Dairy Farm Sausages, and don't live out in the country where you can make your own sausages, then we don't know where you are going to get real farm sausages.

Ask any bank or business house in Ft. Atkinson about the farm.

Our sausages are real farm sausages, made on a farm by farm people in a farm way. We don't make them all the year 'round, but only during the cold weather months, and we make up only enough each day to fill *that day's* orders. Our recipe is older than the State of Wisconsin. It came down to us from a New England grandmother who had never heard of anything going into sausages but the choicest parts of little milk-fed pigs, home-ground spices and pure salt.

We haven't varied from that recipe in over a score of years. And we do all our work right at home with the help of our neighbors who come to our assistance during the busy season. The flavor of our sausages is undeniably and unmistakably the true farm flavor, the kind that are made to eat and not to sell.

If you live in any of these cities you can telephone now for a delivery of our sausages, and you will get them *fresh*.

New York City
Park & Tilford

Chicago

Cleveland

Pittsburgh

Detroit
G. & R. M. Mahan Co.

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Cincinnati
R. J. McCord

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Seattle

Louisville

Portland, Ore.
[illegible] & Co.

St. Louis
Faust & Dalton Mercantile

Kansas City
[illegible]
Geo. G. Crom

Omaha
Gladstone Bros.

Spokane

Our Sausages are sold for the most part delivered [illegible]
[illegible]

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm Box 605, Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin

Ten Thousand Openings for Enterprising Men In New Grand Trunk Pacific Towns

Western Canada is in the throes of the greatest railway development in all history. The Grand Trunk Pacific, which in 1913 will complete its All-Canadian transcontinental line, is already completed from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, and is building hundreds of miles of branch lines, tapping millions of acres of the richest wheat land in the world.

—Land that produced this year a 200,000,000 bushel wheat crop

It is answering the cry of the farmers for adequate *market facilities* by planting more than

100 New Towns

throughout "The Kingdom of Wheat." These 100 vigorous new towns in the new lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific offer remarkable opportunities for enterprising men in a multitude of different occupations, trades and professions

They want general stores, drug stores, hardware stores, grocery stores, dry goods stores, meat markets, banks, shoe stores, other shops, laundries, hotels, stores, bakeries, carpenter shops, flour and feed stores, implement stores, tinsmiths, confectioneries, hotels, amusement enterprises, blacksmiths—*all lines of business found in any live town*. They offer fine opportunities to school teachers, lawyers, doctors, clerks, bookkeepers. They need armies of carpenters, bricklayers, stone masons, plumbers, electricians, mechanics, laborers—skilled or unskilled.

How Towns Grow in Western Canada

10 towns grew 500% in 1910
17 " " 400% " "
22 " " 300% " "

What You Will Find in Western Canada

A splendid public school system, good churches, good neighbors (mostly Americans), finest railways in the world, up-to-date newspapers, excellent mail facilities, telephones, good roads, fine climate.

Learn What These Towns Offer You The government and the railroads are behind this great development, and affairs are moving *fast*. The Era of Town-Building in Western Canada presents opportunities to make money never to be yours. You owe it to yourself to look into the matter *now*. Ask for the book "A Chain of Opportunities in Western Canada Towns."

Learning [illegible] your business, profession or trade in Western Canada [illegible] Lists will be of assistance to you. Address

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"WEAR A BENJAMIN"

whether it be an Overcoat or a Suit, the name symbolizes the highest grade clothes—garments that combine the most advanced development of tailoring skill, with the choicest fabrics of English and American looms.

BENJAMIN SUITS and OVERCOATS at $20.00 up. DRESS and TUXEDO SUITS at $35.00 up. MOTOR APPAREL, WAISTCOATS and other BENJAMIN specialties at correspondingly moderate prices.

Should you be unable to find a BENJAMIN clothier in your vicinity write to us for information and book of New York fashions.

Alfred Benjamin & Co

Continuation Schools

IN THE classes of the industrial continuation schools of Munich a skillful workman in the trade carries on the instruction in the shop and in the study of materials and tools, the remaining instruction being given by specially trained teachers from the elementary schools.

The course in business correspondence aims to enable the pupil to compose the most important pieces of writing arising in business life and to fill out the usual business forms. The course is practical and comprehensive, including private correspondence, letters concerning conditions of buying and selling, and communications dealing with debts.

The course in hygiene and civics deals with problems of health, behavior, questions arising in trade, in the community and state, and strives to develop an insight into the necessary union of interests in all classes and groups of industry. It deals with the history of the industry, the organization of industry, apprenticeship, rights and duties of journeymen and masters, protection of workers, factory inspection, taxation, organization of the district, of Bavaria, of the German Empire, colonies, trade, commerce, and so on.

Drawing includes constructive and free-hand drawing. In the constructive drawing the pupils are trained to make a sketch drawn to scale from a given model, and then a working drawing of the same, as well as to read correctly a preparatory working drawing in detail. The freehand drawing aims at producing good taste in the pupil and at developing artistic perception of form. They aim to train the pupil to a feeling for style and to give the power of clear representation.

The shop instruction stands in the middle point of all this instruction. It is divided into instruction in the materials and tools and into real shopwork. The pupil is trained in the technic of the work and is instructed in the physical and mechanical principles involved in the various tools used by him, and the structure and preparation of the materials employed in the trade.

One of my first visits in Munich was to a drawing class of locksmiths' apprentices. The class was beginning the last year's work and numbered twenty-four. The teacher presented to the pupils two or three key-guards and door-hinges that had been made by other locksmith apprentices. They were directed to make original drawings of these articles, keeping in mind the use for which they were intended and the qualities they must have to be useful, but gratifying their individual tastes as to shape, size and ornamentation of the drawings. They must further remember that they had to construct in the shop the articles drawn. Some hints were given by the teacher as to possible variations in the form and a few models were shown, but were not left where the pupils could copy them. I remained in the room two hours and observed the pupils' work. No two drawings were alike. Some were good and some not so good. The class had three hours in which to complete their drawings, after which they went to the shop to work them out in metal. I was unable to see these boys in the shop, but saw specimens of very creditable work done in the school shops.

The pupils were furnished drawing paper by the teacher at a cost of one-fourth of a cent a sheet. Ordinary pencils were used in the drawing. The pupils seemed younger than they said they were, but I was assured that no pupils were admitted to the school except on official evidence of age. About eighty per cent were said to have completed the eighth grade. The hours of instruction of these pupils were from seven A. M. to seven P. M., with one hour's intermission between twelve and one o'clock and a short intermission of fifteen minutes in both forenoon and afternoon. In some cases the pupils come two half days on different days of the week.

Another interesting day was spent in the commercial continuation school for boys, a school with an enrolment last year of twelve hundred pupils. There is also, in Munich, a commercial school of secondary grade for boys, a commercial school and a commercial continuation school for girls.

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No breaking in—Florsheim shoes made over "Natural Shape" lasts insure ease, comfort and perfect fit from the first day.

Ask your dealer or send amount [illegible] cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The [illegible] showing styles that are right."

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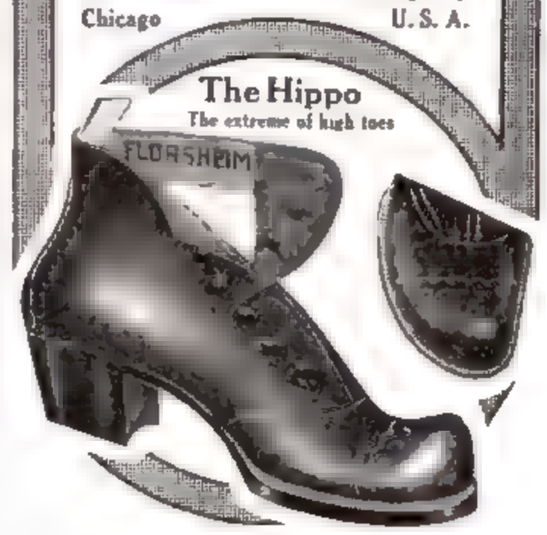
The extreme of high toes



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WARRANTED LINEN COLLARS
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Specify Silencer equipment on your new rifle

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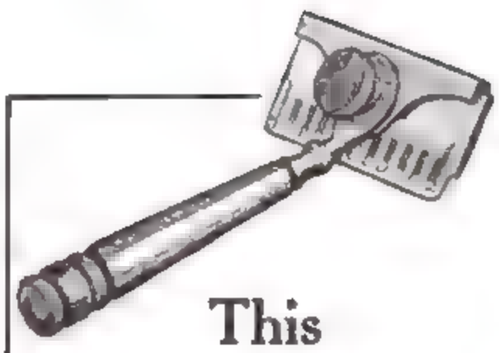

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SAFETY
Razor
"The any-angle razor"

will do everything that this razor will do

except cut you

THE blade of the old-fashioned razor, in the barber's hand, meets the beard at an angle. That's why his razor cuts clean and smooth.

The Young Safety Razor is instantly adjustable at any angle; a touch of the finger turns the blade.

That is why it gives a shave as smooth and as clean as does the old-fashioned straight razor in the hands of an expert barber.

Try the diagonal stroke shave with a Young Safety Razor. You will find the blade as keen and as smooth-cutting as the finest tempered steel, carefully ground, honed and stropped can be. You will find the razor itself the lightest, handiest, simplest and most accurately balanced of any you have ever used. The price of the Young Safety Razor outfit, including 12 blades, is $2.50.

30 Days Free Trial

Get this razor from your dealer, or from us [illegible] used, return it and your money will be refunded

YOUNG SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
1709 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Passing of the Locomotive

(Continued from Page 13

ago it changed the suburban service of its lines from the south up into Rochester from steam to electric. More recently it has tried a third method—by organizing an entirely separate trolley company to build an overhead trolley road paralleling its main line from Waverly, New York, to Corning, New York. In some stretches this new trolley road is built on the right-of-way of the Erie's main line.

The Erie people have certainly preferred to conduct their electrification experiments in outlying lines of comparatively slight traffic rather than to commit themselves to a great electrification problem in their congested territory round New York and make some blunder that could be rectified only at a cost of many millions of dollars. That seems good sense, and the Pennsylvania followed the same plan. While its great new station in New York was still a matter of engineers' blueprints, it began practical experiments with electric traction in the flat southern portion of New Jersey. It owned a section of line ideally situated in every respect for such experiments—its original and rather indirect route from Camden to Atlantic City, which had since been more or less superseded by a shorter "air-line" route. The third rail was installed and the new line became at once popular for suburban traffic in and out of Philadelphia and for the great press of local traffic between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Of the success of that move on the part of the Pennsylvania there has never been the slightest question. Regular trains have been operated for several years over this route at a high rate of speed, and not the slightest difficulty has been found in maintaining the schedules.

Nowhere has the substitution of the electric locomotive for the steam, however, worked greater comfort for the railroad passenger—to say nothing of increasing the factor of safety—than in long tunnels. The Baltimore & Ohio, which was a pioneer among the steam railroads in the use of electric locomotives, began to use them in 1896 in its great tunnel which pierces the very foundation of Baltimore. That system, once adopted, became permanent. What was at one time a fearful summer experience between Camden Station and Mount Royal Station in that city has become merely a pleasant novelty.

Electric Tunnel Trains

What was done at Baltimore has been done twice under the Detroit River. The Grand Trunk passed underneath that stream in 1890 by a single-track tunnel six thousand feet in length, in which for seventeen years both freight and passenger trains were hauled by special locomotives fitted for the burning of anthracite coal. Though these engines rendered rather satisfactory service, it was found desirable to substitute electric locomotives for them in order to remove the limitations of haulage capacity in the tunnel; for it is a known fact that electric trains can be operated much more rapidly and also more closely together than steam trains. The change obviated the danger and inconvenience due to locomotive gases in the tunnel. The electric locomotives first went into service in February, 1908. The tunnel is now clean, well lighted and safe to work in; and trains of much greater length than before can be hauled, thus relieving the congestion in the freight yards on both sides of the river.

Similarly electric locomotives have become the tractive power in the great new tunnel which the Michigan Central has just completed under the Detroit River at Detroit, and in the Cascade Tunnel, where the Great Northern Railroad pierces one of the great ranges of the Western Divide. The Cascade Tunnel is interesting from the fact that it is entirely built upon a heavy grade of 1.7 per cent for its length of more than three miles. The steam locomotives are cut out from the service, while on the heavy upgrade of the tunnel an electric locomotive of tremendous pulling power will carry even the heaviest freights through the bore at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. These Cascade Tunnel locomotives are the only ones in the country taking alternating current at triple phase and at the tremendous voltage of sixty-six hundred directly from an overhead trolley wire. And that will bring us to another consideration of this question of the delivery of power.

The most recent of tunnel installations has just been completed in the greatest of all American bores—the Hoosac Tunnel. This famous tube, four and three-quarters miles in length, that took twenty years to build and cost twenty million dollars and some two hundred lives, lent itself very readily to the steam locomotive, with the result that the Boston & Maine system now finds the greatest impediment to the operation of its main line to the West entirely removed.

The earlier installations were all what is known as direct current. The power is brought directly from the dynamos in the powerhouses and by means of the third rail or overhead trolley it is delivered to the motors of the locomotives of the cars. Some years ago, however, the larger of the distinctively electric railroads found that, for great current demands over a large distributing district, this system was expensive and impracticable; that, for the chief thing, for carrying a long-distance current it required copper cables so large as to be of very great cost. So some of these, with the aid of the electrical manufacturers, experimented and developed the alternating current of high voltage and low amperage, which is capable of being carried to distant transforming or sub-stations and there reduced to low voltage and high amperage.

The Alternating Current

This alternating-current system, because of its great operating economies, is rapidly becoming the standard for the city railroad systems of metropolitan communities, as well as for the great trunkline interurban roads that are beginning to gridiron the country. The New Haven Railroad, when it first began to electrify its extensive suburban service into the city of New York, was the first to bring it to the service of a standard steam road, and by a clever adaptation of its locomotives was able to bring a single-phase alternating current directly to them at the enormously high voltage of eleven thousand, without the use of transforming stations or direct-current transmission. After some fearfully disappointing experiments at the outset the New Haven system has finally proved the worth of its alternating current, and the road will soon be engaged in erecting its overhead transmission construction all the way from Stamford—the present terminal of the electric service—to New Haven, seventy-two miles distant from New York. Within ten years its heavy New York and Boston traffic will probably be handled entirely by electricity; and the run of two hundred and thirty-two miles will be made without difficulty in four hours or even less.

At present the steam locomotives of these trains and the other trains that serve almost all of New England are detached from the inbound movement at Stamford, and the remaining thirty-three-mile run into the Grand Central Station is made behind a powerful electric locomotive. The process is, of course, reversed on outbound trains. For the twelve miles from Woodlawn into the Grand Central the run is made over the tracks of the Harlem division of the New York Central Railroad, which uses direct current at a voltage of six hundred and fifty, and third-rail instead of overhead transmission. The wonderful adaptability of the alternating current is shown not in the fact that a change must be made from overhead trolley to third rail—for that is merely a slight mechanical problem—but in the fact that a locomotive hauling a heavy train can, without a great slacking of speed, change from receiving an alternating current of eleven thousand volts to receiving a direct current of six hundred and fifty volts. Outbound it reverses the process.

The necessity of clearing out the smoke-filled Park Avenue Tunnel approach to the Grand Central Station brought both the New York Central, its owner, and the New Haven, its tenant, to electric traction for terminal and suburban service at New York. The New York Central's system, as has already been stated, is direct current, and it is supplied from great powerhouses in the suburban district. Through trains are hauled in and out of the station by electric locomotives, while suburban trains, which make their roundtrip runs entirely

Distinctive

The effect of a Triangle Madras Collar is both pleasing and smart. It is just enough out of the ordinary to appeal to the discriminating—yet is not in any sense conspicuous.

Every man who seeks individuality will buy this new collar.

Triangle
MADRAS
COLLARS

15c each—2 for 25c

are made of the finest white madras with stripes of the same *white* material running horizontally and are laundered with the regular stiff finish.

Two Heights

City Club 2⅛ in.
Lotus Club 2⅜ in.

Quarter Sizes

They embody all the exclusive features of our Triangle 5-PLY Collars, "The Collars of Quality,"—the Stout Stay, Slanting Buttonhole, Flexible Bending Points, etc., that make for their high standard of perfection.

If your dealer cannot supply Triangle Madras Collars—send his name and 50 cts. for 4, postage paid. Style Book of Triangle 5-PLY Collars and Sample Buttonhole, mailed FREE.

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co.
615 River St., Troy, N. Y.

To Dealers—The advance orders indicate a big demand for Triangle Madras Collars—the collar novelty of the season. Write today and be the first to introduce something *new* in collars to your customers. Window display cards and advertising matter sent with your order.

NASHVILLE
Presents to Manufacturers

who may be wise enough to forecast the certainties of the future, striking advantages which they can hardly afford to overlook.

The centre of population of the Mississippi Valley — midway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf —

Commanding a dominant position with reference to the possibilities opening up with the completion of the Panama Canal —

Ideally located in rich surrounding territory, and the natural distributing point for the Great Southern and Southeastern markets—admittedly the most prosperous sections in the country.

The Nashville Industrial Bureau was organized by the wide-awake Nashville Board of Trade to furnish facts and figures of interest to manufacturers who are not now advantageously located, in the matter of

Cheap Fuel — Enormous coal deposits are near Nashville.

Raw Material — Practically inexhaustible supplies of high-grade iron ores, hardwood, cotton, wool, phosphates, marble, limestone, fluor spar, gravel and clays, farm and dairy products, right at the door of Nashville.

Skilled Labor — Abundant supply—no labor troubles.

Lowest Freight Rates — Railroad trunk lines and River transportation.

Lowest Cost of Living — Unfailing crops, large truck gardening areas, livestock industries, low rents

Magnificent Schools — Public, private and Universities.

Climate — Equable, splendid — therefore low death rate.

The Industrial Bureau gives information to manufacturers, capitalists and home-builders in a rational, understandable manner, and deals only in FACTS

No matter where you may be located and no matter how large or small your output may be, you will probably find it to your profit to investigate the advantages Nashville offers YOU

Ask for any information you may desire, including the "BOOK OF FACTS" SENT FREE. Address

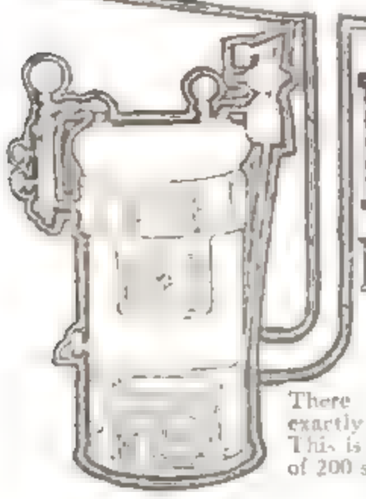
THE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, 201 Stahlman Building, Nashville, Tenn.

What Heat for your House?

Send for our Free Heat Primer

There need be no such thing as a cold room in any house if a steam or hot water heating equipment of the right kind is properly installed.

The modern house is steam or hot water heated. No other method is so healthful, so easily cared for, so dependable, or so economically secured. Study house-heating before you plan the heating equipment of your new home, or change the equipment you have. Post yourself on Pierce Boilers and Radiators. Go to the steam-fitter who handles the Pierce line and have him explain the construction of a Pierce Boiler—its durability, its simplicity of operation, its fuel economy, and its wonderful steam or hot water producing ability.



Pierce
Boilers and Radiators

There is a Pierce Boiler exactly suited to your needs. This is the "Modern," one of 200 styles.

Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co.
252 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
(Showrooms in Principal Cities)

within the twenty-five or thirty miles of electric zone, are run without locomotives, the steel suburban coaches having motors set within their trucks, after the ordinary fashion of all electric cars across the land. The change from steam to electricity at the Grand Central Station did more, however, than merely clear the long approach tunnel of smoke and foul gases; so that nowadays a man can ride on the observation platform through its entire length. The traffic in that wonderfully busy station [illegible] years had sharp limitations [illegible] ing used for the train movement in each direction.

The limited station-s[illegible] terminal has necessitated many [illegible] being stored at the Mott [illegible] and the drilling of these empty trains in and out of the station, combined with the normally heavy movement of regular and special trains, has only added to the great congestion. The minimum three-minute headway between trains operated by steam through the tunnel and its four-tracked viaduct approach fixed the maximum traffic at forty trains an hour in each direction. The capacity of the terminal with this limitation of service was taxed to its utmost and some relief for the constantly increasing traffic was imperative. Now, owing to the improved conditions of electric operation, trains may be run on a two-minute headway or less—this one measure thus increasing the station capacity by fifty per cent at the least.

The Multiple Unit System

The New Haven road has also adopted the practice of running some of its suburban trains without locomotives by means of motors underneath each coach—the multiple unit system, as electrical engineers have come to know it. This is the system, with some slight variations, upon which the elevated and subway lines of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are operated; and it is quickly applicable, as we have just seen, to some phases of terminal operation for the standard steam railroads. The steam locomotive, however, is to hold its own for many years in many phases of railroad operation; electric traction is practical and economical only when there are fairly congested traffic conditions. The coaches that are standard for it, and which it must haul for many miles across the land, must be handled in the electrically equipped terminals by electric locomotives of one type or another. These locomotives are generally equipped with coal heaters for maintaining the steam in the heating pipes of the through equipment; and in these days, when the electric lighting of through trains is all but universal, they may supply current for this purpose also.

Electric locomotives have been completely successful where they have been used, either exclusively or in connection with multiple unit suburban trains. So it is not too much to expect that their use will increase, and that the electric engineer will climb up into his comfortable cab ready to take his engine for a one-hundred-and-fifty or two-hundred mile run up the main line. For these main lines are yet to be electrified in many parts of the land in some cases even preceding the thousands of small branches that are already ripe for electrification.

No really big steam railroader in his heart believes that the use of electricity upon the trunkline systems is to stop [illegible]dently with terminal changes and improvements, or with the adaptation of the trolley or the third rail to [illegible] branches where the territory is [illegible] settled. What has been done at the Detroit River, the Hoosac and the [illegible] tunnels is to be done elsewhere across the land through the dozen or less points where railroads pierce the Alleghanies by tunnels - electric tunnels are yet to bring the Pennsylvania [illegible] through [illegible] the South [illegible] through the high [illegible] tion of the big [illegible] only six hundred [illegible] total of two hundred [illegible] m[illegible]

man sat in his office in Chic[illegible]

"The first railroad th[illegible] thousand or less miles betwe[illegible] and New York is going to get all the [illegible] passenger business - not a b[illegible] mind you, but every single [illegible]

A Rule That Works Both Ways

There's a left-handed man in our offices. He has to do considerable measuring of advertising. He suggested that somebody ought to get out a type rule that would be equally convenient for both right and left handed folks.

This struck us as a good idea—so we went to work and produced the rule that works both ways. It's made of steel, with inch and agate measurements so arranged as to make it adjustable to either right or left handed use. We'll send it free to the man who has charge of the advertising; to others for $1.00.

Whatever way you measure the worth of farm papers you'll find Farm Journal in the lead. Leads in both volume and quality of circulation. Leads in both quantity and quality of advertising carried. Leads in results per dollar expended.

These are not idle words. The proof is forthcoming. Send for our Book "Tests and Testimony." It will give you the most convincing evidence of the leadership of Farm Journal in the agricultural [illegible] field. And, besides, it will give you statistics about the wealth of the farmer—the needs and tastes of country people, and a world of other information that every advertiser should digest and profit by. The Book is sent free for a request on your business letter head.

The December number of Farm Journal will go to press November 5th. Over 800,000 copies. Send along your copy.

Wilmer Atkinson Company
Publishers

FARM JOURNAL
"Unlike Any Other Paper."
Philadelphia

[illegible], have you [illegible] Journal's [illegible] Record book? It is in [illegible] office where it can be kept [illegible], or it is

The Hall of Fame, New York

YOU'LL like all our new overcoat models this fall; all good. This button-through style for young men is one of the best.

The Style Book shows things; our mark in clothes is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

New York Boston Chicago

FITFORM CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

FITFORM CLOTHES — the very name expresses or implies about all the qualities a superior make of clothing could possess. Clothes that fit correctly — that's one. Clothes with the kind of workmanship and materials to make them fit — that's another. Clothes that are distinctive because they fit *you* — that's a third. When clothes excel in these respects, you would expect to find them notable in pattern, style, value — and you do.

YOU'LL like these clothes, Young Men. You'll discover in them all the latest ideas and style features. There are suits with two or three button coats of varying length, close fitting in the waist or loose back, and different style lapels. There are overcoats of medium length or long, big, roomy coats with the convertible collar, or any style for whatever purpose or occasion required. Because these clothes have all the qualities indicated by the name, we guarantee them absolutely and have instructed every retail merchant who sells them to do the same. Buy them with confidence.

Write for Style Book and McFall Art Poster

EDERHEIMER, STEIN & CO., CHICAGO

OVERBOARD

Continued from Page 17

eyes strained eagerly through darkness, mist and rain for a first glimpse of the mammoth figure of my friend. We made fast. The rain continued to beat down and I continued to keep watch and make excuses with a sinking heart.

We began unloading steers. Steers, steers, steers, went clattering from deck to dock. An hour passed; two hours; yet Peters did not come. Grimly I fought against a growing terror. Vainly I strove to put out of my mind a hideous picture that kept coming back and back and back, causing successive chills to ripple up my spine until the wet hair bristled on my neck. It was a horrid vision that I had of Peters' body flopping inertly on the waves as it "suffered a sea change" somewhere off Boston Light.

When several hundred head of cattle were unloaded we cast off and proceeded to the Manchester Canal. We had hardly got under way when Captain Evans sent for me. Closely followed by my guard I went up to his cabin, where I found him with the mate.

"We have made eenquiries," said the captain coldly; "the man Peters is not here. Ye will appear before the board of trade tomorrow." Then turning to the mate he ordered: "Mr. Peebles, do your duty."

Without a word the mate bent over and clasped a pair of medieval looking leg-irons about my ankles. Then I was taken down and thrust into a little cabin, outside the door of which a sailor was detailed to watch.

Tired and wet as I was, I could not think of sleep. Throughout the remainder of the night I listened to the beating rain and thought about poor Peters. From the moment that I had begun to doubt his coming I had blamed myself severely. I knew now that, regardless of his wishes, I should have given the alarm when he jumped overboard. Why, oh, why had I not known it then? How could I ever manage to explain it to his family? How could I even face them? I could see his mother and his sisters standing round me, crying and accusing me. Of course they'd know I hadn't thrown him overboard, but they would hate me almost as bitterly as though I had done it.

Dawn and daylight trickled through the porthole without my having closed my eyes. Some one brought me breakfast, but I could not eat. We docked. I heard the last steers go clattering ashore. I was ordered to dress myself. Apathetically I did so. Then, flanked on either side by an enormous British bobby, I left the boat and took up my position in the column that was forming to convoy me to the board of trade.

First marched Captain Evans; I followed, with my escort; then came the three mates abreast; after them the purser, behind whom ranged the cook, the carpenter, the bo'sun and other petty dignitaries and finally a block or two of crew and bull-pushers, stepping along as joyfully as though they were to see a hanging.

The boardroom into which we marched was a supremely British chamber, dark-paneled, heavily furnished, ponderously dignified, gloomy and depressing. In the middle of a dais that ran along one wall sat the chairman, an old Scot, whose vast beard ran down and disappeared beneath the surface of his desk. Below him, grouped about a massive table, were eleven sturdy Britons with faces like walruses.

The officers of the Bostonia grouped themselves at the left of the room, petty officers, tars, bull-pushers and policemen stood at the back, and I was placed in the raised docket to the right.

"Young mon," rumbled the chairman, having got order with his gavel, "ye stand accused of monslaughter upon the high seas. Hov ye onnything to remar-rk?"

"No," I said. The proceedings did not interest me. I could only think of Peters.

The chairman put on his glasses, took up the log-book, and in a droning, burring voice began reading the account that I had written of the pedigree, birth, education and characteristics of one W. Peters. It made me shudder then, that flippant nonsense I had penned of him who lay so far from wind and stars!

A great sob rose in my throat. I choked it back and, turning in my chair, desperately concentrated my attention upon the mural decoration on the wall that backed the dais. I see that painting now as though it were before my eyes—the white-draped, helmeted female enthroned above the chairman's head, one brick-red hand containing cotton, the other clasped about a trident, the reclining figures of a mermaid and a plump and placid lady robed in red, with the horn of plenty in her lap, at either side; the muscular brown men, nude save for leather aprons, holding hammers motionless aloft above an anvil; the female figures at a loom; the mother with a babe at breast and a child at either knee; the father with a skin the color of an old suitcase, grubbing at the margin with a stone-age hoe; the litter of symbolic shields and ships' propellers and bales of cotton and various cog-wheels.

You know the sort of painting: the kind of mural decoration that they put in all the city halls and libraries and courthouses and boards of trade on earth. Art by the foot, in reds and blues and browns, washed over with a fog of diluted white; something rawer than an onion and funnier than Punch. It was no tribute to the painter that I looked upon his work with eyes that burned with scalding tears.

I do not know how long I had been gazing when my attention was distracted by a commotion among the cattlemen and sailors near the door. As I turned I saw the first mate and the captain leap to their feet with startled exclamations. Some one had come in. From my elevated position I saw at once that it was some one who towered almost a full head above the men who crowded eagerly about him; some one with a bland, easy-going smile; some one whom I wished to see just then, as I have never wished to see another mortal on this earth.

"Peters!" I bellowed, jumping from my chair.

He gave me a jaunty wave with his left hand; a score of men were shaking madly at the right. But there was one who thought my hand deserved some shaking too. Jerry, the "other" murderer, came running down the room and wrung it, though no less heartily, I hope, than I wrung his.

Meanwhile the chairman was banging on his desk and calling for order.

"W. Peters," he said devoutly, when the hubbub had subsided, "ye may get doon on yer knees and thenk the leeving God ye aren't drooned!"

"Mr. Chairman!" cried the captain, evidently irritated at the comfortable turn that things were taking, "this man signed my vessel's articles. I wish to prosecute him for desertion."

"And I," said Peters, quite unruffled, "wish to lay a charge of criminal negligence against the captain. While suffering from seasickness caused by the disgusting odors and food aboard his ship I slipped and fell overboard. The captain was on the bridge at the time, but didn't pay the least attention to my cries. I was, therefore, obliged to abandon a brand-new pair of overalls at sea, swim ashore and appear in a respectable Boston hotel, dressed in a pair of old pants loaned by a wharf-rat and the blanket out of a taxicab. Then I had to pay my fare to New York and over here on a liner. I expect damages."

The bull-pushers, who, having finished their service, could no longer be reached by nautical discipline, greeted this brazen comeback with howls of delight.

The chairman beckoned the captain; after a brief whispered conclave he addressed himself again to Peters.

"In view," he said, "of the totally deeferent version of the matter that yer companion has writ in the log, I should recommend for yer best eenterests that ye weethdraw yer charge, providin' Captain Evans has mercy upon ye and does not press his compleent."

"Very well, sir," said Peters, making a show of weighing the matter. "I'll let him off this time, but he must be more careful in the future."

The captain sniffed scornfully and made as though to speak.

"Session adjourned," said the chairman. Then as the officers and crew departed he called Peters up and gave him the watch and the pocketbook.

"Ye're a wild blade, Peters," he said, as he handed them over. "Say, now where'd ye picked up, lad?"

"No, sir," Peters replied. "A yacht tried it, but I swam under water and

Look carefully at the label on this box.

It is the distinguishing mark of Flor de Mendel, a cigar made of finest Havana wrapped in the best Sumatra. Rich, fragrant and mild—a satisfying smoke. The real smoker likes

FLOR DE MENDEL

Try one—you'll like it. 3 for 25c, 10c straight, 2 for 25c—according to size. Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $3.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY
202 East 100th Street New York

Anxious Moments

WAITING at the door for a husband who must spend his day amid innumerable chances of accident has its anxious moments.

There is no excuse for having them burdened with additional anxiety about what is to become of the family if the breadwinner does not come.

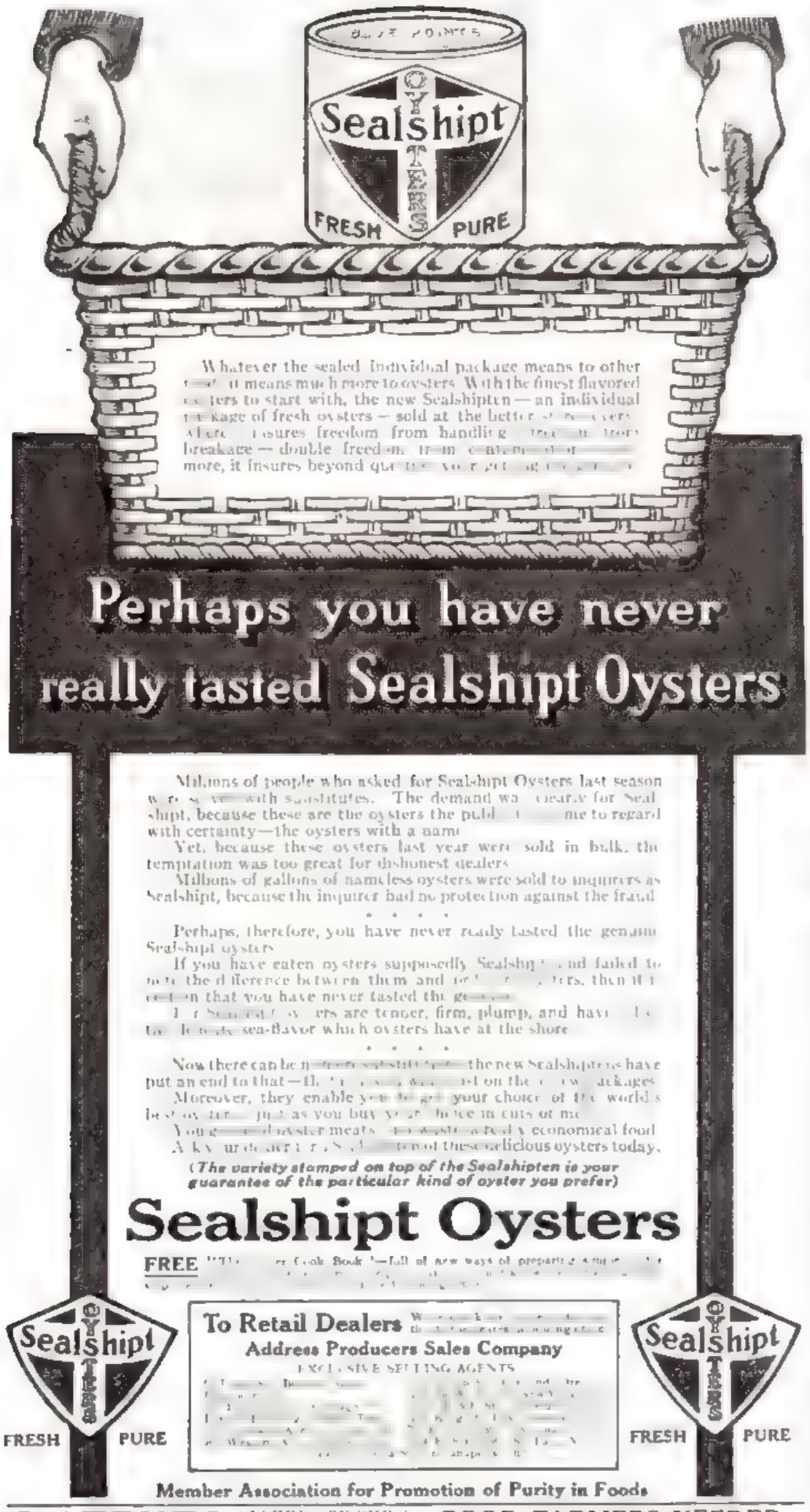
No man with a wife waiting for his return should try to do without an accident policy when a large amount of insurance can be obtained for less than seven cents a day in the oldest and strongest of all accident companies.

MORAL:—Insure in THE TRAVELERS

Use this coupon, or ask your broker for particulars regarding accident insurance.

The Travelers Insurance Company
HARTFORD, CONN.
Send me particulars regarding Accident Insurance.

Name
S. Evg. Post Address


Sealshipt
FRESH PURE
Whatever the sealed individual package means to other
it means much more to oysters. With the finest flavored
oysters to start with, the new Sealshipten — an individual
package of fresh oysters — sold at the better
Also insures freedom from handling
breakage — double freedom
more, it insures beyond
Perhaps you have never really tasted Sealshipt Oysters
Millions of people who asked for Sealshipt Oysters last season
with substitutes. The demand was
shipt, because these are the oysters the public has come to regard
with certainty—the oysters with a name
Yet, because these oysters last year were sold in bulk, the
temptation was too great for dishonest dealers
Millions of gallons of nameless oysters were sold to inquirers as
Sealshipt, because the inquirer had no protection against the fraud
Perhaps, therefore, you have never really tasted the genuine
Sealshipt oysters
If you have eaten oysters supposedly Sealshipt and failed to
note the difference between them and
tion that you have never tasted the
Sealshipt oysters are tender, firm, plump, and have
delicate sea-flavor which oysters have at the shore
Now there can be
put an end to that—
Moreover, they enable you to get your choice of the world's
best oysters just as you buy your choice in cuts of meat
Young
A
(The variety stamped on top of the Sealshipten is your guarantee of the particular kind of oyster you prefer)
Sealshipt Oysters
FREE
To Retail Dealers
Address Producers Sales Company
EXCLUSIVE SELLING AGENTS
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FRESH PURE
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FRESH PURE
Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED
Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. Washington, D. C.

GOOD FARMERS NEEDED
In Escambia County, Florida. Excellent climate, easily tilled soil, abundant good water, well distributed rainfall. Uncle Sam says "

PARIS GARTERS
No Metal Can Touch You

In the field or in the woods—at play or hard at work there's comfort and satisfaction for the wearer of
PARIS GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
Sold 'round the World
Look for the name PARIS on every garter.
25c
50c
A. STEIN & COMPANY, Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave.
CHICAGO - - - U.S.A.

I shook them off. The water was fine." Then: "I'm no longer under marine authority, am I, sir?"

"No," said the chairman, "ye're not; but it's lucky for ye that Captain Evans deedn't see fit to prosecute."

"An officer on the liner assured me he wouldn't," said Peters quite frankly. "You see my counter-charge would take up his time and make lots of talk."

"Ye young deevil!" said the chairman.

* * * * *

Leaving the board of trade we went to the ship and carried our luggage ashore. As we landed the mate crossed the dock.

"So!" he snarled. "there you are, eh, you blood."

"For which," said Peters in a perfectly conversational tone as he planted a hamlike right upon the mate's mouth, "you get yours, as I told you you would."

A sailor brought water and towels to the mate and we walked away. We had not gone far when we were hailed from behind, and turning saw Jerry Murphy making after us a package in one hand, a stick in the other.

We stopped.

"Some av the sailors are after sendin' ye this," he said, coming up and putting the package into my hand. "The way yer fr'ind handled the bloody fir-rst mate appealed to their betther natures."

I thought it more tactful not to open the package at the moment. It felt like a jewel-case.

I thanked him.

"Don't!" said Jerry, holding up one hand. "'Tis shaming the devil ye are."

Then he handed the stick to Peters.

"'Tis as stout a bit av blackthorn," he declared, "as ever the ould sod grew. I presint it, Mr. Peters, with the compliments av the Hibernian mimbers av the Bostonia's crew. Ye'll sure find some av us to give ye a thrue Irish welcome any time ye sthrike Quanestown. Be sure ye dhrop in there, lad, if ye iver find yerself swimmin' by Ireland."

A Mighty Instrument

WE PRESERVE in museums examples of weapons made for slaying men in other ages of the world, ingenious things in their days, on which we go forward continually to improve. The plow, on the other hand, is one of those simple and well-nigh perfect things, and has required but little improvement from the time the first man in the Valley of the Nile dragged a forked stick behind an ox. Later on some one bethought shod it with iron. You may still see that sort of plow today in Mexico or along the Nile. Northern Europe, out of whose cold expanded most of our civilization, was perhaps first to make that pattern of the mouldboard that presently was perfected, some two hundred years ago, in Northern England.

At about the time the city of St. Louis was founded, long before we became a republic, this form of the mouldboard plow was first used on this continent of ours. Iron was the material for another hundred years, until a man living in Illinois began to fashion plowshares out of sawblades. The mouldboard plow with share of steel, in a form simple, perfect and almost changeless, has done our work since then for the most part. The ax, the rifle, the canoe and the plow are great, simple things—tremendous things, each in its way—in our history. Each of them is the implement of the individual man. Of late a few men have combined, saying that they alone shall make plows or sell plows. That is to set them and their product above the individual user of that product—to make the plow the master and not the servant of the man who uses it. That this should be attempted is but a further instance of the vagaries of human effort. It will pass. The plow is the sword of the individual man, the weapon of humanity—and humanity is first of all, after all.

Of late, also, men have harnessed many plows together and drawn them by machines fed by steam or the vapor of gasoline. Such an engine will turn under my plowman's forty acres in three days' time. Let the team stand yonder sleeping under a roof of shingles and out of thatch. Let the plowman ride now far above the ground he turns. Let the ripping shares throw in following furrows the earth lately green, soon to be gray. Does that mean that the plowman still is our servant? No; it means only that more and more he is our master—that more and more we must depend on him.

Feather Cake
Here's a fine embellishment for a luncheon or dinner—Follow the recipe carefully—be sure you use Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour—the only cake flour—For you cannot do justice to this most delicious cake with ordinary flour—You can get
SWANS DOWN
Prepared
CAKE FLOUR
If our grocer hasn't it in stock, write us and we
"Cake Secrets" Book of
It's Free.
Feather Cake
Recipe Book
Free
IGLEHEART BROTHERS
EVANSVILLE, IND

Hunting with a
Pennsylvania Knit Coat
on your back, means comfort and satisfaction to you.
Pennsylvania Knit Coats are all made of best to be had yarns, sleeves are woven smoothly to the
unbreakable
lasting wear and

Pennsylvania Knit Coat
The Pennsylvania Knitting Mills
1010-12-14 Race Street
Philadelphia

"RANGER" BICYCLES
FACTORY PRICES
A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8
10 Days' Free Trial
We ship on approval,
DO NOT BUY a
Coaster Brake Rear Wheels
Rider
TIRES
Agents
Write today
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept M-55 CHICAGO

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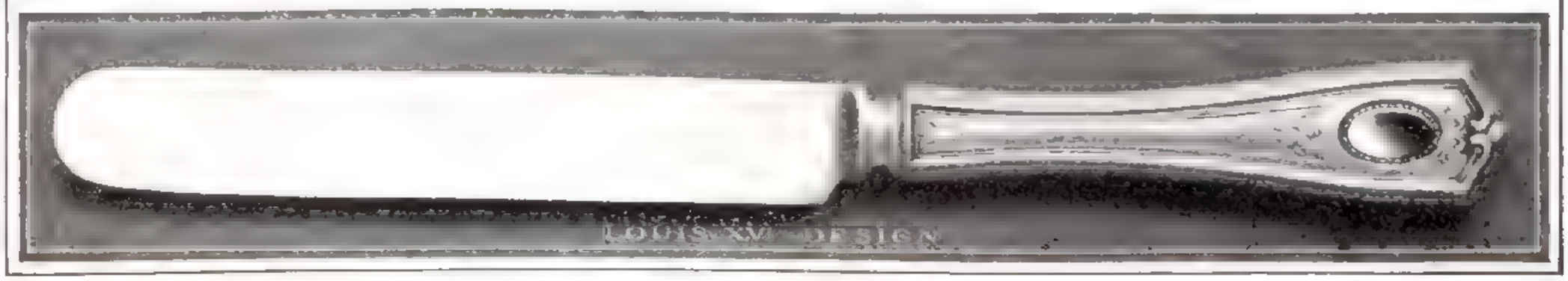
By ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD.

"I've just got to look, Bob."
"Everybody'll know we're just married."
"Well, they can't bite us for *that.* In fact they might congratulate you."
"Ouch! No fair!"
"Then say I'm as nice looking as this silver."
"My dear, you have it beaten for temper, and on looks you're both about even."

COMMUNITY SILVER

has all the beauty of form and grace of line which the artistic eye can wish. The patterns are classic in feeling, with that fine restraint that marks the superior person. Its designs are often mistaken for "sterling," but our ideals are too high to be especially complimented by that.

Best Plate Made Guaranteed for 50 Years Six Teaspoons, $2.00, at your dealer's



¶ Any Community Silver customer can obtain *free*, two Coles Phillips posters of this series. These posters contain no reading or advertising matter, and are printed on plate paper suitable for framing. Ask your silverware dealer to show you these pictures and to get them for you.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.

A Rich Man's Coffee

Barrington Hall has been spoken of as a coffee for rich people, and it is, in so far as it is the best coffee that money can buy, and the best naturally commands the highest price. But it is even more the poor man's coffee, as a pound of coffee Baker-ized makes from 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee.

A more important fact is that

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

can be used and enjoyed by those who cannot drink ordinary coffee. The same process that makes it the most economical, also makes it the most wholesome coffee.

* * * * *

Excess of tannin, the astringent principle in coffee, is the most frequent objection to its use. Thus, Baker-izing corrects in two ways.

Everything that does not make coffee flavor is taken out by delicately adjusted machines and the pure coffee that remains is cut into fine, even pieces. When the boiling water is poured upon them, it dissolves out the essential oil from each piece simultaneously. There is none wasted.

If coffee is drawn beyond the proper stage, the injurious tannin is released. It is plain, therefore, that all the oil cannot be extracted from the larger pieces in irregularly ground coffee without releasing the tannin in the smaller particles. Such coffee is at best a compromise.

* * * * *

Anyone with the proper regard for health could well afford to pay $1.00 for the 60 to 70 cups of delicious coffee that a pound of Barrington Hall will make. Still it is sold by grocers at from 40 to 45c per pound, according to locality. Have you never tried Barrington Hall? You must do so at once. (See coupon.) Learn what true coffee economy is.

TRIAL CAN FREE

Baker Importing Co.
116 Hudson St.
New York, N. Y.

Please send as advertised a free sample can, enough to make 6 cups Barrington Hall Coffee. In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name _____

Address

THE DEFICIT

(Continued from Page 4)

Until you passed me on the train yesterday afternoon I had resolved never to see you again. I am sorry for that resolve, and have amended it to this extent: I will be mighty happy to come back after I have made good. I bear you no ill-will—in fact, you're a dear, good old father, but your money's counterfeit so far as it concerns your son William. You can't do anything for me because I won't let you. You got me down and you beat me for the good of my soul, but you hurt something away inside of me, and until I get over it you have heard the last of

Your son,
WILLIAM.

IV

THAT night William Godfrey Lovett slept on a pile of sacks back of the railroad station. He awoke early next morning with a very insistent call for breakfast manifesting itself in the guise of a gnawing pain in his stomach and another in his head. He was dizzy with abstinence from food—and drink; yet by exerting a mighty effort his almost disintegrated will power obeyed him long enough to permit him to purchase a postal money order and a stamp. He sealed the letter hurriedly and dropped it in the letter-box, for fear his distress might rout his pride, and then sought a neat little cottage he had observed on the outskirts of the town as he entered it the night before. Perhaps the reader will wonder why William happened to notice this particular house. The answer is easy. There was an immense pile of cordwood in the back yard, and on the front gate William had observed a white X. He had stayed in the hobo camp near Redding long enough to be initiated into some of the mystic symbolisms of the Order of Bo; hence he knew that some member in good standing, having approached this house with a request for a "hand-out" or a "mooch," had been offered the privileges of a bucksaw prior to indulging his appetite. Having been "stung" thereby he had chalked a cross on the front gate—the X representing a sawbuck—as a warning to the brotherhood to give the house in question a wide berth.

Nevertheless, faint and hungry as he was, William resolved to fly in the face of precedent and saw wood. An angular female with thin, uncompromising features, came to the front door in response to his knock and surveyed him questioningly.

William lifted his hat with all the charm and grace of a boulevardier. "I would like to saw some wood for you in return for a square meal."

"Lawsy," murmured the angular female, "are you a tramp?"

"Madam," replied William, "owing to some unfortunate defects in my early education I am one of the great army of unemployed. In its purely sociological sense, however, the term 'tramp' is a misnomer when applied to me."

"Well, I do declare! If this ain't a surprise! You haven't called me 'lady,' you haven't come to the back door, and I'll just bet you never sawed a stick of wood in all your born life. Are you quite sure you want to saw wood?"

"Lead me to the bucksaw," said William.

"Would you care to eat before—or after?"

"After," said William faintly.

The woman chopped hard on her false teeth and there was a ghost of a smile around her hard mouth as she looked her visitor over.

"Come in, young man," she said, "and don't tell me any more lies. Breakfast is ready."

"I insist upon earning my breakfast," began William defiantly.

"I can pay in advance if I choose," snapped his hostess; "and if you think I'm going to deny myself the fun of watching a city dude wrestle with a stick of cordwood you're shy on a sense of humor."

"What a very remarkable woman!" thought William as he followed her into a neat kitchen.

To a man in William's condition there is nothing that so closely approximates the orthodox idea of Paradise as a saucer of prunes, three soft-boiled eggs, a stack of buckwheat cakes and two cups of good coffee.

"By Jupiter, I was hungry!" he remarked with boyish sincerity, and glanced gratefully at his forbidding hostess. Again the ghost of a smile played round the hard mouth, but the woman's eyes were hard and cruel.

"Come out to the woodshed now and I'll show you the difference between a bucksaw and a sawbuck," she said.

With the cessation of his hunger pangs William felt that no world was too great for him to conquer, and the pile of peeled oak cordwood had no terrors for him. Where ignorance is bliss it is foolish to underestimate peeled oak cordwood. At the end of an hour William's hands were covered with blisters, and it seemed as if the very weight of his shirt must cause his aching back to collapse. Nevertheless, he stuck faithfully to his task, and at the end of the second hour his employer brought him out a strip of bacon rind with some fat on it, wherewith he might lubricate the recalcitrant blade of the bucksaw. As a result of the unaccustomed exercise William was so hungry by this time that he had hard work to refrain from eating the bacon rind.

By eleven o'clock he had succeeded in sawing about a fifth of a cord of wood, and it was then borne in upon his consciousness that, come what would, live or die, survive or perish, it behooved him to stick by that woodpile until twelve o'clock, for he must have luncheon at any cost. He wondered if the meal would be spread promptly at twelve o'clock. If he wasn't called until twelve-fifteen he knew that he would faint, and if he had to wait until twelve-thirty death was inevitable. He wondered what the percentage of suicides was among men who made their living sawing wood.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the female slave-driver appeared in the back doorway.

"Dinner's ready," she called.

"The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell," quoted William with a pitiful attempt to appear jocular. "Thank the good Lord it's dinner! I was afraid it was only going to be luncheon, and there's such a vast difference."

He staggered over to the pump to lave his bleeding hands and let the cool water roll over his throbbing head. He had been stroke oar on the 'Varsity crew and had helped to pull a barge to victory over many a hard-fought course, but never in all his previous existence had he known such utter exhaustion. When he found himself at the table he was almost too tired to eat.

His employer looked him over and there was hearty approbation in her cold glance.

"Let me see those lily hands of yours," she demanded.

William held up the remnants of his sole assets in trade and glanced at her piteously.

"You'll be a man some day," remarked this sage female. "You're spunky. I like spunk. Folks in this country get four dollars a cord and their meals for sawing peeled oak. I ca'late you've sawed a quarter of a cord, and that's good work. You've got one dollar coming to you, young man."

"Thank you very much," said William. "That's an awful lot of money."

"I hope you won't buy drink with it."

"I shall never spend it."

"Why?"

"Because it will be the first dollar I have ever earned in all my worthless life. I'm going to hang on to that dollar always. And now, if you'll furnish me with some clean rags to tie around the handle of that bucksaw, I'll tackle the balance of the pile. I need the other three dollars."

At ten o'clock that night William Godfrey Lovett finished the cord of peeled oak, after which he borrowed a towel from the widow and went down to the river for a swim. This refreshed him greatly, and a few minutes later when he crept into the woodshed and wrapped himself up in an old quilt and a horseblanket that he found there, he dropped off to sleep with a rapidity calculated to inspire one with the idea, had he been there to observe the proceedings, that a stick of the all but fatal cordwood had collided with the outcast's head.

When William awoke next morning his first thought was that he had been in a railroad wreck. Every muscle in his body ached, and the mere process of turning over and stretching his legs caused him to groan with pain. When finally he managed to crawl out and proceed to the pump for his morning ablutions the grim female came out and proffered breakfast and four dollars. William gratefully accepted.

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The Standard of America

"Sampeck Clothes" Have Created An American Standard

FOR thirty odd years the "*Sampeck*" idea has been to tailor Boys' and Children's Clothing "a little better." "*Sampeck Clothes*" have become Nationally celebrated, because they are tailored and shaped with a consideration for Style effect as great as is bestowed upon the best Custom Clothes for Men and Young Men.

Once you have your boy try on a "*Sampeck*" Suit or Overcoat, you will never let him wear any other, because you will realize that no other make of Boys' Clothes was ever so becoming to him. This is a somewhat positive statement, but you can easily prove it at your Clothiers.

Write for Illustrative Style Book, Departments 2 and 3.

SAMUEL W. PECK & CO.
New York

"Styled in New York"

"Sampeck Clothes"
The Standard of America

Regent Sandown

THE REGENT is a "*Sampeck*" Dressy Coat, with leanings to the English idea. Soft, roll lapel; shoulders inclining more to the natural. A *Corking* good Coat to wear over English Cut Suits—as, for instance, "*Sampeck*" "THREADNEEDLE"—the "*Sampeck*" style which speaks with an "English accent."

THE SANDOWN is a "*Sampeck*" Raglan-Shoulder, Button-through Overcoat. A most attractive outer garment, giving as it does, a wide latitude of choice in fabrics for its making. Fancy Fabrics and Raglans are "affinities." These garments are full of style expression, distinctively different from the conventional "Ready Made."

Try on "*Sampeck Clothes*" at your Clothier's, and note this difference.

Write for Illustrative Style-Book, Dept. 1.

Samuel W. Peck & Co.
New York

Styled in New York

An hour later, when he struck off once more up the track, his hands still throbbed, his back still ached and his knees wobbled weakly under him, but in his trousers pocket jingled four great silver dollars earned by the sweat of his brow, and he was content, for he had at last assimilated the great fundamental basis of high finance.

He had learned the exact value of a dollar.

THAT day, by dint of walking and a ride stolen on a freight, William managed to make La Moyne. Here he made directly toward the seat of a culinary odor by the very simple process of following his nose. It led him to the cookhouse of a sugar pine sawmill, where he cast his pride to the winds and helped a Chinese cook wash up his supper dishes and earned a rugged repast for his industry. In the evening he went over to the local general merchandise store and bought two red cotton comforters for seventy-five cents each, climbed into an empty box car on a siding, and slept the sleep of the weary. Some time during the night he felt his temporary abode jarred by a "kick" from a switch engine, but he was too sleepy and tired to investigate. In the morning when he awoke he discovered that his box car was moving.

How long it had been moving William did not know. A little frightened he sought the door and endeavored to open it, but failed. He was locked in; and suddenly he remembered having read in the newspapers stories of tramps who had been inadvertently locked up in box cars, shunted on to a lonely siding and left to die of starvation, thirst and suffocation.

While he was pondering over his desperate plight the train came to a stop, and William could hear a man running down a board platform just outside his prison. With a yell he hurled himself at the door, kicking it and pounding it with his lacerated hands like a demon, and in about five minutes a brakeman came and slid the door back from its fastenings.

"Thanks awfully, old man," said William, always polite, and leaped out of his side-door Pullman, his red comforters under his arm. The brakeman threw a rock at him, but missed, and William, remembering his experience with the railroad policeman in Sacramento and trembling for the first dollar he had ever earned, fled due east from the tracks and paused not until he reached a building that bore the legend Hotel Montague.

William was relieved. He was in Montague, and it pleased him to reflect that he had placed more than four hundred miles between himself and his father.

He entered the hotel and deposited his roll of bedding in a corner of the waiting room. From the dining room near by he could hear the welcome sound of rattling crockery and scraping of chairs, and presently a man came out of the dining room, approached a young woman presiding behind the office counter, and presented her with twenty-five cents.

"Gee whillikens," murmured William to himself, "two bits for breakfast! That's cheap enough for me, so here goes."

He hurried into the dining room at once, partook of a plain but wholesome breakfast, and returning to the hotel office proffered the young woman behind the counter twenty-five cents. She eyed him for a moment and then delivered to him his second lesson in finance.

"Fifty cents for transients," she said.

It was rank cruelty. William Godfrey Lovett, who had spent as high as a thousand dollars for a dinner more times than he had fingers and toes, glared at the young woman. Glared is the word. If looks could have slain, William would have been guilty of murder.

"It's a confounded outrage," he burst forth.

"Fifty cents, please."

"It's a hold-up, an extortion ——"

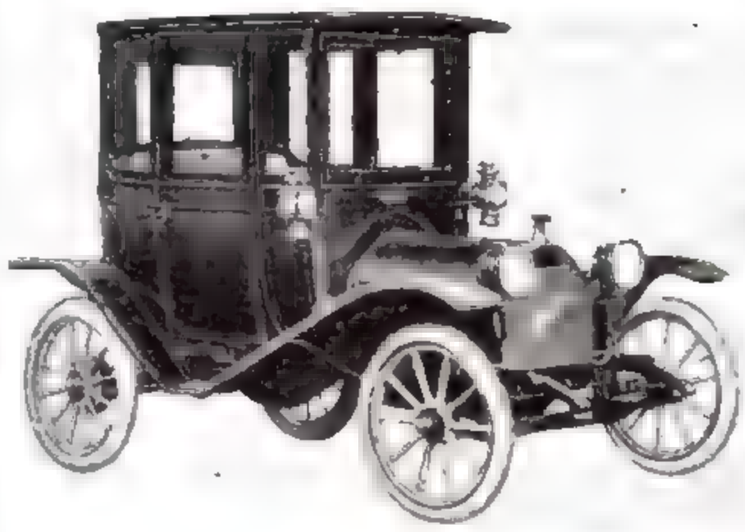
The young woman patted her back hair and surveyed herself in a little hand mirror.

"I suppose you think I don't work for my money," continued William. "I look like a fellow who locks himself up in a safe-deposit vault, twice a year, in order to be alone while he clips coupons from Government bonds, don't I?"

"If you please . . . fifty cents. . . . Thank you."

"Any charge for staying in town for an hour or two?" inquired William acidly.

"No, not unless the constable sees you. He is very suspicious of men with red comforters, and if they happen to have any



Three-Passenger Coupé—$1100 f. o. b. Detroit
Equipped with electric headlights, combination side and tail lamps; dome light inside; shock absorbers in front; 31 x 3½ inch rear tires; horn and tools. Interchangeable runabout body with Coupé, only $50 extra.

Consider the luxury of this $1100 Enclosed Hupmobile

More Hupmobile Coupés were sold last year than any other enclosed car of its type.

The reason is obvious.

The Hupmobile Coupé ceased to be an interesting experiment and became a pleasant certainty two seasons ago.

Consider the coziness and comfort of this enclosed car on sharp, chilly mornings, to and from the office; and back again to the house on wet or wintry evenings.

Consider its convenience for about-town business-trips — for the journeys to and from the depot; for shopping purposes; for the theatre trips and afternoon calls.

There is not a member of the family, from the baby upward, that does not partake of its luxury.

And all this at such blessedly small expense.

There is no doubt at all but that the limousine is the height of motor car luxury—and the Hupmobile Coupé attains limousine luxury at an infinitely lower cost of upkeep.

Your first cost of the Hupmobile Coupé is less than the average depreciation you would have every reason to expect in the largest and costliest car.

Ten dollars a month ought to cover your cost of operation of your Hupmobile Coupé—according to the experience of scores of owners.

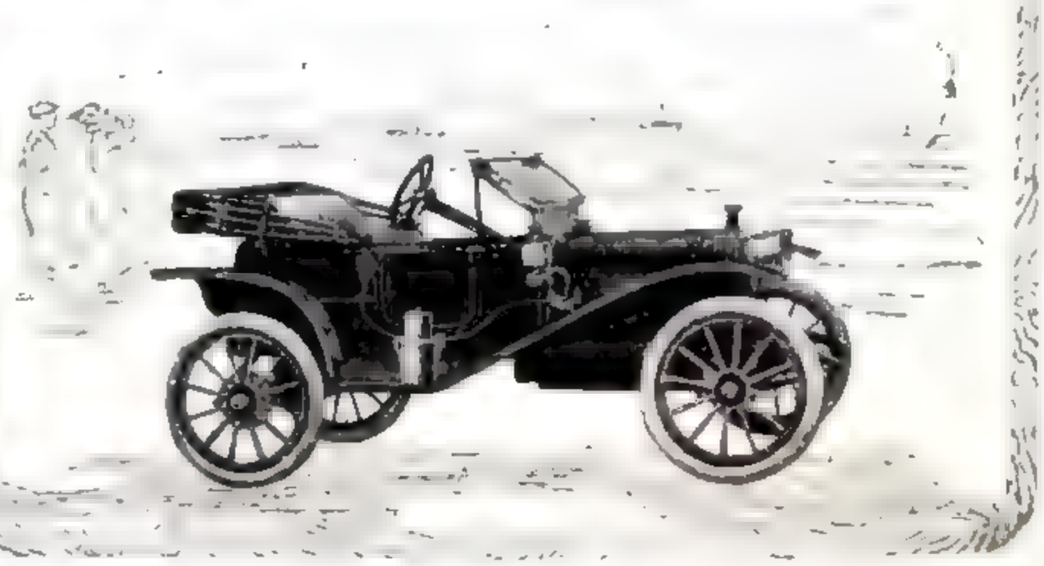
Ask your Hupmobile dealer to take you for a spin some day in Autumn or early Winter, when conditions overhead and underfoot are unpleasant—and see how completely you escape the discomforts of those who go on foot or by trolley or in an open motor car.

Then figure how little this really great convenience and comfort cost you—and act accordingly.

If you wish, your Hupmobile can be convertible into a Hupmobile Runabout for $50.

Runabout—$750 f. o. b. Detroit
Including complete equipment of top, windshield, gas lamps and generator; three oil lamps, tools and horn.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1229 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.



The Vital Five Minutes

Are the *First* Five After the Fire Starts!

Here is pictured in a simple, realistic way, an accident that may happen any night in *your* home. It's common happenings like this (without proper protection) that run up our annual fire loss to

A Quarter Billion Dollars

—besides destroying thousands of precious human lives.

Statistics show 75% of all these appalling fires could have been controlled with practically little or no loss. For most fires—even the worst—are detected at the start and could be easily killed by a

Pyrene TRADE-MARK

FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Moreover, statistics show that 90% of all lives lost last year through fire were lost at these fires that could have, and should have, been prevented.

• • •

The most astounding thing about Pyrene is its power to conquer *any* fire—no matter how the fire starts or what is burning.

Kerosene, gasolene, acetylene, electric fires, coal tar and chimney fires, gas fires, or any other kind of fire you ever heard of. It smothers, chokes and kills a kind, rendering it harmless to machinery, food stuffs, fabrics, or any other material. It will not freeze, there's nothing in it to explode, it cannot evaporate and will never deteriorate with age.

The Quart Pyrene gun weighs, filled, only five pounds, is 14 inches long 3 inches in diameter and [illegible] enameled. There is no [illegible] Now the whole outfit is nearly so inexpensive. These are some of the reasons why Pyrene is now in thousands of homes, garages and boathouses, and has become the preferred extinguisher by the largest electric plants, railroads, traction companies and corporations.

WRITE FOR

"The Vital Five Minutes"—a descriptive booklet with the actual experience of others who have saved their property when in danger of total loss.

Write now while you realize your need of Pyrene. Use coupon. Address

Pyrene Mfg. Co., 1358 Broadway, New York City

COUPON

I am interested in the prevention of dangerous fires. Please send me free book.

Name _____

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funds in their possession the justice of the peace has a habit of fining them whatever the amount happens to be."

William snorted contemptuously. "I'd manhandle your old constable and take his big tin star away from him!"

"My, what a long tail our cat has!"

William looked hard at his persecutor and was amazed to observe that she was smiling at him. For the first time he was aware that she was an extremely pleasant-looking young lady, and he noticed that her hair was all her own. It was brown hair, very thick and rebellious, and her violet eyes flashed mischievously from under lashes that are rarely seen except on beautiful babies. She wore an immaculate white shirtwaist with a red four-in-hand tie, and her hands were small and brown, with dimples on every knuckle. Instinctively William knew that he had acted a trifle boorishly. She saw the contrition in his naturally good-natured, good-looking face, and her mouth puckered in a quizzical chuckle.

"What has happened to Mr. Lovett, that he must carry his bed on his back and quarrel with a cashier over twenty-five cents?" inquired this vision sweetly.

William Godfrey Lovett set down his roll of bedding and stared at her.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "I never saw you before in all my life."

"Of course not," continued the girl. "I never expected that Bill Lovett, stroke oar on the 'Varsity crew, would notice me. Are you really hard up for that quarter, Mr. Lovett? If you are I'll pass you through at the local rates."

William struggled to stand meekly under the gaff. "I sawed peeled oak cordwood for that quarter," he said desperately, "and naturally I hated to give it up. May I inquire your name?"

"No. I judge that you're a bird of passage, and since we shall not meet again what's the use?"

"Every use in the world," said William brightly. "You see, I'm going to live in Montague—that is, if I can land a job somewhere."

It is a sad commentary on the inconsistency and general unreliability of William Lovett when we observe with what ease and rapidity he shifted his plans. He had started for Alaska, and yet all in the space of a single minute he had made up his mind that Montague offered a virgin field for his peculiar talents.

"What can you do?"

William thought he detected an undue emphasis on the pronoun, though it is possible that he was mistaken in this. However, there is no denying that there was frank curiosity in the young woman's tones.

"I can saw wood," snapped William. "I'm the champion bucksaw performer of Siskiyou County, and once I used to ride pretty well and I know a thing or two about cattle. Won't you please, please tell me your name?"

"I might—if you'll promise to invest this hard-earned quarter in a shave. In your present state you resemble a hobo, and I suggest the shave for the reason that you will then resemble—a—your old self to the extent, at least, of hoodwinking the constable."

"Well, I am a hobo, and I can't help looking the part, can I? Still, it's a comfort to know that you wouldn't care to see me arrested for vagrancy."

The girl flushed under William's gentle irony. Something told her that if she crossed conversational swords with Mr. Lovett she would fare but poorly. Still her feminine instinct to probe him was hard to resist, so she said:

"You seem to have lost your pride with your money."

"Certainly," retorted William, now entirely at his ease, "haven't you ever heard that pride goes before a fall?"

"Yes."

"Well, you didn't get the straight of it. Pride never goes before a fall. It goes hand in hand with it. They make the leap together."

"You are a wit, I see."

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me," chanted William.

"Your hair is a little gray on the temples."

"I suppose so. I've lived a little bit."

"Learned anything?"

"The value of a dollar. You must have observed that."

The girl laughed. "I spent last winter in San Francisco," she said, "and I saw you at a cotillion. Some girls pointed you out to me as the wild Bill Lovett. They said you were very popular because you threw your money away by the handful. I'm glad to find out for myself that they libeled you."

"Thank you for that," said William. "It helps some. I wanted to be popular—with you."

"I spoke of money—not popularity."

William sighed. "Take back the quarter," he said sadly.

The girl laughed a genuine, hearty laugh.

"Do you still ——"

"No, I haven't had a drink in five days."

The girl flushed angrily. "I didn't mean that."

"Granted. Still you have heard my history. . . . What, you refuse to take back that quarter? Thank you ever so much. I'm popular two bits' worth anyhow, and that's a great comfort. It gives me grounds to hope that the next time we meet, if I look respectable and all that, I may be permitted to make you my best Chesterfieldian bow and say good morning."

The girl was serious now. There was a hint of irony and dogged defiance of the world and its amenities in his speech, and intuitively she realized that there had been a great crash in the affairs of William Godfrey Lovett. And, dogged and ironical as was his speech, there was a subtle appeal for sympathy underlying it all; so, womanlike, she gave her sympathy quickly to this man with so much of the devil in his moral make-up.

"My name is May Parkinson," she said, and held out her hand.

William took it. "Thank you," he said. "And if you don't mind, just because you're—well, just because your name is May Parkinson, I'm going to make you a promise—and keep it. I look like a wreck now, and my looks do not belie me. But I'm only twenty-five years old, and I'm going to make good. I think you'll understand. I'm going now to see if there isn't a place for me somewhere in Siskiyou County. Goodby."

"Goodby, Mr. Lovett."

She watched him shoulder his hideous roll of bedding and limp painfully out of the hotel. There was just a suspicion of pathos in that painful walk that caused the quick tears to rush to the girl's eyes, even if in that final handshake she had not felt the callous spots and raw blisters on his palm.

. . . . . .

That very afternoon Jarlath Timmins, treasurer of the Lovett Land and Cattle Company, received a telegram from John B. Lovett from Portland. It read as follows:

"You have addled all the eggs. Consider yourself relieved of contract in re W. G. L. Your methods harsh and asinine. W. G. L. turned against me irrevocably. I forbid further interference."

"Well," murmured the old treasurer grimly, as he folded the telegram and filed it away in his pocket, "I've started something anyway, and that's better than nothing. If that young scamp is frightened to the extent of reformation, or if I've succeeded in arousing his fighting instinct to the point of making good through sheer cussedness, I've done well. It'll all come out in the wash."

Thus reasoned Jarlath Timmins, arch conspirator. He called up Groat to read him Lovett's telegram and confer over the situation.

"Timmins," said Anthony Groat, "you're an ass."

"You're another," retorted Timmins, and hung up.

Jarlath Timmins continued to reiterate his statement that it would all come out in the wash; but as the years slipped by in fateful sequence and William's face was seen no more at the cashier's window, when the bare mention of his name brought a scowl to the face of "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett and nothing was ever heard from the prodigal son, Timmins came gradually to the conclusion that, after all, Groat had been right.

If the loss of his son hurt "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett, no soul on earth ever knew it. He went his grim, relentless way, making money in his grim, relentless fashion. He altered the daily course of his life not so much as by a jot—and he never mentioned William's name or permitted it to be mentioned in his presence.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The "South Bend" Watch

costs from

$75

—Down to What Anyone Can Afford

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH, the Master Timepiece, in a solid gold case is priced at seventy-five dollars. There is no finer watch produced. Watches can be made more extravagantly but not more stylish or more reliable.

Equally accurate South Bend Watches in less expensive cases may be had at extremely reasonable prices. So almost anyone can now afford a really high-grade watch—a South Bend Watch.

Six months are spent in the making of *every* South Bend Watch. Each watch is then given from a month to six months' regulation. Each is inspected 411 times. The expert jewelers who sell our watches then give each watch "personal regulation to the buyer."

Good watches run differently for different people. If you walk much, ride in motor cars, move quickly, etc., your watch is affected and should be regulated to offset these conditions.

Only a good jeweler can do this, and it can be done only with a good watch, for common watches are not sensitive enough for such delicate regulation—hence, seldom keep time for anybody.

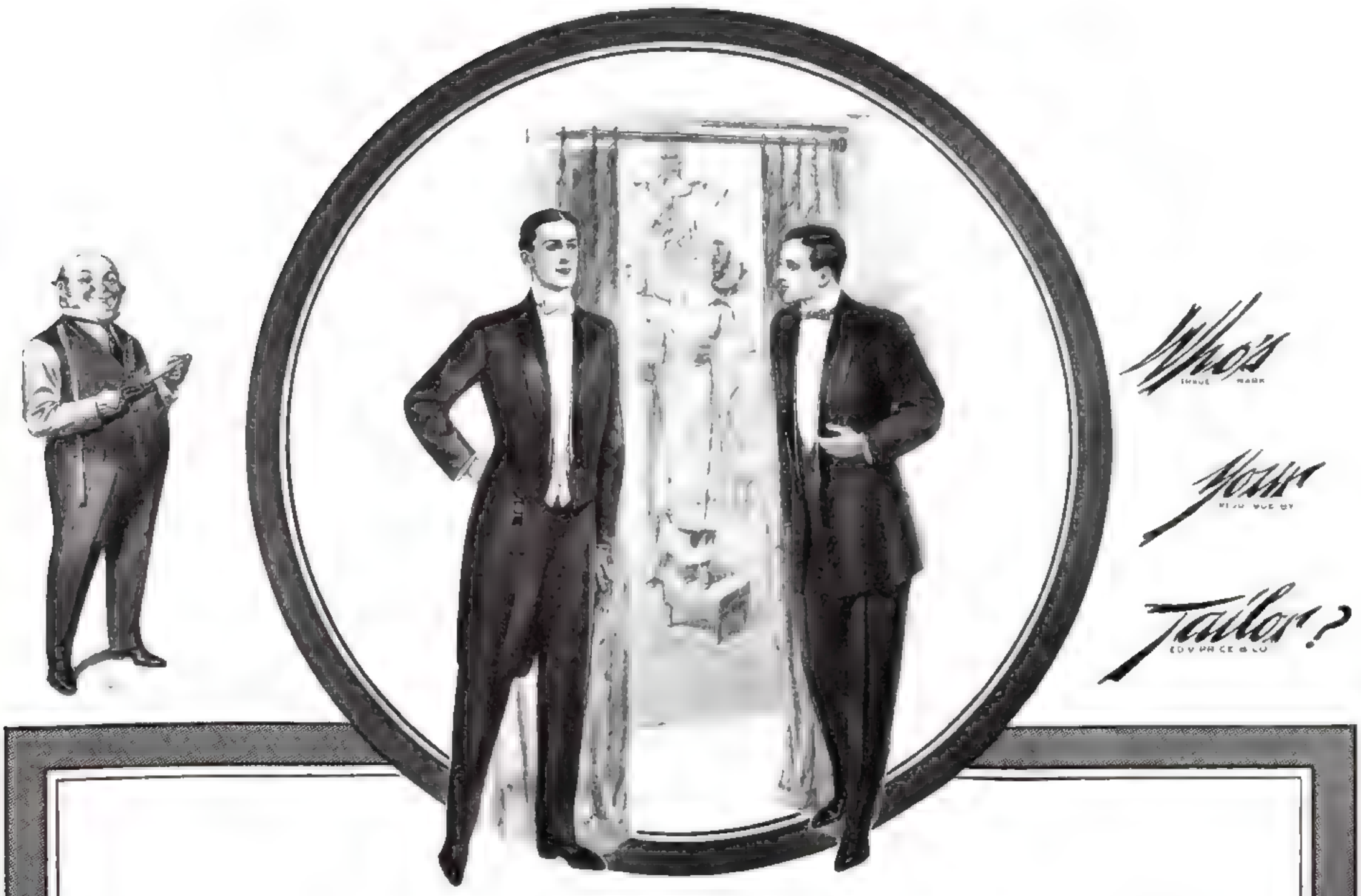
Write us for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made."

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY

Dept. 236 South Bend, Indiana

Frozen in solid ice

Keeps perfect time



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WHILE THE AVERAGE TAILOR WHO MAKES BUT COMPARATIVELY FEW CLOTHES OF THIS CHARACTER IS COMPELLED TO CHARGE ALMOST DOUBLE OUR PRICES.

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Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

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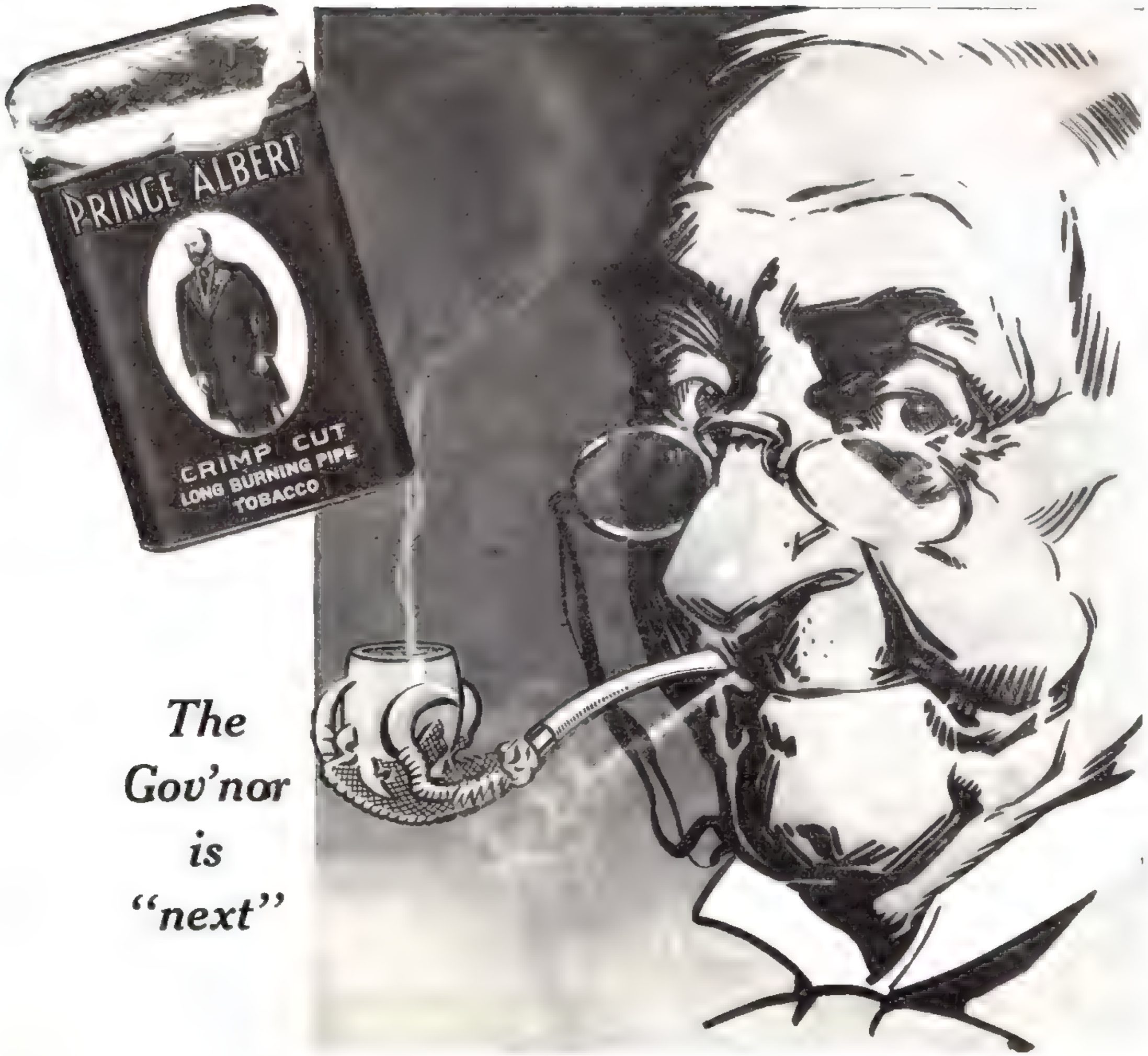

The Gov'nor is "next"

YES-SIR-REE. He's wise to the real modern-days joy smoke. Resurrected the ancient jimmy and leaned up against a load of P. A. just to see what it's like. And now you couldn't pry him loose. "The good old pipe is best after all, Son," says he.

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

is the great pipe popularizer. It's made pipe-smoking a real pleasure, cutting out the tongue-sting and rankness, leaving fragrance and flavor.

All live tobacco dealers sell P. A. in the tidy red tin for 10c and in 5c cloth bags protected by weather-proof paper. Most of them have it also in half-pound tin and pound glass humidors.

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Like all big winners, P. A. is followed by a bunch of imitators trying to land with the "just-as-good" talk. Remember that Prince Albert is made by a patented, exclusive process that takes out the bite. Don't fall for the substitute bunc. Get P. A.

Duofold

A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in Duofold.

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible?

Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin; not the sticky effect of a garment. **Duofold** is always [illegible] and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upward.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Book 21.

Duofold Health Underwear Company
Mohawk, N. Y.

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afford wholesome and delightful entertainment for every member of the family. The variety of old and new games that can be played on them includes practically every game known to the game-board world.

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On our Crown Combination Boards, 65 different games, including Parcheesi, Checkers, Chess, Backgammon, Cribbage, Dominoes, Authors, Old Maid, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, Tivoli, Carrom, Ludo, Snakes and Ladders, Dice and Box, Dominoes, Solitaire, Anagrams, Conundrums, Flinch, Rounce, Fortune Telling Cards, Card Games, Authors, Old Maid, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, Tivoli, Carrom, Ludo, Snakes and Ladders, Dice and Box, Dominoes, Solitaire, Anagrams, Conundrums, Flinch, Rounce, Fortune Telling Cards, Card Games, other good games—yet it costs but $5.50. Folding Revolving Stand, 75 cents.

We make many other styles of Game Boards, including the new Ideal Baseball Game Board which is a hit with all Fandom, also Home Billiard and Pool Tables.

Sold by dealers everywhere. If you can't find them, write for catalog and prices.

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"Building A Home"

Gives 30 years' experience. Has [illegible] plans. We give pleasure and profit to our readers. Send plans. By mail $1.00, or information of value and particulars for stamp.

The Home Architectural Pub. Co., Box E 218, Bartlett, Tex.

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 55)

Addison stepped to the corner, wheeled the odd-looking object into fuller light and removed the sheet. It proved to be an object with which all present were intimately familiar—namely, a gasoline stove.

"There, gentlemen, is the most remarkable stove on the market," Addison began, addressing Messrs. Sprague and Burnham with quite the air of a professional salesman. "You will notice that it isn't exactly the Weeks type of stove or exactly the Munson type. An outsider might easily mistake it for a Munson stove; but you gentlemen can see in a minute, even from where you sit, that it's really a Weeks stove—with the Weeks nameplate taken off and a Munson nameplate screwed on in its place."

Though he was looking at Messrs. Sprague and Burnham on the sofa, he was well aware that Mr. Munson, in the plush armchair, had doubled his fists and was glaring at him savagely.

"This stove," the inventor continued in his salesman's manner, "is one of fifty carloads manufactured by H. & A. Weeks, and by them loaded on the cars at Five Oaks and consigned to the American agency of Mendoza & Son, at New Orleans. I needn't tell you that Mendoza & Son is a house of the highest standing; but their American representative, Mr. Gomara, is evidently a grafter. How much Mr. Munson paid him I've no idea; but it's clear from what follows that he paid him something—because the stoves never got beyond Chicago. They were cut out there and turned over by Gomara to Mr. Munson, who took off the Weeks nameplate, put on his own nameplate and sold them as his own. I'm sure Mr. Munson will confirm my statement," he added, turning to that gentleman, with a polite smile.

"Well, what of it?" Munson demanded scornfully.

"Nothing, perhaps," Addison replied "only Mr. Munson got these stoves in the way I have described at fifteen per cent below the cost of manufacture. He used them to fill his orders, instead of filling the orders from his own factory; but he charged them up to your pool exactly as though he had made them himself—assessed one-third of the supposed loss to himself, one-third to Mr. Sprague and one-third to Mr. Burnham. As he got the stoves fifteen per cent below cost and there was no loss, two-thirds of fifteen per cent—which would be ten per cent—simply went from your pockets into his pocket."

"Well, by thunder!" said Mr. Burnham abruptly, staring at Mr. Sprague.

"Go ahead! Tell your story! I'll talk afterward!" cried Mr. Munson menacingly.

"I will," Addison replied mildly. "In order to handle these stoves, change the nameplates, and so on, Mr. Munson, of course, must have some place to store them. After quite a little trouble I located that place—by looking for a 'blue eye.' The place is down here on Blue Island Avenue and was once owned by the Blue Island Sausage Company, a concern now bankrupt and out of business. After a little more trouble I got a trustworthy man inside the place. He found a good deal besides Weeks stoves; in fact, he found a lot of Munson's own stoves there."

"By gracious!" Mr. Burnham murmured.

"Of course there's no profit in selling gasoline stoves now," the inventor continued. "On the contrary, there's a loss. While Mr. Munson is running his plant at capacity, and charging you gentlemen with two-thirds of the supposed loss in selling the product, he's storing part of the stoves he makes—incidentally requiring you to furnish two-thirds of the money or credit to carry them with. When he gets his combination formed the price of stoves undoubtedly will advance and there will be a fine profit on them. Mr. Munson unquestionably will then market the stoves he's now putting in store and pocket the profit! I may add," he went on, as Mr. Munson gave a muffled snort of rage, "that this Blue Island warehouse is only thirty or forty minutes' ride from the hotel in a taxicab. I suggest that we call a cab and run down there if you would like to see the stoves for yourselves."

The two on the sofa turned instinctively to the man in the armchair; but he only glared murderously at the speaker.

"I'm well acquainted with Mr. Munson," Addison commented good-naturedly. "I was perfectly sure from the beginning that

The OHIO ELECTRIC

A DISTINCTIVE charm invests the Ohio Electric De Luxe, because of its beautiful and original lines and handsome proportions. It is the last word in electric brougham design. It fills a long felt desire for a luxurious five passenger car, with all seats facing forward.

Besides being the most beautiful, comfortable and luxurious electric ever shown, it approaches more nearly the limit of mechanical and electrical perfection.

Equipped with Ohio special shaft drive without universal joints—(patented). Dodge magnetic controller—(patented). 34 x 4 solid or pneumatic tires. Exide and Ohio batteries. Ironclad or Edison batteries at additional cost. Colors—Ohio blue, green or maroon. Upholstery—finest imported broadcloth or goatskin. Price—fully equipped—$4000 f. o. b. Toledo.

Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue showing complete line of the finest electric cars built.

The Ohio Electric Car Company, Dept. A, Toledo, Ohio

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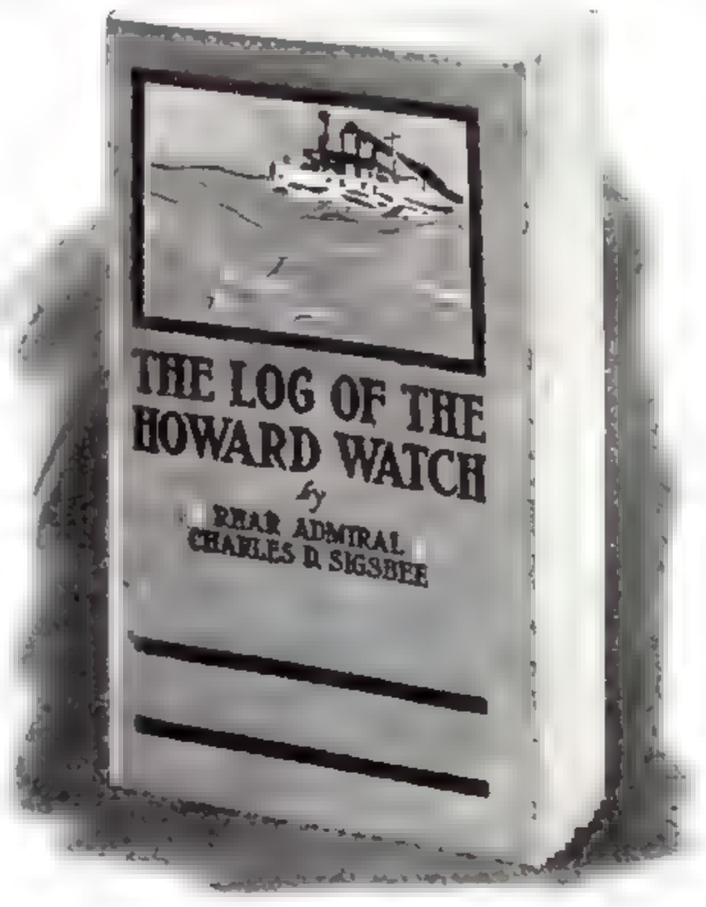

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It is a voluntary contribution to HOWARD literature by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee. His service, as you know, covered the whole navy history, from the middle of the Civil War.

"The Log of the HOWARD Watch" is a remarkable evidence of the fitness of the HOWARD Watch for the hardest kind of *practical* service.

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This interesting little chapter of American History is yours for the asking. Drop us a post card—Dept. N.

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he was skinning you and I sort of felt it in my bones that I'd catch him at it; but it took me longer than I expected."

Mr. Burnham, turning to Mr. Sprague, drew a deep breath and began, with much feeling: "Well, by ——" But he thought better of it in time to correct himself; and all he said was: "By jiminy!"

"This is the most remarkable stove on the market, gentlemen!" said Addison, reverting to the object mentioned. "When I found that these stoves were going to Mr. Munson I made up my mind to give him an article that would last practically forever. This stove will never wear out. You see, the feed pipes are soldered up tighter than a drum!"

Mr. Munson here said the word which Mr. Burnham had refrained from saying, and nearly jumped from his chair.

"Yes," Addison assured him with a nod and a smile, "that's exactly what's the matter with 'em. I suppose you've begun to hear from 'em already. Every stove in the last forty-five carloads will come back to your factory with a kick a yard long from some outraged purchaser."

Mr. Sprague, who had been quite silent, opened his mouth and stared speechlessly at Mr. Burnham a moment; then gave a yell, which a chambermaid promptly reported to the house detective, and fell to pounding his neighbor on the shoulder. A moment later both he and Mr. Burnham were rocking back and forth and shaking with uncontrollable laughter, while Mr. Munson glared and Addison looked on, smiling.

When order and decorum were restored the inventor said: "I told you, in the first place, that I wanted to talk consolidation. So I do. If you two gentlemen will step into the next room with me I'd like to make you a proposition. Mr. Munson," he added casually, "can wait here—or see me later."

It was several hours later—after ten o'clock that night, in fact—when Mr. Munson finally elected to see the inventor.

"You've got the whiphand, Humphreys," he said sullenly, dropping into the plush chair, "and I might as well know first as last what you've got to say to me."

"Why, I'll give you a fair deal, Munson," Addison replied. "I'll give you what your plant is fairly worth. I'll even see that you're elected a director of the consolidated company. But, as to the real management—of course, we've won; and the management will be in our hands."

"You mean in your hands," Mr. Munson retorted. "It's plain enough that you'll run the thing. By George! ——" He broke off, reflecting a moment. "By George! To think of the gasoline-stove business being run from that wooden-oven plant over at Vale! There's a case of the tail wagging the dog for you!"

"I never heard," said Addison good-naturedly, "the tail was that part of the dog which contained the brains!"

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last in a series of stories by Will Payne

A Good Excuse

ONCE, when Ned Hamilton was managing editor of the San Francisco Examiner, the other morning papers came out with a sensational story of a shooting affair in an upstate California city. It was a good story. The circumstances were exciting, the persons involved had social position and there was a neat little scandal in it. The other papers had columns and the Examiner hadn't a line.

Hamilton called in the news editor.

"Fire that correspondent!" he shouted. "Fire him by wire! Fire him by airship or carrier-pigeon, or any other way—but fire him! Imagine him getting left on a story like that! Fire him—and do it quick!"

The news editor went out. Presently he came back and said:

"Mr. Hamilton, I think you'll have to excuse our correspondent this time."

"Excuse him!" roared Hamilton. "Excuse him for getting us beaten on such a story! I shall not! Fire him, I say—and do it now!"

"But, Mr. Hamilton," protested the news editor, "there are circumstances ——"

"There can't be circumstances that will excuse him!" said Hamilton. "Fire him. I say!"

"Really, Mr. Hamilton, I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the Examiner correspondent has a good excuse for not sending the story. He is the man who was killed!"

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It's invaluable to those who would have nothing less than full value in Stockings

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Two important "ESCO" styles. Try either of them for a sure test of "ESCO" quality

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Order will be filled direct if you will send size, color and price to

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The "American Boy"—the shoe that will save you money on your boy's every-day shoe bill. Built for service but made over neat, stylish lasts, fits like a glove, always easy and comfortable and the most sensible boys' shoe made for every-day service in all sorts of weather.

Especially made for Boy Scouts

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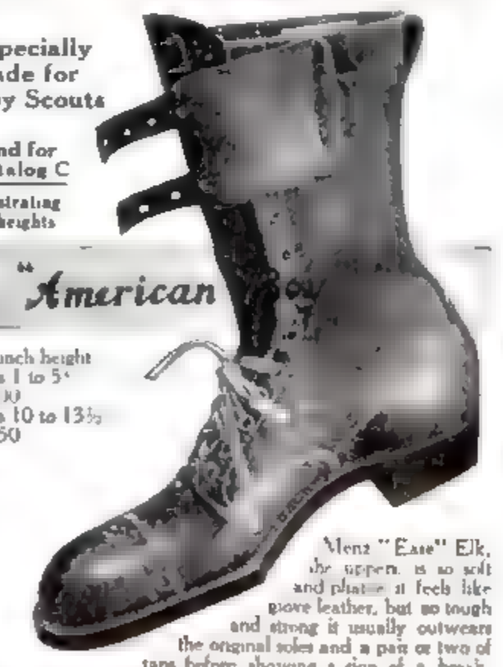
Illustrating all heights



10-inch height sizes 1 to 5½ $4.00
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Mens "Ease" Elk, the upper is so soft and pliable it feels like glove leather, but so tough and strong it usually outwears the original soles and a pair or two of taps before showing a sign of a break.

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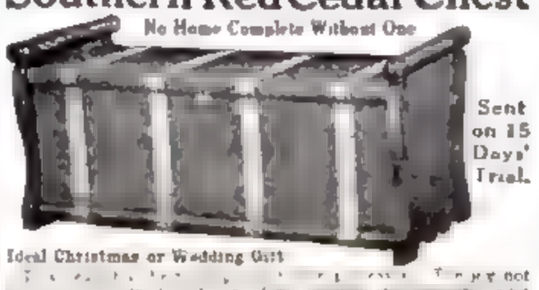

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WINCHESTER

Self-Loading Shotgun, Model 1911

12 GAUGE, FIVE SHOTS

IN this new Winchester the recoil is utilized to reload the gun. As the trigger must be pulled for each shot, it is at all times as completely under the control of the user as any double or single barreled shotgun. For strength and safety it is unapproached by any similar gun. It is made of Nickel steel throughout, and the receiver has the Winchester patented "Bump of Strength," which makes it strongest at the point where the greatest strain comes. As the recoil is divided in this gun, the "kick" of heavy loads is minimized, which makes it wonderfully pleasant to shoot.

¶ The Winchester Self-Loader is not one of those recoil-operated shotguns which have to be adjusted for different loads. It is a gun that requires no favoring or tinkering. It will shoot any standard load, from a "blank" to the heaviest, without the slightest change being made in the mechanism. It is always ready for any load, be it light or heavy. It is a hammerless, two-part take-down, without any moving parts outside of the receiver to catch in the clothing or injure the hands, and in every detail it is fully up to the established high Winchester standard.

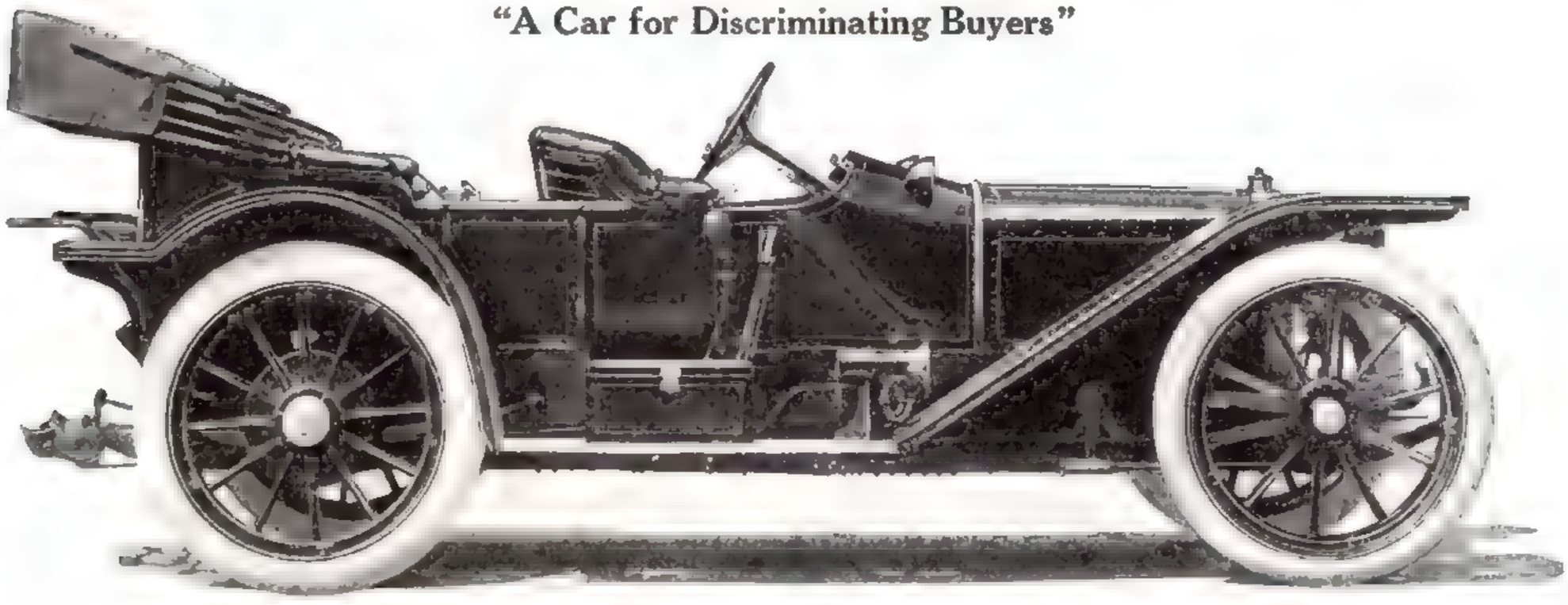
Look one Over at Your Dealer's, or send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for descriptive circular

A GUN PAR EXCELLENCE FOR WILD FOWL SHOOTING

"The Safest Car In The World"

The 1912 AMERICAN Underslung

"A Car for Discriminating Buyers"



The "American Traveler" (Type 54) $4250

Four passengers; wheelbase 124 inches; tires 40 x 5 inches front, 41 x 4½ inches rear; demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps; side and tail lamps supplied by battery separate from gas tanks; Prest-O-Lite tank. Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holders; horn; jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

"American Traveler Special" (Type 56) (6-Passenger) $4500

Exactly the same chassis as Type 54 except that the wheelbase has been increased to 140 inches; tires 41 x 4½ inches front and rear; demountable rims. Springs front 40 inches long, 54 inches rear. Two extra seats in the tonneau. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps, side and tail lamps supplied by battery separate from gas tank batteries. Prest-O-Lite tank. Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holder; horn; jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

¶ It has taken seven years for the public to *appreciate* and *demand* the *Underslung*, and this in spite of the fact that it has long been known in engineering circles that it is the proper construction for all rapidly moving vehicles requiring a low center of gravity. It has always been so in the progress of the world; all the really great things of today were accepted and appreciated slowly. It took six years for the public to decide that side doors were better than a rear entrance in a tonneau. Fore doors were put in bodies as early as 1903 and yet no one wanted them *then*.

¶ At last, however, the Underslung type of construction is coming into its own.

¶ You hear it talked about everywhere—at the club, in the home and at the office. It isn't new, but engineers only recently realized its value used in connection with motor cars.

¶ It costs more money to build this form of car, for it means a radical change in design, and that's why more makers haven't changed.

¶ The American is the *pioneer* Underslung—it is the only one design "from the ground up" as an Underslung car.

¶ *With the Underslung construction* it is possible to lower the power plant, and hence the center of gravity. *A Straight Line Drive*, which means less loss of power behind the motor and the rear wheels.

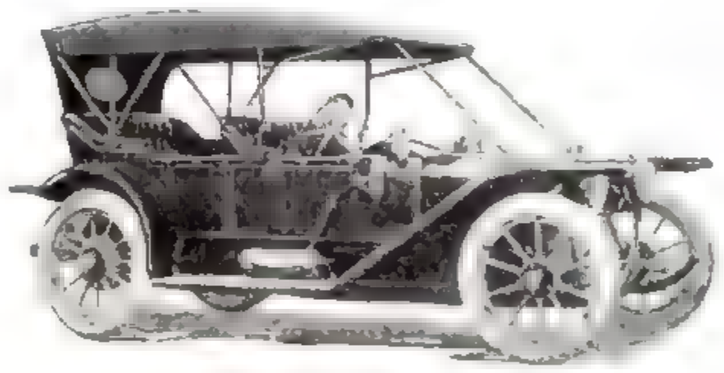
¶ *An almost total Elimination of Side Lash* on the springs or tires—a particularly desirable feature, as it decreases very materially the wear on the tire tread, and prevents the separation of the tire fabric.

¶ *There is less tendency for the car to skid. It can be driven at a higher speed* with more safety than the ordinary type; corners can be turned with more safety for the reason that the springs are so nearly in line with the horizontal center of the mass of the weight that instead of being deflected vertically, the load is applied to the side of the springs.

¶ *The frame is retained in a horizontal position*—the unpleasant "swinging-out" feeling at a corner is quite obviated.

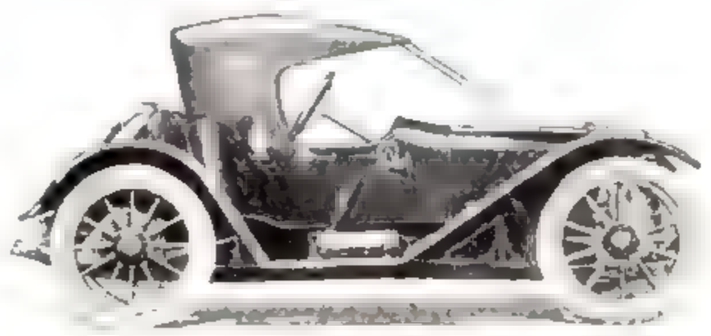
¶ *It allows the use of a lower body* and makes possible a design which is very rakish and beautiful, *and, quite contrary to the general idea, road clearance is not sacrificed.*

¶ In addition to the many foregoing advantages made possible only by Underslung construction, our expert precision in manufacturing—our infinite care in assembly and finish—the use of only the *very best* of everything—makes the "American" an ideal car, thoroughly distinctive and good throughout.



The "American Tourist" (Type 34) $2250

Four passenger; wheelbase 118 inches; tires 37 x 4 front and rear; demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank. Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holder; horn; jack, tools and tire repair outfit.



The "American Scout" (Type 22) $1250

Six cylinder; wheelbase 120 inches; tires 37 x 4 front and rear; demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank. Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holder; horn; jack, tools and tire repair outfit.

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Before Soup have this Hors d'Oeuvre

INSTEAD of cocktails the French people sharpen their appetites with mild, piquant things like caviar on toast, with lemon squeezed on. They call this mild sharpener a *hors d'oeuvre* (pronounced hor-durve).

Underwood Deviled Ham makes *hors d'oeuvres de luxe*—*hors d'oeuvres* that rouse latent appetite to riotous hunger, and surprise the guests into ecstasies of adjectives.

TASTE THE TASTE

of this Underwood Deviled Ham *hors d'oeuvre*:

Toast thin, small, crustless slices of white bread until brown but not hard. Spread thick with Underwood Deviled Ham. Sprinkle with chopped onion. Serve as first course on lettuce leaf, with lemon to squeeze on.

"Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News" tells about more Underwood Deviled Ham *hors d'oeuvres*, and more cookery things to make that you have never made. Free for your grocer's name. Send for it before you lay this periodical down, and you won't forget it. Or send 15c and your grocer's name for 15c can to try.

Underwood Deviled Ham is made of ham seasoned with salt and sugar and hickory smoke; ham that's been boiled till tender as marrow; boiled *en casserole* to keep all the good ham flavor and aroma; then ground fine and mixed with the piquant Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and 42 spices.

It's economical to use. Get some Underwood Deviled Ham today and try this *hors d'oeuvre*.

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UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

Branded with the Little Red Devil

WORDS AND MUSIC

Continued from Page 11

flattening sunrays made a kind of pink glow about the old judge's face, touching gently his bald head and his white whiskers. He droned on:

"I remember about those roads particularly well, because that time when I marched through here in '64 my feet was about out of my shoes and them flints cut 'em up some. Some of the boys, I recollect, left bloody prints in the dust behind 'em. But shucks it wouldn't a-made no real difference if we'd wore the bottoms plum off our feet! We'd a-kept on goin'. We'd a-gone anywhere—or tried to—behind old Bedford Forrest."

Aunt Tilly's palmleaf halted in air and the twelfth juror's faithful quid froze in his cheek and stuck there like a small wen. Except for a general hunching forward of shoulders and heads there was no movement anywhere and no sound except the voice of the witness:

"Old Bedford Forrest hisself was leadin' us, and so naturally we just went along with him, shoes or no shoes. There was a regiment of Northern troops—Yankees—marchin' on this town that mornin', and it seemed the word had traveled ahead of 'em that they was aimin' to burn it down.

"Probably it warn't true. When we got to know them Yankees better afterward we found out that there really warn't no difference, to speak of, between the run of us and the run of them. Probably it warn't so at all. But in them days the people was prone to believe 'most anything—about Yankees—and the word was that they was comin' across country, a-burnin' and cuttin' and slashin', and the people here thought they was goin' to be burned out of house and home. So old Bedford Forrest he marched all night with a battalion of us—four companies—Kintuckians and Tennesseeans mostly, with a sprinklin' of boys from Mississippi and Arkansas—some of us ridin' and some walkin' afoot, like me—we didn't always have horses enough to go round that last year. And somehow we got here before they did. It was a close race though between us—them a-comin' down from the North and us a-comin' up from the other way. We met 'em down there by that little crick just below where your present railroad depot is. There warn't no depot there then, but the crick looks just the same now as it did then—and the bridge too. I walked across it this mornin' to see. Yes, suh, right there was where we met 'em. And there was a right smart fight.

"Yes, suh, there was a right smart fight for about twenty minutes—or maybe twenty-five—and then we had breakfast."

He had been smiling gently as he went along. Now he broke into a throaty little chuckle.

"Yes, suh, it all come back to me this mornin'—every little bit of it—the breakfast and all. I didn't have much breakfast, though, as I recall—none of us did probably just corn pone and crick water to wash it down with." And he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand as though the taste of the gritty cornmeal cakes was still there.

There was another little pause here; the witness seemed to be through. Durham's crisp question cut the silence like a gash with a knife.

"Judge Priest, do you know the defendant at the bar, and if so, how well do you know him?"

"I was just comin' to that," he answered with simplicity, "and I'm obliged to you for puttin' me back on the track. Oh, I know the defendant at the bar mighty well—as well as anybody on earth ever did know him, I reckon, unless 'twas his own maw and paw. I've known him, in fact, from the time he was born—and a gentler, better-disposed boy never grew up in our town. His nature seemed almost too sweet for a boy—more like a girl's—but as a grown man he was always manly, and honest, and fair—and not quarrelsome. Oh, yes, I know him. I knew his father and his mother before him. It's a funny thing too—comin' up this way—but I remember that his paw was marchin' right alongside of me the day we came through here in '64. He was wounded, his paw was, right at the edge of that little crick down yonder. He was wounded in the shoulder—and he never did entirely git over it."

Again he stopped dead short, and he lifted his hand and tugged at the lobe of his right ear absently. Simultaneously Mr. Felsburg, who was sitting close to a window beyond the jury box, was also seized with nervousness, for he jerked out a handkerchief and with it mopped his brow so vigorously that, to one standing outside, it might have seemed that the handkerchief was actually being waved about as a signal.

Instantly then there broke upon the pause that still endured a sudden burst of music, a rollickingly jingling air. It was only a twenty-cent mouth organ, three sleigh bells and a pair of the rib bones of a beef-cow being played all at once by a saddle-colored negro man, but it sounded for all the world like a fife and drum corps:

If you want to have a good time,
If you want to have a good time,
If you want to ketch the devil—
Jine the cavalree!

To some who heard it now the tune was strange; these were the younger ones. But to those older men and those older women the first jubilant bars rolled back the years like a scroll.

The sound swelled and rippled and rose through the windows—the marching song of the Southern trooper—Forrest's men, and Morgan's, and Jeb Stuart's and Joe Wheeler's. It had in it the jingle of saber chains, the creak of sweaty saddle-girths, the nimble clunk of hurrying hoofs. It had in it the clanging memories of a cause and a time that would live with these people as long as they lived and their children lived and their children's children. It had in it the one sure call to the emotions and the sentiments of these people.

Strangely enough not one listener had come to the windows to look out. The interruption from without had seemed part and parcel of what went on within. None faced to the rear, every one faced to the front.

There was Mr. Lukins now. As Mr. Lukins got upon his feet he said to himself in a tone of feeling that he be dad-fetched. But immediately changing his mind he stated that he would preferably be dad-blamed, and as he moved toward the bar rail one overhearing him might have gathered from remarks let fall that Mr. Lukins was going somewhere with the intention of being extensively dad-burned. But for all these threats Mr. Lukins didn't go anywhere, except as near the railing as he could press.

Nearly everybody else was standing up too. The state's attorney was on his feet with the rest, seemingly for the purpose of making some protest.

Had any one looked they might have seen that the ember in the smoldering eye of the old foreman had blazed up to a brown fire; that Juror No. 4, with utter disregard for expense, was biting segments out of the brim of his new brown-varnished straw hat; that No. 7 had dropped his crutches on the floor, and that no one, not even their owner, had heard them fall; that all the jurors were half out of their chairs. But no one saw these things, for at this moment there rose up Aunt Tilly Haslett, a dominant figure, her huge wide back blocking the view of three or four immediately behind her.

Uncle Fayette laid a timid detaining hand upon her and seemed to be saying something protestingly.

"Turn loose of me, Fate Haslett!" she commanded. "Ain't you ashamed of yourse'f, to be tryin' to hold me back when you know how my only dear brother died a-followin' after Gineral Nathan Bedford Forrest. Turn loose of me!"

She flirted her great arm and Uncle Fayette spun flutteringly into the mass behind. The sheriff barred her way at the gate of the bar.

"Mizz Haslett," he implored, "please Mizz Haslett—you must keep order in the cote."

Aunt Tilly halted in her onward move, head up high and elbows out, and through her specs, blazing like burning-glasses, she fixed on him a look that instantly charred that unhappy official into a burning red ruin of his own self-importance.

"Keep it yourse'f, High Sheriff Washington Nash, Esquire," she bade him; "that's whut you git paid good money fur doin'. And git out of my way! I'm a-goin' in there to that pore little lonesome thing settin' there all by herself, and there ain't nobody goin' to hinder me neither!"

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As a spread for bread KARO has no equal. Children thrive on it.

It is better than honey with hot biscuit, griddle cakes and waffles.

KARO is the purest syrup in the world. Made from the hard ripe grains of Indian Corn.

Noted cooks, scientists, food experts, say that corn syrup is nourishing, digestible, exceptionally high in food value, and agrees with more people than any other form of sweet.

KARO should have a place on every family table and in every kitchen.

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Live outdoor life day and night, year round

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Hand copper-plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, also stamped stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free.
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Defeats the plans of the typhoid fly; also prevents dogs, cats [illegible]

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It will have any regard for your personal appearance, your health [illegible] BREATHE-RITE. It's BREATHE-RITE [illegible]

$1 A blessing for growing boys and girls. [illegible] Send per [illegible] One Dollar. Address

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Write for interesting agents proposition. Send for illustrated booklet. Dealers [illegible]

The sheriff shrunk aside; perhaps it would be better to say he evaporated aside. And public opinion, reorganized and made over but still incarnate in Aunt Tilly Haslett, swept past the rail and settled like a billowing black cloud into a chair that the local attorney for the defense vacated just in time to save himself the inconvenience of having it snatched bodily from under him.

"There, honey," said Aunt Tilly crooningly as she gathered the forlorn little figure of the prisoner's wife in her arms like a child and mothered her up to her ample bombazined bosom, "there now, honey, you jest cry on me."

Then Aunt Tilly looked up and her specs were all blurry and wet. But she waved her palmleaf fan as though it had been a baton of command.

"Now, Jedge," she said, addressing the bench, "and you other gentlemen—you kin go ahead now."

The state's attorney had meant evidently to make some sort of an objection, for he was upon his feet through all this scene. But he looked back before he spoke and what he saw kept him from speaking. I believe I stated earlier that he was a candidate for reelection. So he settled back down in his chair and stretched out his legs and buried his chin in the top of his limp white waistcoat in an attitude that he had once seen in a picture entitled, "Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena."

"You may resume, Judge Priest," said the trial judge in a voice that was not entirely free from huskiness, although its owner had been clearing it steadily for some moments.

"Thank you kindly, suh, but I was about through anyhow," answered the witness with a bow, and for all his homeliness there was dignity and stateliness in it. "I merely wanted to say for the sake of completin' the record, so to speak, that on the occasion referred to them Yankees did not cross that bridge."

He got up somewhat stiffly, once more becoming a commonplace old man in a wrinkled black alpaca coat, and made his way back to his vacant place, now in the shadow of Aunt Tilly Haslett's form. As he passed along the front of the jury-box the foreman's crippled right hand came up in a sort of a clumsy salute, and the juror at the other end of the rear row—No. 12, the oldest juror—leaned forward as if to speak to him, but remembered where his present duty lay in time. The old judge kept on until he came to Durham's side, and he whispered to him:

"Son, they've quit lookin' at him and they're all a-lookin' at her. Son, rest your case."

Durham came out of a maze.

"Your Honor," he said as he rose, "the defense rests."

. . . . . .

The jury were out only six minutes. Mr. Lukins insisted that it was only five minutes and a half, and added that he'd be dad-drotted if it was a second longer than that.

As the lately accused Tandy came out of the courthouse with his imported lawyer—Aunt Tilly bringing up the rear with his trembling, weeping, happy little wife—friendly hands were outstretched to clasp his and a whiskered old gentleman with a thumbnail like a Brazil nut grabbed at his arm.

"Whichaway did Billy Priest go?" he demanded—"little old Fightin' Billy—whar did he go to? Soon as he started in talkin' I placed him. Whar is he?"

Walking side by side, Tandy and Durham came down the steps into the soft June night, and Tandy took a long, deep breath into his lungs.

"Mr. Durham," he said, "I owe a great deal to you."

"How's that?" said Durham.

Just ahead of them, centered in a shaft of light from the window of the barroom of the Drummers' Home Hotel, stood Judge Priest. The old judge had been drinking. The pink of his face was a trifle more pronounced, the high whine in his voice a trifle weedier, as he counted one by one certain pieces of silver into the wide-open palm of a saddle-colored negro.

"How's that?" said Durham.

"I say I owe everything in the world to you," repeated Tandy.

"No," said Durham, "what you owe me is the fee you agreed to pay me for defending you. There's the man you're looking for."

And he pointed to the old judge

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Combined with any soap, it removes all dirt, whitens garments, brightens color in colored goods, and prevents woolens from shrinking. All without the slightest injury to any fabric, however delicate.

But to give results, Borax must be *pure*.

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This Button is found only in Men's Clothing made of All-Wool MOORE Cloths

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Save $25 to $50 on any make of Typewriter. Our Rebuilt Typewriters are perfect in quality, condition and appearance [illegible] We guarantee for one year [illegible] Write for catalogue and address of nearest branch office

American Writing Machine Co
345 Broadway, New York

This is a peculiar advertisement

Its purpose is to preach the gospel of good service to laundry users and laundry owners alike.

Of the latter, more than 2,000 are members of this Association; while as many more are not.

We don't want you to discriminate in favor of those who are in the Association just because they are in; or against those who are out just because they are out.

We simply want you to reward the good laundry wherever you find it with all of your patronage.

Just do that and no more—pick out a good laundry and patronize it.

The modern American laundry is one of the forces of civilization. It encourages cleanliness, hygiene, health.

It arrived midway between the telegraph and the telephone; and like those two utilities, its field has widened immensely as its service improved.

Neither the telegraph, the telephone, nor the modern American laundry, has stopped growing. The three together will add millions more to their list of patrons. The better their service, the more they will add; and the faster they will add them.

People used to send nothing to the public laundry but collars, shirts and cuffs—just as they once used the telephone and the telegraph occasionally, where today they use them a hundred times.

Now the tendency is to send more and more of the home work to the laundry.

We want to prove to you that you haven't begun to realize the usefulness of a good laundry.

Modern American Laundries

What some clever women have learned

Nearly 30 per cent. of the tremendous amount of work done every week by the laundries of America is flat work—the class which makes up the larger portion of the home washing.

In other words, 30 per cent. of the women of this country have learned that it pays to send more than collars, cuffs and shirts to the laundry.

These women are sending not only collars, cuffs and shirts, but tablecloths, towels, napkins, bedspreads, pillow cases, sheets, curtains, lingerie, underwear, and a score of other washables.

They are cutting down the unpleasant period in which the house is turned over to washing and ironing—eliminating a great deal of the muss, fuss and bother, saving the cost of fuel, soaps, bluing and other incidentals which many housewives forget to figure into the weekly budget.

Possibly you are one of the women who are in this class.

If you have not realized the benefits set forth, you have not found the right laundry.

The modern laundry is clean, sanitary, careful, and able to handle your work more thoroughly and efficiently than in the home way. This right sort of a laundry in your town will be glad to take you through the plant and prove that this is true.

This is to tell you that the right laundry does exist in your town, and that it is well worth your while to find it.

Can you afford—from any standpoint—not to take fuller advantage than you are now taking of a modern, progressive, cleanly institution which stands ready to save you money and peace of mind?

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The 2,500 laundries represented in The Laundrymen's National Association have learned and are learning:

That capable employees, fairly paid, cheerful, happy and contented, are a profit paying investment.

That laundries which are spotlessly clean are the laundries which win public favor.

That good work carries its own reward.

Find the laundry in your town that practices these principles.

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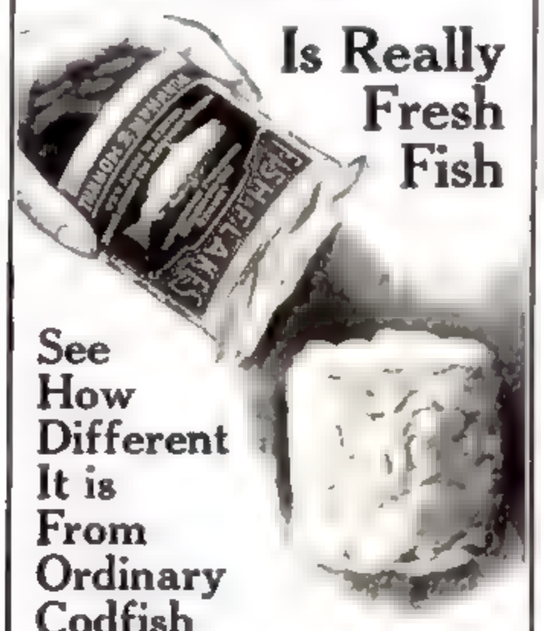

Is Really Fresh Fish

See How Different It is From Ordinary Codfish

It's Economical too

and so surprisingly delicious that it gives an entirely new flavor to many dainty fish dishes.

This editorial comment in the current issue of "Good Housekeeping" but expresses concretely the economy, purity, convenience and delicate flavor of Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes as they are well known to thousands of good housekeepers all over the country

"As an example of economical package goods may be cited the recently introduced (*Burnham & Morrill*) fish flakes in small tins. The cod is taken from the water, cleaned and put into tins in less time than required to remove a fresh fish from the boat to the consumer. It is immediately available in the highest possible condition at very low cost—a dime for a tin containing enough to prepare a meal for a family of five

Compare that with the cost of buying and cooking a fresh cod in the poultry, exposed to flies and insects, liable to spoil or lose its flavor and texture. It is not difficult to see why package cod is the more desirable.

By using the tins housewife avoids disagreeable odors in preparing, and the additional risk of spoilage through bad cooking."

As a daily help in arranging variety for the never ending procession of meals B & M Fish Flakes is a staple product that every housewife will be glad to know

The whole family will be delighted if you'll add B & M Fish Flakes to the home menu. Just once try it for

Codfish Balls
Fish Hash Fish Chowder
Creamed Fish

and the many other dainty fish dishes you can make, and you'll never again be content with ordinary, dried, over-salted, "manufactured" Codfish

Then, too, don't forget that B. & M Fish Flakes will save you money on many breakfast, lunch and dinner dishes right along—a *real saving* in the week's expenses that will surprise you

We most earnestly urge every housewife to try this choice New England delicacy for herself and see how delicious the true deep-sea flavor can be—how B. & M. Fish Flakes saves not only money but time and patience as well

Get a tin from your grocer to-day—give the family a treat for to-morrow's breakfast.

If your grocer happens not to have B. & M. Fish Flakes in stock, send us his name and 10c and a regular 10c tin will be sent you. This costs us 11c *in postage alone* and is our evidence of our belief that *one trial* is all that is needed to make you a constant user.

We have a beautiful little book "Fish as Food Eating"—containing many new and valuable fish recipes, and shall be pleased to send it Free on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
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Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—new packing, known by tender sweet grains, is now on sale everywhere. If you want the pleasure of getting a superior quality of canned corn order a case from your grocer to-day

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 21)

for me," blustered Colonel Bouncer, scrutinizing his cards one by one.

"I suppose so," agreed Washer with a smile at Johnny; "but he's full of young tricks and we're outclassed. What's that property going to cost us?"

"Three and a half million," stated Johnny quietly.

Colonel Bouncer, having now made up his mind, deliberately and with nice care measured up blue chips and red chips and white chips matching Washer's, and added to them all the blue ones he had in his possession.

"Taking any stock yourself, Johnny?" he softly asked.

"Can't afford it," confessed Johnny with a smile.

"The property's quite worth three and a half million," announced Courtney decisively, watching the face of Morton Washer as that calm player stared at the Colonel's chips. "I'm willing to take a million of the stock."

"I'll take a million; more if need be," offered Washer. "I've been wanting in on that for some time. Colonel, what have you got?"

"Five cards," replied the Colonel.

"You have threes," charged Washer.

"I'm conducting my business through an agent," laughed Bouncer. "There it is," and he indicated the stack of blue chips.

"You have threes," insisted Washer. "The reason I'm so particular is that I have threes myself, and I want to know which are the better."

"There is one clever way to find out," bantered the Colonel confidently. "You have a lot of chips. Why are you so stingy with them?"

"That's the way I got them," countered Washer. "I'll donate though. I'll do better than that: I'll tap you."

The Colonel promptly counted his remaining red and white chips. Washer as promptly measured up to them and to the blues.

"Told you the truth!" he exulted. "I said I had threes, and here they are! Three tens and a king and another ten!" And he gleefully spread down his cards. "I caught the pink one."

"Had mine all the time!" triumphed Colonel Bouncer, throwing down his hand and putting both big arms round the pot. "Four elevens!" And chuckling near to the apoplexy line he scraped the chips home, while Washer inspected his excellent collection of jacks. "Now brag, you old bluffer!" And, still chuckling, he began sorting the chips into patriotic piles.

"Enjoy yourselves," granted Washer, concealing his intense chagrin with as nonchalant an air as possible. "I give you my word those chips are only loaned. Go on and laugh! You fellows make a lot of fuss over a cheap little jackpot. Johnny, must you see us Monday?"

"Can't delay it," replied Johnny, checking his own laughter for the purpose. "I've paid five hundred thousand of the purchase price. Another million must be paid in one week and the balance in two weeks."

"That's rapid work," remarked Close, with a frown, beginning swiftly to figure interest.

"The Wobblesses are in a hurry to sail. I've looked into the title. It's clear as a whistle. Can't we arrange a meeting at my office?"

They settled upon a meeting at three-forty-five on Monday while Morton Washer dealt.

"Bless my heart, Mort Washer, that's the fourth time you've turned my first card and it's always a deuce!" complained the Colonel. "If you do it again I shall be compelled to give you an old-time, school-day licking."

"You can't do it and you never saw the day you could," bristled Washer, brandishing a bony little fist before the Colonel's big face.

"There's one more question I'd like to ask," Johnny interposed upon this violent quarrel. "Will it be necessary for me to offer any stock outside this group?"

"I can't swing but a quarter of a million to save me; possibly only two hundred thousand," regretted Bouncer.

"If you'd like to carry a little more I'll let you have the money, Colonel," offered his bitter enemy of the bony fist.

"Thanks, Mort," returned the Colonel gratefully. "However, it is not necessary to display the fact to the entire gathering that I now have a pair of those deuces."

Washer quickly reached over, snatched the Colonel's cards, replaced them with his own and went on dealing.

"I think we can handle it all among us, Johnny," figured Courtney.

VI

LORING, in high glee, separated Polly from a hilarious game of drop-the-handkerchief.

"Well, Polly, it's all over!" he exulted. "Johnny's in to see his financial backers, but that's a mere matter of detail. He has bought the Wobbles property and he has made his million dollars."

"If Mr. Courtney hasn't any fireworks he must telephone for some right away," declared Polly in delight, and suddenly her eyes moistened. "I'm as dippy about Johnny as his own mother!" she added.

"And in just the same way," returned Loring, secretly glad to recognize that fact. "When you can spare a little time for it, Polly, you might become dippy about me."

"I am," she acknowledged, putting her hand upon his arm affectionately.

"But you don't want to marry me," protested Loring, a trace of pain contracting his brows. "I need you, Polly!"

"Please don't, Ashley," she begged. "It's a for-sure fact that I'm never going to forget poor Billy. Don't let that stop us being pals, though, please!"

"Certainly not," agreed Loring, with as much cheerfulness as she could have wished, and burying deeply for the last time the hope that he had cherished.

"Look here, Loring," charged Val Russel, striding over with Mrs. Follison; "you'll kindly come into this game or give us back our Polly."

"You'll have to do without your Polly for a minute, children," insisted that young woman. "She is to be the bearer of glad tidings," and giving her eyes another dab she hurried away to the house.

She found Constance alone in the library, instructing herself with an article on mushroom culture.

"I can read your palm without looking at it, pretty lady," bubbled Polly. "A large, blond gentleman with handsome blue eyes and a million dollars in his pocket is about to offer you a proposal of marriage."

Constance, suppressing a rising resentment, turned the leaf of her mushroom article. The next page began a startling political series, which demanded of the public in violent headlines: "Who Spends Your Money?" but Constance perused it carefully without noticing the difference.

"I've had my palm read before," she presently observed.

"You don't seem to be alive to the shock I'm giving you," protested Polly. "Really, girlie, I have some big news for you. Johnny Gamble has finished the making of his million!"

"I wish that word million had never been invented!" suddenly flared Constance. "I'm tired of hearing it. The very thought of it makes me ill." How did Polly come to know it first?

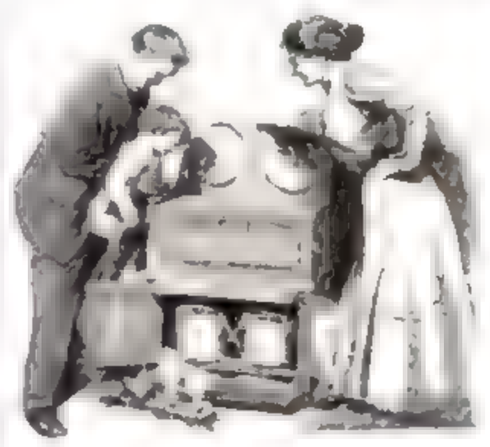
"I wouldn't care what they'd call it if it would only buy as much," returned Polly, still good-naturedly. "And when a regular man like Johnny Gamble hustles out and gets one, just so he can ask to marry you, you ought to give a perfectly vulgar exhibition of joy!"

"You have put it very nicely," responded Constance. "If it would only buy as much! Do you know that my name is seldom mentioned except in connection with a million dollars? I must either marry one man or lose a million, or marry another who has made a million for that purpose."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" charged Polly. She glared at Constance a moment, bursting with more indignant things to say; but there were so many of them that they choked her in their attempted egress, and she swished angrily back to the lawn party, exploding most of the way.

At just this inopportune moment Johnny Gamble found his way into the peaceful library.

"Well, it's across!" he joyously confided, forgetting in his happiness the rebuffs of the day. "I have that million!" and he approached her with such an evident



To Husbands:

If you find your wife has folded the corner of this page, take it as a hint that a

CALORIC
Fireless Cookstove

would be genuinely acceptable at Christmas, in your own home.

Make it a Caloric particularly, because of its permanent quality, worthy of Christmas; because of its new storage cabinet for the radiators and all of the aluminum utensils that come with it; because it is the only Fireless Cooker with a valve securing dry heat; and, because it bakes and roasts, doubling the deliciousness and nutriment of meats, making vegetables more tender and pastry more tempting and wholesome.

Genuine Calorics are sold in 3000 stores. There are substitutes, as usual, but there is time before Christmas to send for the folder "A Caloric Christmas" and have the full facts for wise selection.

We can see that a nearby store delivers a Caloric in a special Christmas crate at the right moment if you write now.

The Caloric Co., Dept. F, Janesville, Wis.

They Won't Slip

Note the Patented Friction Plug in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes. It not only prevents slipping but makes *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* outwear the old-fashioned kind.

Insist on *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*—the name is easy to remember.

They give you all the advantages of ordinary rubber heels, and in addition *keep you from slipping* on wet slide walks or pavement—yet cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Insist upon

CAT'S PAW

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The Name is Easy to Remember

50c Attached
All Dealers

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you—FREE—a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

determination of making an exuberant proposal then and there that Constance could have shrieked.

"I congratulate you," she informed him as she hastily arose. "You deserve it I am sure. Kindly excuse me, won't you?" and she sailed out of the room.

Johnny Gamble, feeling all awkward joints like a calf, dropped his sailor straw hat, and Constance heard it rolling after her. With an effort she kept herself from running, knowing full well that if that hat touched her skirt she would drop!

Johnny looked at the hat in dumb reproach, but when he left the room he walked widely round it. He dared not touch it.

"Ow, I say, Mr. Gamble," drawled Eugene, passing him in the doorway "we've picked out the puppy."

While Johnny was still smarting from the burden of that information and wondering what spot of the globe would be most endurable at the present moment, Courtney came through the hall on some hostly errand.

"Say, Johnny," he blundered in an excess of well-meaning, "why don't you rest from business for a minute? Why aren't you out among some of these shady paths with Constance Joy? You've cinched your million, now go get the girl."

This was too much for the tortured Johnny, and the smoldering agony within him burst into flame.

"Look here, Courtney'" he declared with a vehemence that really seemed quite unnecessary. "I'm going to marry Constance Joy whether she likes it or not!"

A flash of white at the head of the stairs caught Johnny's eye. It was Constance! There was no hope that she had not heard!

"What's the matter?" asked Courtney, startled by the remarkable change in his countenance.

"I've got the stomachache!" groaned Johnny with clumsy evasion, though possibly he was truthful after all.

"You must have some whisky," insisted Courtney, instantly concerned.

A servant came out of the library.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he remarked; "but I believe this must be your hat, Mr. Gamble."

Johnny Gamble broke one of his most rigid rules. He said:

"Damn!"

VII

JOHNNY GAMBLE in the following days was, as Loring put it, a scene of intense activity. It was part of his contract with the improvement company that he put their subdivision plans under way; and he planted himself in the center of the new offices while things circled round him at high speed. His persistent use of the fast-gear clutch came from the fact that he would not bind himself to work for them more than two weeks.

"They're handing me a shameful salary for it," he confided to Loring; "and I'm glad to get it because it pays up all my personal expenses during my forty days' stunt and leaves me my million clear."

"Well," began Loring with a smile, "your million won't be"—he suddenly checked himself and then went on—"won't be a nice, pretty sum of money unless it ends in the six round ciphers."

He had been about to tell Johnny that he owed fifteen thousand dollars to Constance Joy. She had secretly advanced that sum to save Johnny's working funds against a bogus attachment laid upon him by his former partner, Collaton, in the early days of his struggle. Loring reflected, however, that this could be paid just as well after it was all over; that, if he told about it now, Johnny would drop everything to make that extra fifteen thousand; that, moreover, Constance had not yet given him permission to mention the matter; and, besides, there seemed to be a present coolness between Constance and Johnny that nobody understood. On the whole it was better to keep his mouth shut; and he did it.

"It's a nice-sounding word, million," he added by way of concealing his hesitation.

"I don't know," returned Johnny, full of his perplexity about Constance. "I'm tired of hearing the word. Sometimes it makes me sick to think of it."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" reproached Loring with a laugh.

"All right," agreed Johnny accommodatingly. "I'm used to that anyhow. For one thing, I'm ashamed of being such a sucker. That old partner of mine not only stung me for every cent I could scrape together for two years, but actually had the nerve to try to sell the big tract of land we irrigated with money."

"To sell it!" exclaimed Loring in surprise

"That's all," returned Johnny. "He went to The Western Developing Company with it two months ago and had them so worked up that they looked into the title. They even sent a man out there to investigate."

"Flivver, I suppose?" guessed Loring.

"Rank," corroborated Johnny. "Washburn, of The Western Developing, was telling me about it yesterday. He said his man took one look at the land and came back offering to go six blocks out of his way on a busy Monday to see Collaton hung."

"We'd get up a party," commented Loring dryly, and Johnny hurried away to the offices of his Bronx concern.

He was a very unhappy Johnny these days and had but little joy in his million. If Constance did not care for it, nor for him, the fun was all gone out of everything. Work was his only relief, and he worked like an engine.

On one day, however, he was careful to do no labor, and that day was Friday, May nineteenth. When he had started to make his million he had said jokingly that he did not intend to work on Sundays, holidays, evenings or birthdays. The nineteenth was Constance's birthday, and he had long planned to make that a gala occasion.

On the evening preceding he called at the house, but Aunt Pattie Boyden, who was more than anxious to have Constance marry the second cousin of Lord Yawpingham, told him with poorly concealed satisfaction that Constance was too ill to see him. He imagined that he knew what that meant, but, nevertheless, on the following morning he sent Constance a tremendous bouquet and went down into the midst of the crowds at Coney Island, where of all places in the world he could be most alone and most gloomy.

"What's a million dollars anyway?" he asked himself.

VIII

AT TEN o'clock on Saturday morning Mr. Birchard came into the Bronx office with much smiling, presented his credentials duly signed by each of the five Wobbles brothers, received a check for a million dollars made out, by the written instructions of the brothers, to Frederick W. Birchard, Agent, and departed still smiling

"One step nearer," observed Johnny to Loring an hour or so later. "Next Saturday I'll have the remaining two and a half million and will only pay out one and a half of it. The other million sticks with me."

"The other million?" repeated Loring "Oh, yes; I see. The half million you advanced and the half million profit you make on this deal. For how much can you write your check now, Johnny?"

"If I wrote a check right this minute, to pay for a postage stamp, it would go to protest," laughed Johnny. "I guess I can stand it to be broke for a week though."

"You're a lucky cuss," commended Loring.

"In most things," admitted Johnny half-heartedly.

"In everything," insisted Loring. "By-the-way, Gresham was over here to see you yesterday while I was out."

"Gresham?" mused Johnny. "That's curious. He was at the Bronx office and also at my apartments. I 'phoned this morning, but was told he had gone out of town for a week."

"You probably missed something very important," returned Loring sarcastically. "Where were you yesterday anyhow?"

"Having a holiday," said Johnny soberly, and escaped.

He wanted work—the more of it the better. He spent the entire week in the most fatiguing toil he could find, and in that week had no word from Constance Joy except a very brief and coldly formal note thanking him for his flowers.

On the following Saturday morning Gresham walked into the Bronx offices with a particularly smug satisfaction.

"I've come to close up the Wobbles transfer with you," he stated. "I am authorized formally to make over the property to you and to collect the two and a half million remaining to be paid."

Get These Pictures

You can secure this set of pictures free from any **Sophomore Dealer** or any clothing dealer can get them for you free. If you can't find our dealer we will send a set direct to you upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. These charming pictures are in colors on heavy art stock 17 x 13 inches ready for framing. They are both entitled "Her Brother's Clothes."

There is a progressive merchant in nearly every town who sells **Sophomore Perfect Clothes** because it's the make Young Men prefer and older ones favor—the Line with a Tone of its Own. Dealers are now showing new Ultra-British Models which are designed for young men. Get these pictures from your dealer and try on a **Sophomore Perfect Suit.**

Note:—Dealers should have our book of **Sophomore Selling Stunts**, showing new ideas in advertising.

Sophomore Perfect Clothes

Leopold, Solomon & Eisendrath, Makers, Chicago

All the Beauty of Silk All the Wear of Lisle

Here is something entirely new in fine, sheer, beautiful Shawknit Socks.

We have developed a process wherewith to knit socks from *silk over lisle* so that the wearer secures all the beautiful effect of silk combined with the durable wearing quality of strongest lisle.

You will wish to test these socks and we wish you to test them *at our risk.*

Therefore, we offer you *money back*, if you are not in every way satisfied with Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Socks supplied on any order you send us.

Send us $3.00 for each six pairs of Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle you wish. We will ship them to you *charges prepaid.*

Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Socks are packed six pairs in a box—all one combination or assorted as you prefer.

The solid combinations are Cream-White, Black, Navy Blue, Pearl Grey, and Tan.

Then there is an attractive combination of Green silk over Cardinal lisle, and another of Tan silk over Chocolate Brown lisle, giving rich peacock iridescent effects.

High class stores carry full lines of Shawknit Socks, ranging in price from 25c to 50c the pair—*every pair guaranteed.*

All Shawknit Socks are guaranteed *without limit* (see tag reproduced opposite).

Go to one of the many "Stores That Sell Shawknit," or, if more convenient, send direct to us for the new Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Socks.

Our address is—Shaw Stocking Co., 110 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

Before sending to us, please—

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Shawknit

GUARANTEE

We guarantee that this pair of Shawknit Socks will fit just as well look just as stylish be just as comfortable—wear just as long without mending—as your just and fair judgment of socks at this price decides that they should.

If this pair of Shawknit Socks does not give you the satisfaction in fit, style and wear that you demand of them, send them back to us at our factory, together with this Guarantee ticket. We will replace them with a new pair, without cost to you.

(Signed)

SHAW STOCKING CO.,
LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Shawknit
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK.

Silk-o-Lisle Socks

"Barring the slight difference of a million dollars the amount is correct," replied Johnny dryly. "I have the million and a half balance ready, but I had expected Mr. Birchard to come in and finish the transaction."

"Birchard is not representing the Wobblesses," Gresham politely informed him. "I had a little talk with them on the Tuesday following the house-party at Courtney's, and they decided to have me look after the matter instead. By-the-way, I hunted for you everywhere on the day before the first payment was due, to tell you that the Wobblesses preferred to have the two and a half million paid all in one sum today; but since you were not in I didn't trouble to leave you a note. Few men need to be told not to pay out money."

"Do you mean to tell me that Mr. Birchard never has represented the Wobbles [illegible] in this matter?" Johnny managed to ask.

"Certainly not," answered Gresham, widening his eyes.

"I have his signed authorization to act for them in the matter," declared Johnny, remembering that circumstance with happy relief.

"You have?" inquired Gresham with great apparent surprise. "Will you allow me to look at the paper?"

Johnny showed it to him triumphantly, but Gresham read it with a smile of contempt.

"I was correct in my suspicions of Birchard," he stated. "This document is a forgery. I hope you did not pay him any money on the strength of it."

Silently Johnny laid before him Birchard's receipt, and a second later as he saw the gleam of gratification in Gresham's eyes was sorry that he had done so.

"I am afraid that you have been swindled," was Gresham's altogether too sympathetic comment. "However, that does not concern the business in hand. This was the day appointed for the final settlement, and I have come prepared to make it with you."

"You'll have to wait," declared Johnny bluntly, putting away the documents.

"I must call your attention to the fact that if you do not close this matter today my principals are at liberty to place the property upon the market again."

"Advise them not to do so," Johnny warned him. "Under the circumstances I am certain that I can secure enough delay for investigation—legally, if necessary. I won't move a step until I've looked into this."

"Very well," said Gresham easily, and walked out.

Johnny, in a consternation that was barely short of a panic, immediately consulted Loring, and together they set out upon a search for the Wobblesses. At their various hotels, for no two of them put up at the same place, it was discovered that they were severally "probably in the country at week-end parties." Tommy alone they found, but he knew so little and was so upset by what they told him that they were sorry he, too, had not attended a week-end party; and they left him gasping like a sea-lion, with his toupee down over his ear, and saying between gasps over and over again with perfectly vacant eyes:

"Eugene's an ass! Perfect ass, don't you know!"

They spent some hopeless time in attempting to trace Birchard, but that gentleman had disappeared on the previous Saturday. No one had seen him or had heard of him or had thought of him. They put the case into the hands of detectives.

"I don't think it was lucky money anyhow," said Johnny gloomily. "Constance had not cared for it and it was worthless!"

IX

IT WAS not until Monday that they found Eugene Wobbles, and that voluntary expatriate was almost as much taken aback as his brother Tommy had been.

"Ow, I say, it's most extraordinary!" he declared, stroking his drooping mustache and swinging his monocle. "Why, do you know, I met the blooming bounder at Lord Yawp'n'am's—second cousin, you know, of this very decent chap Gresham. Introduced him at my clubs and all that sort of thing, I assure you! I'll have the burning scoundrel blacklisted!"

"Thanks," said Loring with deep gratitude. "Of course that won't get back the million though."

"Well, I'm bound to give you the right there," admitted Eugene; "but at the same time I must insist that it will cut the beggar never to be allowed the privileges of a gentlemen's club ag[illegible]."

"And serve him right, I [illegible] jolly well right," agreed Loring with a sarcasm that was altogether lost and was intended to be.

"I must say that our friend Gresham has behaved well in the matter," added Eugene. "Birth and breeding are bound to tell. I fancy every one will admit that. What?"

"They tell a great deal," returned Loring dryly. "What did our friend Gresham do that was so decent?"

"Ow, yes," Eugene was reminded; "we were discussing that, weren't we? Well, at our friend Courtney's house-party Gresham was all for Birchard to handle this business; fairly forced him on us, don't you know; but on Tuesday he came to us much pained, I assure you, and in the greatest confidence told us he was sure the beggar was not the man for the place. Been mixed up in a rotten money scandal or so, don't you know."

"So you discharged Birchard," Loring surmised, keenly interested.

"Well, not exactly," replied Eugene. "You see it wasn't necessary. We never had actually appointed him. Come to think, neither he nor Gresham insisted on it; and, anyhow, the fellow never came back to us."

"I see," said Loring softly with a glance at Johnny. "So you being without an agent, Gresham kindly consented to act for you—without commission."

"Ow, yes, certainly, without commission," agreed Eugene. "Very decent indeed of him, now, wasn't it?"

"Almost pathetic," admitted Loring. "Well, Johnny," he said as they went back to the office, "you're up against it. While Birchard was forging the papers to get your million Gresham was establishing an alibi for himself. The only thing I see for you to do, besides laying for Gresham, is to repudiate this entire deal and get back as much of your half million as you can."

"And owe the rest of it to my friends?" demanded Johnny. "Not any. I'll pay over the two and a half million I have on hand, complete the deal and stand the loss myself. I'll be broke, but I won't owe any body."

Loring looked at him with sudden pity. "You'll have to take a fresh start," he advised as lightly as possible, since one did not like to be caught expressing pity to Johnny. "You have two days left."

"Guess again!" directed Johnny. "One of them's a holiday—Decoration Day tomorrow."

"Tough luck, old man!" said Loring.

"I didn't care for the million, Loring," declared Johnny wearily, driven for the first time to an open confession.

"I know," agreed Loring gently, still suffering from his own hurt. "It was Constance. She may not be so keen for that million as you think."

Johnny shook his head sadly.

"I know she isn't," he admitted. "That's the hard part of it. She didn't seem to care when I had it—not for it or for me. Up to that time I thought there was a chance. Now the loss of this money doesn't really hurt. What good would a million dollars do me?"

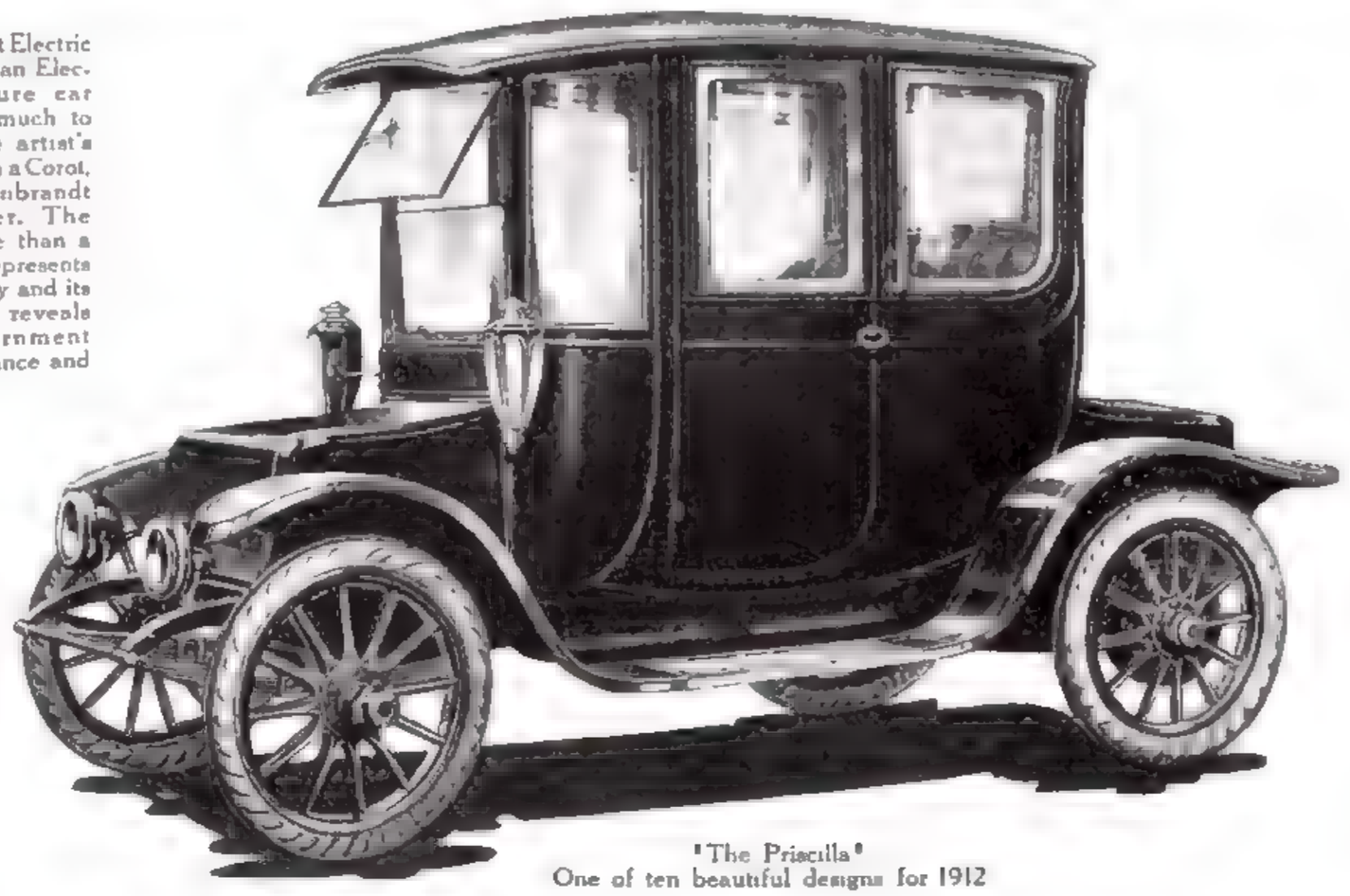
They had reached the office by this time and made themselves busy with the final papers. Presently came Gresham and all the Wobblesses, concluded their business, and took their two and a half million dollars and happily departed.

Loring glared after Gresham in a fury of anger. He had seen that gentleman, before he left, slip a square white card under the papers on Johnny's desk; and, though he did not conjecture what the card might be, he knew from the curl of Gresham's lips that it meant some covered trick or insult. Turning, he [illegible] to call Johnny's attention to the circumstance when the beaming expression upon his friend's face stopped him and sealed any explanation that might have risen to his lips. Johnny had found the card and was reading it with glistening eyes.

"Constance Joy!" he said delightedly. "She must have called." He was lost in pleasant thought for a moment or so and then he looked eagerly up at Loring with: "I wonder if there isn't some way, besides Birchard's, that a fellow could make a million dollars in a day!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The sixth and last will appear next week

The Detroit Electric name on an Electric pleasure car means as much to you as the artist's signature on a Corot, Millet, Rembrandt or Whistler. The car is more than a utility. It represents a personality and its ownership reveals your discernment of *true* elegance and *real* worth.



"The Priscilla"
One of ten beautiful designs for 1912

THE turn of a key, your hand on the horizontal speed controller which allows full seat room, and you are ready to *quietly* "float" the miles away. A slight movement of the hand—always in a natural, restful position on the horizontal lever—and you have a choice of five speeds. **Move it back of neutral position and you apply the hub brakes, without even touching the foot pedals,** or you can also bring the car to an abrupt stop by one pressure of the foot, which acts on four powerful rear wheel brakes and at the same time instantly stops the flow of current,—a *double* safety device *Patented.*

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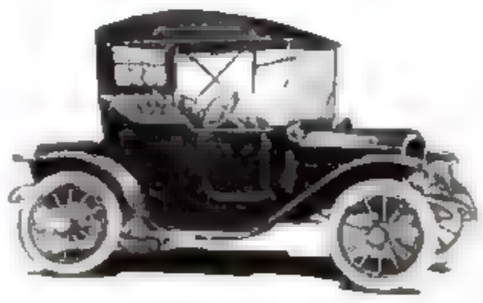

"The Clubman"

The instant response of the car to your slightest wish naturally creates an irresistible desire to know about the unseen beauty of its mechanism upon which *all* depends. You wish to know about the storage of electricity, how it is turned into mechanical power by the motor and then carried to the wheels without waste through the "Chainless" Shaft Drive—another *Patented* feature.

Explanatory Note—The word "Chainless" does not refer to the absence of side chains, alone, but applied to the shaft drive, means no chain or gear reductions *concealed* at the motor, *beneath* the car. A "Chainless" Shaft Drive has 1130 fewer parts than a Shaft Drive, constructed with concealed chains, a self-evident advantage.

It is really a fascinating study to learn the whys and wherefores about this notable car, so often the subject of social and club conversation.

Many cannot understand how we get along without concealed chains at the motor beneath the car. It's the Detroit Electric Motor, an original type, designed especially for an electric automobile, that makes the "Chainless" Shaft Drive possible. With a "stock" motor this is impossible. Our motor is made for the car, in our own shops.

Even though you have the power of Niagara in your storage batteries, they are useless without a motor to transform it into mechanical energy.

How important then that the motor be powerful and designed for the strains of constant road work.

All battery cells are "get-at-able" by simply raising the piano-hinged hoods, an absolute necessity for proper inspection and "venting" while on charge.

All body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair.

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Our prices will never be inflated for the purpose of allowing fictitious discounts nor will the quality be reduced for similar purposes. That's why a Detroit Electric always has a standard value. Such protection to owners is possible only by the right price to start and one price to all.

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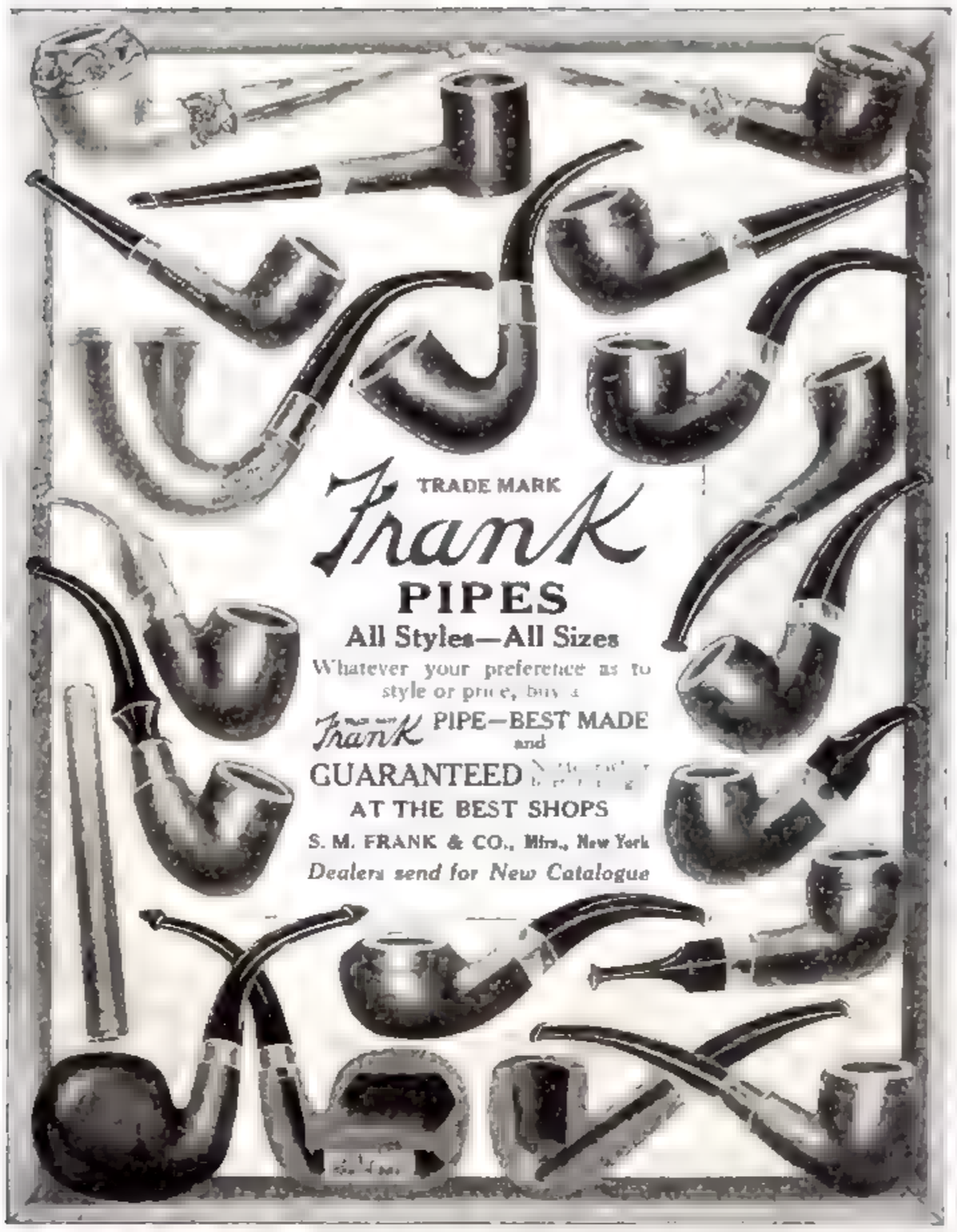

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Sold by leading druggists, hardware and other dealers everywhere in the United States for $1.00, in foreign countries $1.50, or sent prepaid from the factory on receipt of price. *Send for free booklet* "No More Dull Blades For Me."

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The Holiday ZigZag—For [illegible] with ZigZag in a handsome permanent [illegible] have prepared a special holiday package, with case of [illegible] leather, and all parts of the [illegible] machine enameled a handsome [illegible] $2.00

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Dealers [illegible] the ZigZag Stropper [illegible] Write for [illegible] and discounts. Our [illegible] contains 10 [illegible] lithographed cut out display signs, and other advertising helps sent on request to those who have the ZigZag in stock.

THE MAKING OF A BALLPLAYER

(Continued from Page 8)

good batters he would pitch air-tight ball. To me that's mighty interesting.

Here is another problem in practical psychology—and the way I worked it out. One of my standby pitchers had a bad year. He pitched poor ball most of the season in the face of the fact that the club was paying him thirty-five hundred. At first I didn't know what to do. Then he gave a newspaper reporter the story that he was to quit baseball and go on the road for some house. I wrote him a nice letter, wished him success in his new venture and thanked him for his services to the club. He had been with us four seasons. I inclosed a contract for the coming season—merely to comply with the rules of the league, I told him. That contract called for a salary of two thousand dollars fifteen hundred less than he had been getting. Well—he came to my office about ten minutes after he got the letter. He told me that the story about his quitting baseball was all a fake.

"All right, John," I said to him, "but that was your real contract."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"That I can't give you a contract for more than two thousand. Your work last season wasn't worth more—if as much. Now I don't say that is all you will get. What you get depends on you."

"But my wife tore up that contract," he told me.

"There's plenty of ink," I said, "and we can draw up one like it." Which we did. He pitched great ball that season and I gave him a bonus of eighteen hundred dollars. I had intended to give him fifteen hundred to make his salary the same as the year before—but when he didn't get mad, but said I had always treated him right and he would leave it to me, why—it made me feel pretty bad. So I added three hundred extra.

Contracts With College Men

Before the next season opened I was up against it. I couldn't figure out whether or not to give him a contract based on his last season's earnings. If I did, would he pitch his best ball? I decided to play it safe. So I said to him:

"I rather like that contract we had last year. It worked out mighty well. You pitched great ball, John. I'm superstitious, you know, and I think it might be wise, for luck, to have the same contract."

"I'm perfectly willing," he said. "Give me a pen and I'll sign a blank contract. Make the salary what you like. You'll do the right thing by me, I know."

He pitched better ball than ever before in his life, and the club paid him for his season's work forty-five hundred dollars. He was worth it. There's a lot in psychology if that is what I am talking about.

Of the twenty-one players I carry eight are college men. That shows I believe in the collegian. Granting he has speed, the college man has several things in his favor. He is ambitious, so he is sure to take good care of himself and make the most of his opportunities. He is quick-witted, and he gets that gray matter I was speaking of quicker than the bush-league recruit. He is also adaptable. You can switch him from one position to another and he will get the hang of it in no time. You may have to change him about because of injuries to your regulars, or you may think he would do better in another position. Let me illustrate. I signed a college man who had always played short. He threw well to first, but he had one fatal weakness in his accustomed position. He couldn't play the half-bound—that is to say, he couldn't stop a ball and pick it up cleanly just as it came to him. As a rule I wouldn't waste time with an infielder who had to get a ball on a true bound, but this man was fast as lightning. And he sure could hit the ball. Well—I tried him at second. He seemed at home in the position after a very few games, but there was still the trouble about the half-bound. Finally, in desperation, I tried him at first base, where a man gets a true bound three-quarters of the time. He made good. He is a star today. Adaptability!

Should a college man go into professional baseball? That is a question I am frequently asked. My answer is this: If he

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"For thirty years the standard, from first to last the best"—that is the story of *Boston Garter* in a nutshell. *Ask for it by name.*

Boston Garter

is *comfortable, secure and durable.* It is *guaranteed against imperfections.* Ask for it by name.

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has our *exclusive moulded rubber button* and the clasp with the trade marks "Boston Garter" and "Velvet Grip." It is easy to find—*ask for it by name.*

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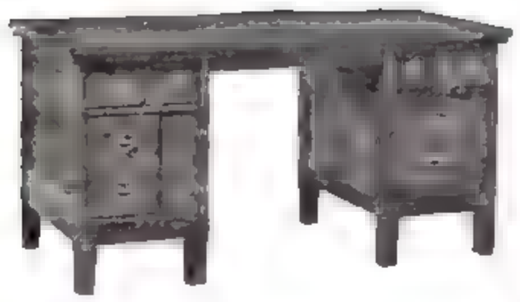


The Desk With Brains

Pick out the combination of drawers, compartments and spaces you wish and have them put together exactly as you want them.

Then—you can have papers you need to refer to oftenest, in easy reach at all times.

"The Desk with Brains" can be made up to suit *the individual needs of any man who uses a desk.*

For any—and every—office need "The Desk with Brains" can be made to exactly fit the special needs of the user.

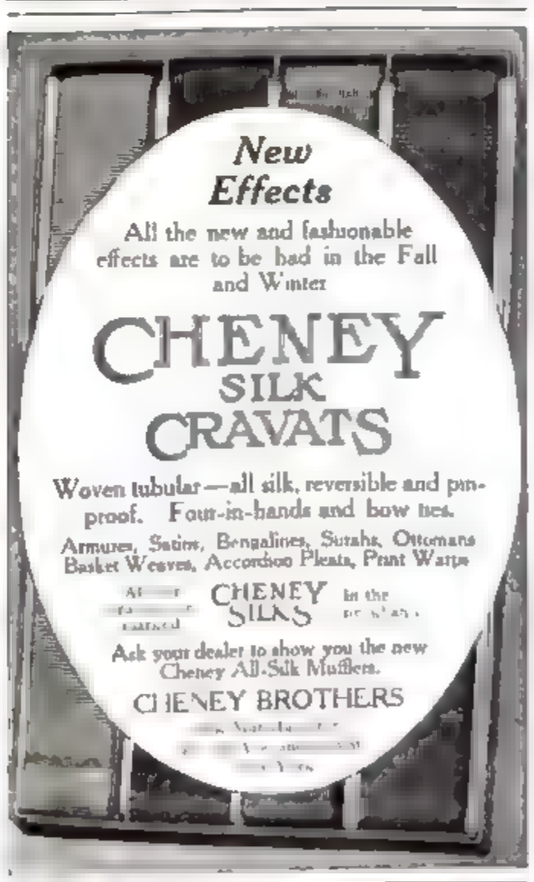
Write for our book showing different combinations in "The Desk with Brains."

We also send you a sheet showing the various sections used in "The Desk with Brains." From this, you can make up just the combination you wish.

Both book—and sheet—are sent promptly *by return mail postpaid*, on receipt of your request, no charge.

Dealers—If in position to handle "an Exclusive Agency Proposition" in your city, write us today. Address

Browne-Morse Co.
1810 Hovey St., Muskegon, Michigan


New Effects
All the new and fashionable effects are to be had in the Fall and Winter
CHENEY SILK CRAVATS
Woven tubular—all silk, reversible and pin-proof. Four-in-hands and bow ties.
Armures, Satins, Bengalines, Surahs, Ottomans Basket Weaves, Accordeon Pleats, Print Warps
CHENEY SILKS
Ask your dealer to show you the new Cheney All-Silk Mufflers.
CHENEY BROTHERS

Practical Electricity

Explains in simple words all forms and uses of electricity [illegible] Practical information that you can understand and apply 30 000 copies sold

$2.00 Postage paid Money order or currency Money back if not satisfactory upon examination.

Cleveland Armature Works
East 49th Street, Cleveland, O.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates quick time on [illegible] Eastern points. 44d Marquette Bldg., Chicago
To Old South Bldg., Boston | 871 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
342 Whitehall Bldg., N. Y. | 816 Central Bldg., Los Angeles
1901 Wright Bldg., St. Louis | Write nearest office

Why Pay Extravagant Hotel Rates?

THE CLENDENING 100 W. 103 St. New York
Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath $1.50 [illegible]
Write for descriptive booklet with map of city.

loves the game, if he will make a serious business of it, let him take a try at it. He must make a business of it, and yet his business gives him employment only six months of the year—that is the drawback to the profession. Idleness isn't good for anybody, and the ballplayer who loafs through the winter often becomes a spender. That type of man doesn't save his money. And if a player isn't going to save money, my advice is—keep out of the game. I find, however, that the collegian *does* work when he is not engaged with his club. Some of them are salesmen, others have a little business of their own—their popularity with the public helps them with that. The tendency, I believe, is to continue their outdoor life. Men who save money in baseball buy ranches or farms. Thus they enjoy a wholesome life the year round.

Look at the matter on a basis of dollars and cents. A college player who has attracted attention and whose services are sought by two or more clubs may draw a salary for the first year of twenty-five hundred dollars. Compare this with the average salary a collegian draws in business. He is lucky if he can make one thousand the first year. One of my men, four years out of college, is paid six thousand dollars. If he gets into a World's Series his earnings, with his share of the exhibition games, will amount to eighty-five hundred dollars. Now this man is quite a writer. His name and fame get him into the magazines. So he could come pretty near making ten thousand dollars a year. Of course he is an exceptional player.

Take the average. Of the twenty-one men I carry the average salary is thirty-one hundred dollars. Even the average man, when the team wins the World's Series, will clean up five thousand dollars. And he has five months' time—eliminating the month devoted to spring training—to run that up a thousand dollars. But only two teams out of sixteen major clubs get into the World's Series, so perhaps that gives a wrong impression.

The Man Who Knows It All

Say a college man at the age of twenty-three gets a job with a major league club and makes good. He attends strictly to business and makes the most of his opportunities. Starting in at two thousand dollars, his salary is increased by from two hundred to five hundred a year. He takes care of himself and stays ten years in the game. At the end of that time he has been paid, we will say, thirty-two thousand eight hundred dollars. Now let us suppose that this wise boy has not been idle during the winter and has saved his money. He ought to have put away at least twelve thousand dollars, which, with interest, amounts to over fifteen thousand. He quits the game with that cash capital—and he is only thirty-three years old!

When he does quit he is a pretty sensible fellow. He has traveled a lot, has met a great many men—business men of every description—and he has learned to size them up pretty well. I remember a conversation I overheard on a streetcar in one of the cities of our circuit. One of my pitchers was with me and he was recognized by some fan, while I was not. This fan opened up a conversation with my player a college man, by the way. The fan did most of the talking. My player listened, but sized the fellow up all the time. Finally the fan began to criticise the team—so-and-so should be benched, this man put in his place, that man shifted from short to second, and so forth. My player heard the fan out, then he said:

"What is your business, may I ask?"

"I was in the real-estate business," the fan replied, "but I didn't make a go of it. There are too many real-estate men in this town. I'm looking for something better."

"I am not looking for something better," said my player. "I'm satisfied with baseball. It is my business and I am fairly successful at it. Now when I want any outside advice about my business I certainly will go to a man who is successful in his business—not to some one who has made a failure of it."

The fan tried to say something, but there was nothing to say, so he got off at the next corner. Perhaps I enjoyed the incident more than other folks would because it came home to me. A manager, no matter how successful he is, gets more advice about his own business, I guess, than any other class of men—I wouldn't except men in

What the *Inside* of a Shoe costs

YOU can bury a *dollar* of value under the finish in such a way that only the expert Shoeman can discover it at sight

Seeming trifles such as infinitely *careful* Lasting, perfect fitting Linings,—smooth, even grain of stretchless Upper Leather—absolutely *level* Insoles of springy Oak Leather,—cleverly manipulated Welts of toughest fiber,—close-drawn *even* Stitching,—skillfully *adjusted* Filling between Insole and Outsole—

—And,—Lasts withdrawn so *carefully* that they leave the Shoes *unstretched* at points where Shoes should hug closely in order to hold the Instep in precisely the *right* place for Comfort.

These are a few of the "In-side" things that, in addition to Materials, distinguish really "*fine*" Shoes from Shoes that merely *look* fine on the outside and that cost money.

These are the *intrinsic* details that make Shoes *feel comfortable* from the first hour you put them on, and *wear* satisfyingly to the end

These are the *internal* characteristics that make you have *such* Shoes re-Soled, when worn out under foot, rather than take chances on finding *another* pair *quite* as comfortable and wear-worthy

These are the *intangible* features of "fine" Shoes that send you back to the same store for *another* pair "just like the last."

But, they *don't show on the Surface*

The *invisibility* of such satisfying quality is *why* so many people *have never worn really "fine"* Shoes.

They trusted to their *Eyesight* alone, in buying. And they got what was to be reasonably expected from such *superficiality.*

Now, if you, dear Reader, were to make just *one* experiment with really "*fine*" Shoes you would begin to see *why* the few people who can afford to pay $15.00 to $20.00 per pair for certain "Custom-made" products are willing to do so

If you *knew* all the *additional* Foot-Comfort Satisfactory Service, and Pride-of-Possession, that really "*fine*" Shoes give, this is what you would do to-day.—

You would step right over to the nearest Regal Shoe Store and (without any misgivings as to extravagance) you would ask the Salesman to put on your feet a pair of the *$5.00 Regals* pictured herewith.—

Observe that it isn't merely the Regal *Style* which alone makes these $5.00 Regals *worth $7.00.*

—It is the hidden Sources of Satisfaction put *inside* the Style, and which *retain* that Style, till the Shoes are worn out.

—It is that *surprising degree* of Foot-Comfort—that new *Appetite for outdoor Walking*, and that bully feeling of being *very well* Dressed which makes the relatively *small* difference you pay per year (for "*fine*" Shoes) bring back enormous dividends in Comfort and Satisfaction.

Regal Shoes are made in four large Regal Factories,—for Regal Shoe Stores, and Agencies *only*,—and on a factory profit of only 5% *above Actual Cost.*

That is one reason *why* Shoes *equal in quality* to $5.00 Regals are rarely, if ever, found in other stores, that sell such quality of Shoes, at *less than $7.00 to $8.00* per pair.

Step into the nearest Regal Shoe Store or Agency and verify this *to-day*

REGAL SHOES

Catalog from Regal Shoe Co., 368 Summer Street, Boston

THIS TAG INSURES
THE WEAR OF YOUR LINING
SHOULD THE LINING GIVE UNSATISFACTORY WEAR, RETURN THE GARMENT TO US, EXPRESS PREPAID, TOGETHER WITH THIS TAG AND WE WILL RE-LINE WITHOUT CHARGE.
BELDING BROS. & CO.
Silk Manufacturers
526-528 BROADWAY
New York City

Keep this Tag

EVERY GARMENT LINED WITH

BELDING'S

PURE DYE
GUARANTEED

SATIN

HAS THIS TAG ATTACHED

Every Man Who Owns A Razor

Every woman who owns a knife—

Every man, woman or boy who owns an edged tool—will never realize what smooth, keen cutting sharpness is until

Carborundum

demonstrates it—

Carborundum is the most remarkable sharpening agent the world has ever known—

Hard and sharp and fast cutting as a diamond
smooth and velvety as the finest natural stone

Made into hones and sharpening stones of every size, shape and grade—for every possible sharpening need

Here are a few Carborundum specialties that ought to be in every home—

No. 148-A Razor Hone—very fine—wonderful, effective—in neat box $1.00

No. 148-A—Knife Sharpener—Stag horn handle—good stock of Carborundum—practical in shape—in neat box $1.00

No. 107 A—Round combination stone for sharpening carpenters' tools $1.00

No. 149-A—Pocket stone in neat box .50

Ask your hardware dealer—If he doesn't have them, send direct.

The Carborundum Company
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores

Says Home Oil Tommy

A Sheer Necessity Everywhere

Every home needs HOME OIL, the clean, pure, smooth, easy oil that slicks things up in no time—from a pair of shears to a go-cart.

HOME OIL

BEATS THEM ALL

is the result of years of untiring effort to produce an oil far superior to the next best. That's why HOME OIL beats them all. Good for every oiling purpose *outside* as well as *inside* the home. Money back if you're not satisfied. Write today for free trial bottle.

Buffalo Specialty Co. 211 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Trial Bottle Free

public office. Letters come to me by the hundred. Most of them are not signed; these my stenographer chucks in the waste-basket. But when a man signs his name to a letter I try to give him an answer—if he seem to be a decent sort of individual. One time we had a big series on the home grounds. It looked then as if it might decide the championship. We were in second place and we needed four of the five games—one was a postponed game—to get into first place. Well—we won both games of a double-header the first day, with my two best pitchers in the box. We won the next game by a narrow margin. The third game was ours up to the ninth inning; two men were out when the opposing team got to our pitcher and hammered out a victory. The fifth game we lost by a big score. One of the substitute pitchers was in the box.

The next day I received a letter from a prominent business man of our town. He said that I owed the public an apology for not pitching my leading twirler in that last game. Fact was that pitcher had a sore arm and I wouldn't risk it. I was told that my apology should take the form of a letter to the press. If I didn't do this he would continue to support the team, but with such misguided management—of course there was no chance for another pennant. Well, I thought I would have a little fun with him. So I wrote him a letter, thanking him for his interest and reading something like this:

"You may not know it, but the club is paying me a large salary to manage the team. I am supposed to be worth it. Now it is all right for you to write me confidentially and tell me how to run the team, and I appreciate it. But you mustn't let the club officials know that you are doing my thinking for me."

And he got mad! He wrote me a reply, saying that he knew as much about his business as I did about mine. I hadn't said a word about his business.

The trouble with the fan is—he has the second guess. The manager has only one guess, and sometimes he is wrong; but the fan can't be wrong with two guesses. There are times when I wish I were just a fan. That is why I was glad to go abroad. I was tired of what that fellow Kipling calls "the tumult and the shouting." I didn't want the noise of the great home-coming arranged for our victorious team. But what a disappointment it was to mother! Her "bhoy" was to be the center of the whole show—a bigger man than the mayor himself. I was sorry to disappoint her, but then there was missis.

We hadn't counted on this reception, so she and I had arranged to get married on a certain day and then sail on a certain ship. Our passage had been engaged for two months. We had waited a long while for—this trip. All the season I was keen to win the "bunting," but very often I thought that anyhow I was sure to land the one best prize in the game of life—and that was better than a flag marked "Champions—1911."

When the celebration was along about the fifth inning I was sitting on the deck of a ship—and I wasn't alone—thinking that I had stolen home in an extra inning game. I suppose the average fan would say that this was worse than watching the newspaper scoreboard when the club was fighting for the lead in the enemy's country. But then—I am not the average fan. I am only the manager.

A Mystery Solved

A NEW Congressman, having been elected to fill a vacancy, blew into Washington early in December. He was assigned to a room in the House office building. On the morning following his induction into the House he went to his own office. As soon as he entered the room he emitted a loud roar.

"Police!" he shouted. "Murder! Help!"

They came running from all directions. "What's the matter?" they asked.

"Why," he shouted, "when I left this room last night there was a grand new typewriting machine standing there on that desk, and when I came in this morning it was gone. It has disappeared. Somebody has stolen it. I demand a detective to trace down this foul crime."

So they had a look, and discovered that the desk on which the typewriter stood had one of those disappearing devices and that somebody had come along and turned the typewriter down into the bowels of the desk.

Buy Albrecht Furs

Made in Saint Paul
The Home of Good Furs

Almost everybody knows that the best furs in all the world can be had in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

And nearly everyone knows that **Albrecht** has for over half a century been the leading furrier of Saint Paul.

You can buy Albrecht Furs from your dealer, or if he does not have them, you can get them direct from the Albrecht house in Saint Paul. We ship thousands of fur garments, neck wear and muff on approval, express charges prepaid if cash accompanies order, and with every **positive guarantee** of satisfaction or money refunded

Low Prices for High-Grade Furs

We buy skins direct from the trappers and make them up in our own factory. You get the choicest latest style fur coat at lower prices than you are asked by dealers for ordinary, second place furs.

You'll be proud to wear a set of exquisite **Albrecht Furs** direct from Saint Paul—the heart of the fur country.

You Take No Risk

If Albrecht Furs are not perfectly satisfactory, or are not as represented, we **promptly refund your money**, or exchange furs if desired.

Catalog FREE on request

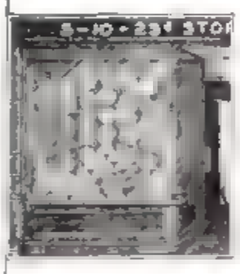
Write for handsome Catalog No. 42, showing hundreds of fur garments, Neckwear and Muffs in latest styles and at positively lowest prices. Illustrations of fur garments, many in colors. Handsomest fur catalog ever published.

Ask Your Dealer.

Ask the dealer in your town for Albrecht Furs. If he cannot supply you, write us and we will send you prepaid catalog and name of dealer in your town. **Guarantee Satisfaction.**

E. ALBRECHT & SON, Established 1855
6th & Minnesota Sts., Station Three, SAINT PAUL.

An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

$1.00

STOP FRETTING Over Your Xmas Presents

The most desirable, most suitable, and least expensive of all CORRECT GIFTS is a dainty

"LENOX" Combination Xmas Box

Sent to any address prepaid and insured for ONE DOLLAR

Contents of Box designed for MEN

(1) [illegible] Value $1.00

(2) [illegible] Value .50

(3) 1 pair of garters [illegible] Value .25

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $1.75

Contents of Box designed for WOMEN:

(1) [illegible]

(2) [illegible] Value $1.00

(3) [illegible] Value .25

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $1.75

We refer you to [illegible] any bank in New York City. We need good Agents

LENOX SILK WORKS, Dept. 23, 5 W. 31st St., New York

ARNOLD BENNETT

Novelist and Philosopher

We have just published a most interesting character study (with new portrait) of Arnold Bennett together with concise analyses and appreciations of his novels and philosophies. This serves as an excellent introduction to the works of Arnold Bennett who is author of THE OLD WIVES' TALE and seven other great novels and of HOW TO LIVE ON 24 HOURS A DAY and other books of genial philosophy, is easily *the* literary discovery of the decade. ***This 32-page booklet sent free upon request.*** All the Arnold Bennett books may be seen at your bookseller's.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., Publishers
35 West 32d Street NEW YORK

Bachelors' Friend TRADE MARK HOSIERY

Sheer merit has given these hose their high place in favor

They are *guaranteed*—of course—but they are selling like wildfire today on *merit*. They are *perfected* hose with new features that afford maximum wear and comfort. A fine silky "feel," with durability.

Examine this sock carefully. Study its new, improved features. A century of "know-how" is in its making. From the first step—selection of the yarn—to the finish—all is done to give you value.

Latest improvements increase comfort and wear value

Long staple, combed Sea Island Cotton. French welt—the best welt ever put on a seamless stocking. Two-thread looping machines give double strength to the toe.

Leg above the heel reinforced to the proper height, making it impossible for the shoe to come in contact with the thin part of the stocking. Special yarn used in reinforcing, to do away with appearance of double thickness above the shoe. This unsightly appearance is an annoying defect in the ordinary stocking. It is corrected in Bachelors' Friend. Fine part of stocking below the heel also protected by reinforcing.

Reinforcing threads carried beyond the center of stocking in front of heel, forming the heel into one reinforced fabric. Dyes imported from Germany—dyeing the most sanitary that can be devised. Rigid inspection of product that means that every pair of socks that comes to you is right. They do not *need* the guarantee that backs them.

To be free from sock annoyance—look for the name Bachelors' Friend on the box. It means the best wear-value, the best appearance-value, the best comfort-value that you can get for your money.

Made in 3 grades: 6 pairs $1.50; 6 pairs $2.00; 6 pairs $2.50. Colors: Black, Tan, Navy, Slate, Bordeaux, Purple, etc.

Sold by all leading jobbers and retailers of the United States. We do not supply the consumer. But if there is no dealer in your town who handles Bachelors' Friend, send us money order covering the amount and we will see that you are supplied, charges prepaid. Fill out and mail the coupon.

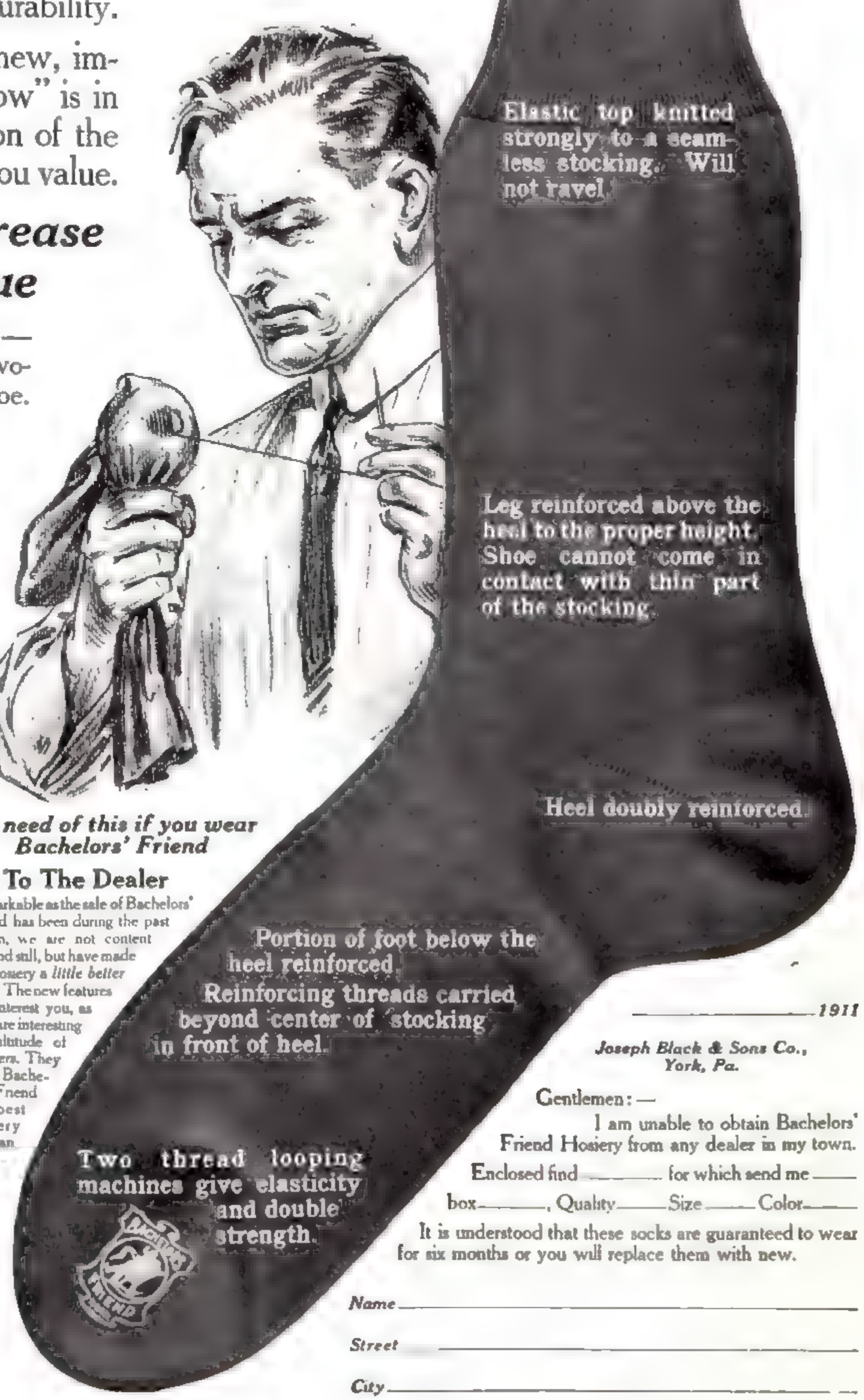
You'll find the guarantee in every box—and it means what it says. We stand behind Bachelors' Friend Hosiery absolutely—they are good enough to stand behind. Every guarantee has six coupons (one for each pair). Should any pair of hose show holes inside of six months, send to us with one coupon and we'll make good.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO., York, Pa.

No need of this if you wear Bachelors' Friend

To The Dealer

Remarkable as the sale of Bachelors' Friend has been during the past season, we are not content to stand still, but have made this hosiery a *little better still*. The new features will interest you, as they are interesting a multitude of *wearers*. They make Bachelors' Friend the best hosiery you can sell.


Improved French Welt gives a perfect "hold" to the stocking.
Elastic top knitted strongly to a seamless stocking. Will not ravel.
Leg reinforced above the heel to the proper height. Shoe cannot come in contact with thin part of the stocking.
Heel doubly reinforced.
Portion of foot below the heel reinforced.
Reinforcing threads carried beyond center of stocking in front of heel.
Two thread looping machines give elasticity and double strength.

_____ *1911*

Joseph Black & Sons Co., York, Pa.

Gentlemen:—

I am unable to obtain Bachelors' Friend Hosiery from any dealer in my town.

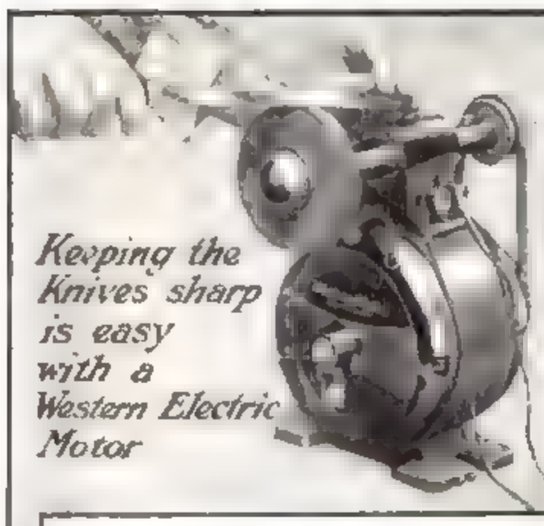
Enclosed find _____ for which send me _____ box_____, Quality_____ Size_____ Color_____

It is understood that these socks are guaranteed to wear for six months or you will replace them with new.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____



Keeping the Knives sharp is easy with a Western Electric Motor

Makes Housework Easy

THERE'S many a task about the house that could be made much easier if you had a Western Electric Motor to help. Sharpening the knives and polishing the silver can be done so easily with the little motor pictured above. It takes current from any electric light socket and uses no more electricity than a 16-candle power lamp.

These facts are true of Western Electric Motors that grind the coffee, run the sewing machine, ice cream freezer, washing machine, etc. You can depend absolutely on all

Western Electric
TRADE MARK

Motors

for they possess that high quality common to all electrical apparatus bearing the trademark —Western Electric. They require practically no attention. Simply turn on the current and they will do the work quicker, cheaper and better than you possibly could.

Western Electric flat irons, chafing dishes, coffee percolators, toasters, etc., help make home life more pleasant at a surprisingly low cost. Write department 82B for descriptive booklet.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"
WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

Every housewife should write department 82G for information about Western Electric Motors for home use. Tells how simple they are and how they save work and worry.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

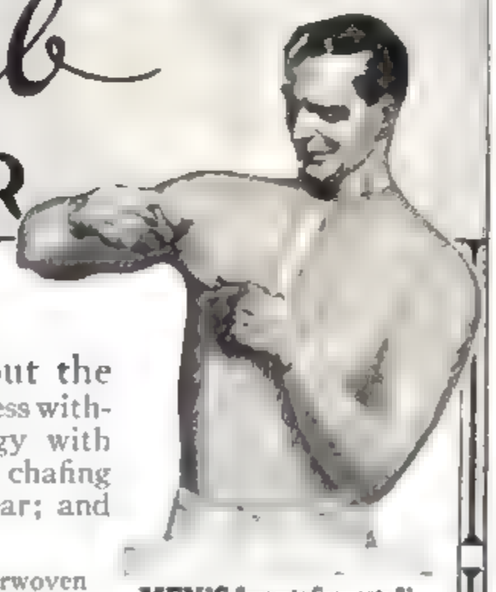
Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones.

New York, Boston, St. Louis, Denver, Los Angeles, Buffalo, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Kansas City, San Francisco, Pittsburg, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Atlanta, Dallas, Portland, Salt Lake City, Antwerp, London, Berlin, Paris, Johannesburg, Sydney, Tokio

Address the House Nearest You.

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Velvetrib
Oneita Knit
UNDERWEAR



"It feels so good and wears so well."

LUXURIOUS warmth without the itchy, woolly feel—velvety softness without a fleece lining that grows soggy with wear—perfect fit without binding or chafing anywhere—That is *Velvetrib* Underwear; and that is why it feels so good.

Velvetrib fabric is made of two closely interwoven layers. It possesses body and warmth without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric. Highly elastic and by actual test shows 80 to 100% more strength than other fabrics of equal weight. That is why it wears so well.

***Velvetrib* is Guaranteed**

against irritation of the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging—or money back. *Velvetrib* is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn. In medium and heavy weights for men and boys.

MEN'S Separate Garments $1, Union Suits $2
BOYS' Separate Garments 50c, Union Suits $1

VELVETRIB Union Suits are Perfection in Fit and Comfort

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib*, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet and sample of fabric and see that you are supplied.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS
Makers of famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita Knit Underwear
Mill 52 Utica, N. Y.

SPEAKMAN SHOWER

You yourself can put up our portable shower in your own bathroom. We also make showers for every conceivable use—homes, factories, hospitals, etc. Write for our booklet, "Correct Forms of Showers."

Speakman Shower, Wilmington, Del.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from Page 23)

time furnish his customers with good "fresh" eggs in times of famine and at famine prices? There was the pond from which to get his ice!

From rough lumber he constructed a small cold-storage plant, which was built upon modern scientific principles. If the speculator is able to gather eggs from remote farms and carry them over in cold storage to the times of high prices why could not he expect to have a very much superior article by taking the eggs direct from the nest and immediately subjecting them to a low temperature? He did this and it worked admirably. Now he has no eggs to sell when the hens of the whole country are engaged in a free-for-all laying contest. There are no longer any eggs at ten or eleven cents a dozen in his nests. When the time of famine comes, however, and thrifty housewives cut down their egg orders by half, this farmer empties out his storage of precooled eggs and takes the premium with a smile.

Railroad companies and state agricultural colleges are spending thousands of dollars every year to teach the farmers of the corn belt that it pays to plant seedcorn with a pedigree behind it, and that to plant seedcorn that is not subjected to a germinating test is inexcusable folly. All this educational activity means a growing opportunity for the progressive farmer to furnish his neighbors with seedcorn up to the modern requirements. In Iowa an educated farmer by the name of F. S. Bone saw an opportunity in seedcorn. Having been a quarterback on the famous "cyclone" football team of the Iowa State University he was something of a pusher. He procured the best seed obtainable for his start. About ten per cent of his crop is saved for seed. This is, of course, the pick of the field. It is plucked before the frosts have had a chance to impair its vitality and is stored and cared for in a special seedhouse of inexpensive construction. Each ear is numbered and six kernels are taken from it and subjected to a germinating test.

Reasons for Raising Seed

The testing is done in the winter by artificial heat. Whenever the kernels from an ear fail to come strong in the test, that ear is thrown out. The accepted ears are then thoroughly dried and in the spring are delivered to his customers at a standard price of five dollars a bushel. One bushel of seedcorn will plant seven acres of ground. Therefore the seeding cost of an acre is less than seventy-two cents. At the same time, corn at five dollars a bushel is a decidedly profitable crop, and not many bushels are required at this price to amount to a substantial sum.

A point of no small importance, in connection with growing corn and grain for seed purposes, is the influence upon the general crops of the farm that an effort to fill this opportunity is almost certain to exert. It is probably understating the fact to say that the indirect profit to the seed farmer is greater than the direct profit; that the increase in his whole crop, due to his effort to produce corn of the highest type and greatest prepotency for seed purposes, brings him more money than he receives from the sale of seed. This increase in yield is sometimes as high as one hundred per cent and is often fifty per cent.

Sooner or later the influence of this strife for the very best extends to every department and field of the farm. The man who is growing seedcorn finds himself forced by his own convictions to buy the best seed-oats, barley, wheat, rye, clover and alfalfa obtainable; he is aroused to a more vigilant and determined warfare against weeds and to more strenuous and advanced methods of cultivation all along the line. The field-workers of the state experiment stations and the United States Department of Agriculture are of one voice in declaring that the way to make an all-round progressive farmer is to get him to "go after a little money on the side by raising seed of some sort."

There is, perhaps, no neglected opportunity more common than the demand that obtains in practically every opportunity for the services of somebody who knows how to plant, trim and doctor trees. This demand has increased rapidly for several

BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

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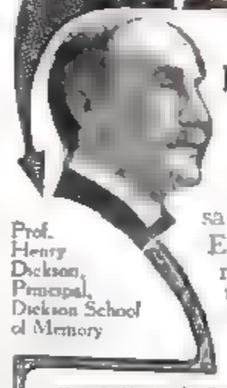
Stop Forgetting



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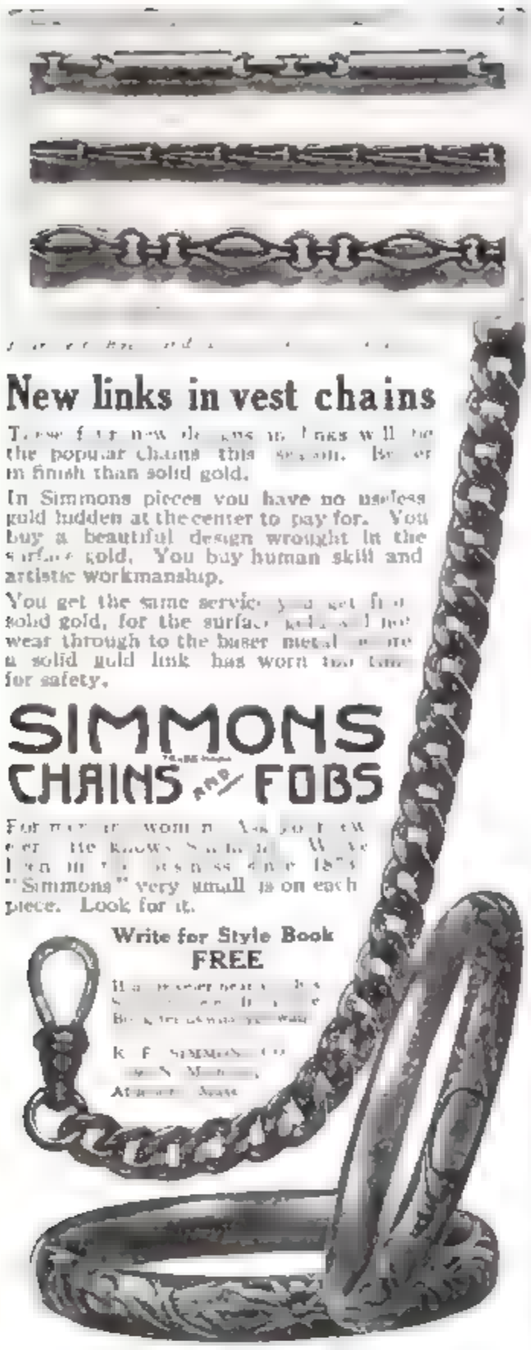

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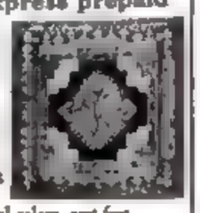

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years and will undoubtedly continue to gather momentum for many years to come. This is due mainly to the great increase of country homes, to the wider understanding of the fact that the care of trees is a profession, and to general public appreciation of the fact that trees are lively asset-builders in the matter of real-estate values. Other and more sentimental elements enter into the situation; but the result of all these influences is that manifold more persons today regard their trees as worth taking care of than so considered them ten or twenty years ago, and that it is commonly recognized that tree planting and trimming is not a job for a common laborer but for a man or woman who understands the secrets of treelife. Today, in almost any community where there are well-kept country homes, the statement is frequently heard from the lips of a man who takes pride in his place and has an interest in his trees:

"I wish I knew where I could find a man who really understands trees and how to handle them. I have some choice ones and they need fixing—but I'd rather let them go than turn a bungler loose among them with a saw, a knife and an ax. That kind of a cobbler does more damage in a day than can be repaired in ten years. It takes knowledge to handle trees successfully; and I consider my trees worth too much money to be turned over to the mercies of a tree butcher."

Trees as a Profession

Men who feel this way—and there are hundreds of thousands of them—are willing to pay for knowledge in the art of tree doctoring. They are, perhaps, in a position to furnish the labor, the crude muscle involved in the pruning, the chiseling and the spraying—but they are in the market to buy the professional skill and knowledge to direct that muscle. Therefore this opportunity is practically as open to women as to men—and to men who are not able to do hard physical labor, and those who are looking for something more than a laborer's job, as it is to the man who has both the strength and willingness to handle a spade, or push a saw, or ply a chisel and mallet, for eight or ten hours a day.

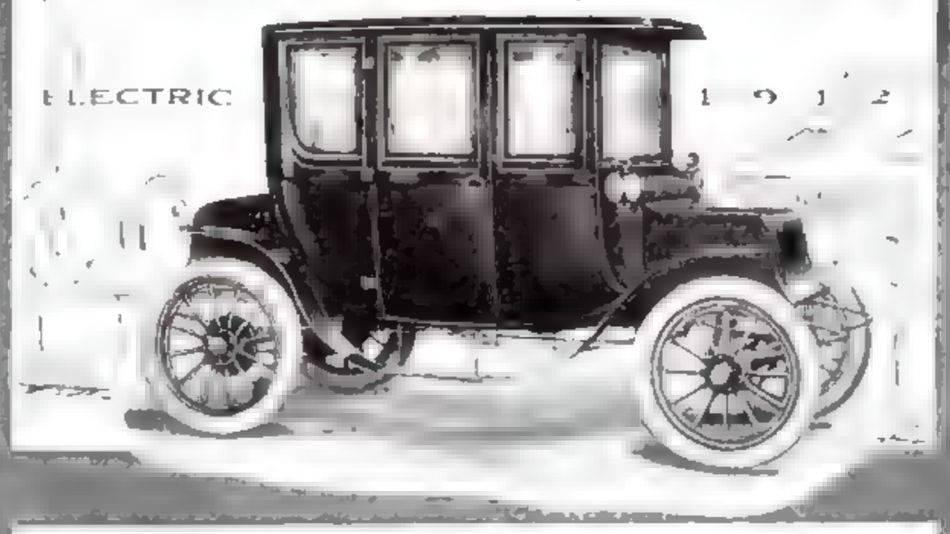
Some years ago a professional man in a large city took up his residence in a small suburban town and became interested in trees. He developed into a tree enthusiast and has devoted his whole energy, outside of office hours, to planting, studying and doctoring trees. All of his work has been done for the public good and much of it at a direct expense to himself.

Here is what this man, Dr. Frank Johnson, says of tree care as a neglected opportunity:

"My own experience would go to show that any suburban town of three or four thousand inhabitants is big enough to support a man or a woman in the profession of caring for trees, provided the town is of the residence type and has a considerable number of fine places in it. At the start it would undoubtedly be an advantage to have the strength and endurance to do the physical work personally; but I am inclined to think that, in the long run, this would be a handicap rather than a help. It would tend to perpetuate the idea on the part of the public that the care of trees is a laborer's job instead of a professional service. The sooner the tree owner is brought to pay for professional knowledge and for supervision, the sooner will you find yourself on a professional instead of a laborer's basis.

"This is one reason why I would never discourage a woman from taking up this profession—provided, of course, she has a strong and decided inclination for it. And no man has any business to enter it unless his taste for it is pronounced. No woman can follow it except on a professional footing—not on the same plane as a laborer. Of course she will not be thoroughly equipped in a practical way for this profession until she has had actual experience in the processes themselves; but it is one thing to know how to use the tools of a profession and another thing to keep on using them from daylight until dark. Another reason why this is a good profession for women is that their instincts are keener and often serve them in the place of definite knowledge. They seem to have a natural gift for making things grow and for nursing the ailing to health. This is an asset in caring for trees as well as in caring for children. Again, many of the more delicate processes in tree surgery are not at all beyond a woman's strength.

SILENT WAVERLEY



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Made in leathers that readily conform to the individual foot, giving extreme comfort and ample room for the toes—it is the solution of your problem.

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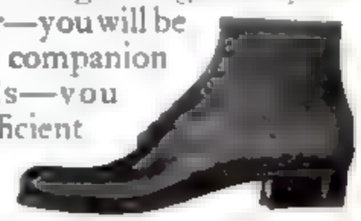

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"I took up tree planting and tree surgery from love of the work and as a foil to office confinement, and with a determination that I would never make it a source of income. I knew I would enjoy it better than golf and it was my ambition to see how much I could do toward making the town beautiful.

"Most of my special tools have been a matter of evolution, and I have made them myself at a little forge to meet special needs; but my entire outfit has cost me very little money. As to the demand for this kind of service, let me say that it has been so great that I have, at times, been seriously tempted to close up my office, quit the profession to which I have been trained and become a professional treeman. It is moderate to say that the demand for this sort of service is beyond belief in a section of country where city families have their country homes. And they are modest country homes too—most of them owned by men working on a salary. Men of ordinary means, who own their own homes and wish to keep them beautiful, will gladly employ the services of a local treeman or tree doctor if he is right on hand at the hour of need—but they will not send away for a celebrated tree specialist. In the first place, they cannot afford the expense; and, next, they feel that the time for action probably would be gone before the specialist could get there. Only the man of wealth, with the great country estate, is able to command the tree specialist of national reputation."

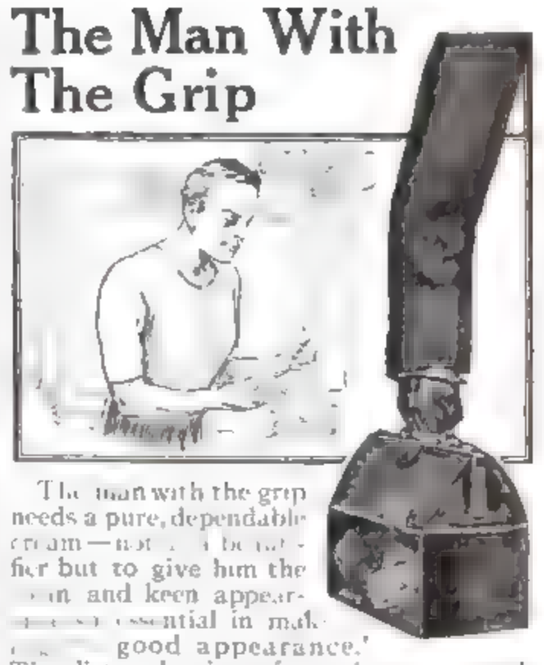
New Work for Women

"But the local man or woman who may actually be quite as skilled as the traveling specialist finds his opportunity in serving the common people and in getting the comparatively small contract—and there are many more of these than of the other kind! Again, the big contract often goes to the local man because he is immediately available and the distant specialist of great reputation is not. So well do I know the demand for this kind of service in a local way that I am willing to say that any man or woman with a natural gift for this work, and who understands it in a practical way, is without excuse if unable to make a good living at it almost from the start, provided they pick their location with any kind of judgment—and they are in a way to make much more than a living.

"There are two desirable kinds of places in which to locate: one is in a fruit region, and the other in a place of good country residences and country estates. In any event, any one entering this profession should be thoroughly abreast of the times with regard to the handling of fruit trees and fruit bushes, as well as ornamental trees. The family fruit orchard is coming into vogue to an extent not known before at least in the West. Why? Because the commercial orchardists have demonstrated that nearly all the plagues and pests which have ruined the old family orchards can be overcome, and trees can be kept in healthy and productive condition by the right treatment. Then there is a charm about picking fruit from one's own orchard that appeals strongly to the man who has made himself a home in the country. Therefore the tree doctor should not neglect the fruit end of the profession. If equipped for this he is not only able to meet the constant problem of the family orchard but he is likely to be pressed into service by the commercial orchardist in his own or a neighboring locality in a time of stress.

"There are a few schools in the country for teaching this profession. I do not pretend to say how sound they are. It is to be hoped they are upon a right basis and that their teaching is practical—for they are constantly and greatly needed. Then there are many sound books and many unsound trees—and a faithful study of both will do much to give the beginner a basis of theoretical knowledge combined with demonstration, which will in time furnish a practical working basis. Experience was the only school that I had an opportunity to attend, and even my reading has been much more limited than I have wished; but I could leave my own profession today and follow this, feeling sure that it would give me more than a generous living. Every general locality in this country needs a sound and practical treeman—and if that treeman happens to be a keen and capable woman, of good education and social position, she will be able to do more good for the cause of tree planting and tree care in her locality than two men."

The Man With The Grip



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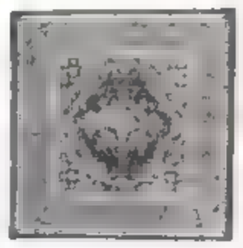

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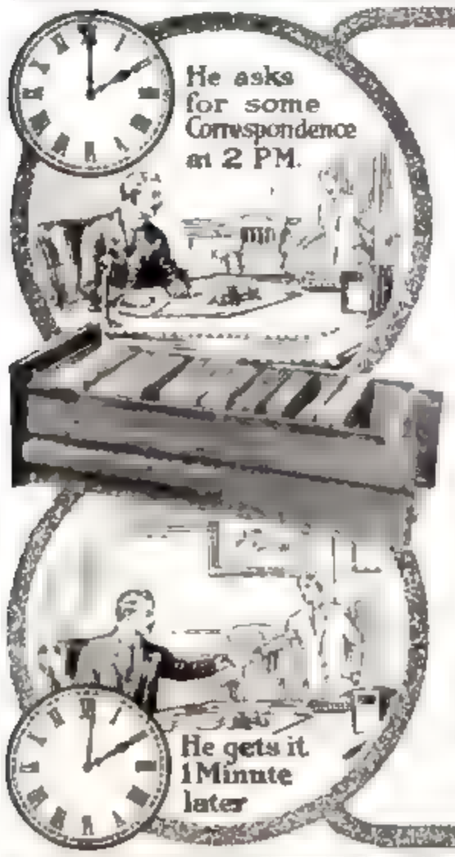

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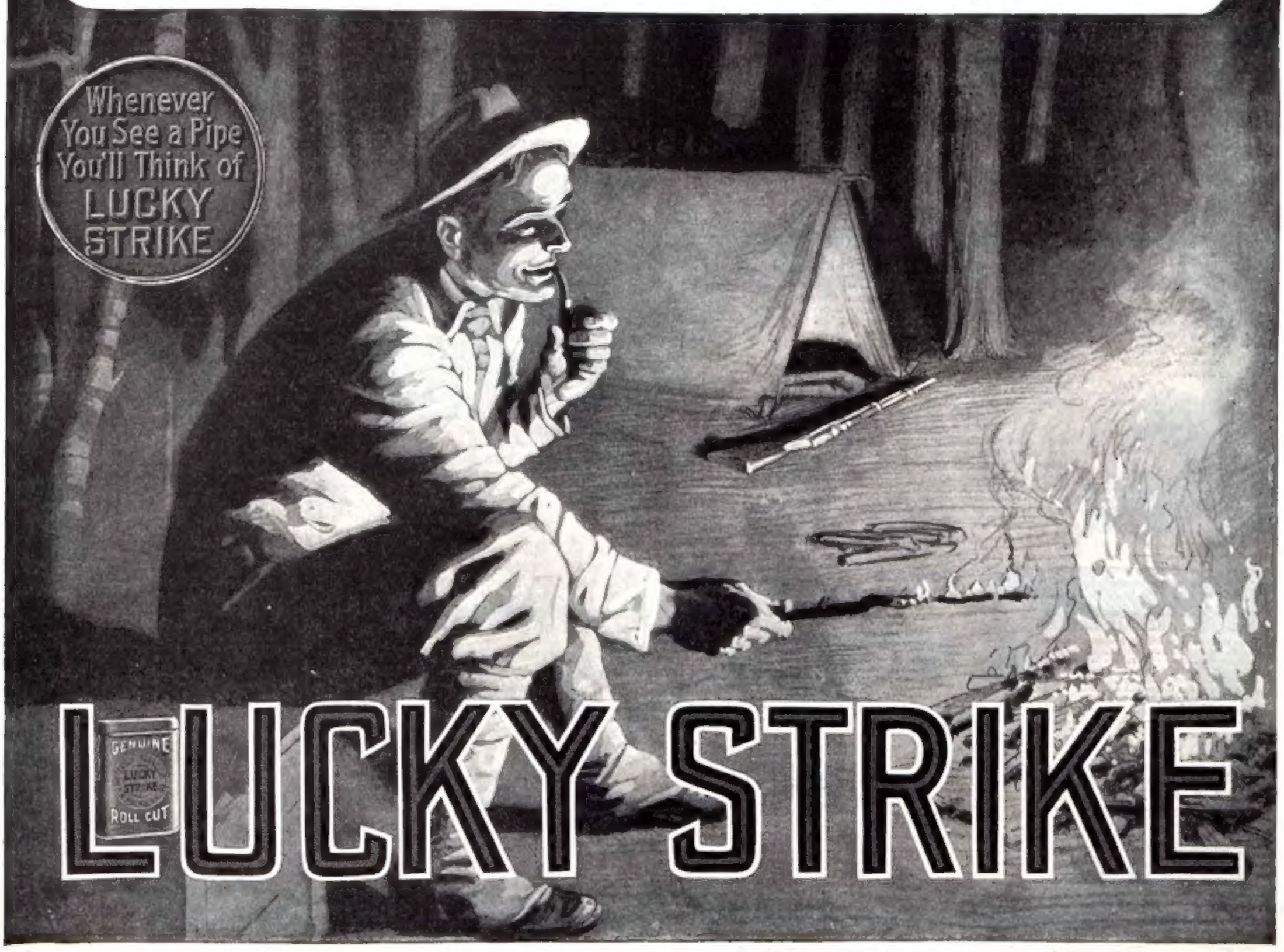

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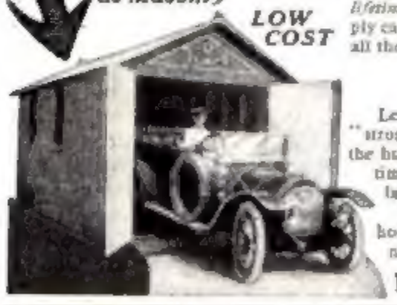

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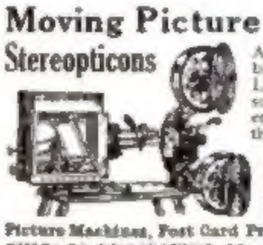

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The Tired Business Man and What Makes Him Tired

(Concluded from Page 15)

You might think that a thing like this would teach the producing managers a lesson, but seemingly it hasn't. You might think they'd quit working for the Tired Business Man and try to do a little something for a large mass of men and women who are only reasonably fatigued. And some of them are trying, but the rest of them aren't. So far the new dramatic year has shown only a small falling off in the customary number of shows for the Tired Business Man. The producers are a resolute and determined set of men. They would seem to mean to keep on until they've tired the Tired Business Man plumb to death, but go on the principle that he's just as hardy and just as capable of endurance as they are. It looks like a desperate struggle. May the stronger side win!

But there is one reform in the making anyhow. Some of the big managers have as good as announced that hereafter they will devote themselves less to developing stars and more to making evenly balanced, starless productions, with nobody's name over the theater door in glittering electrics and nobody's more or less mobile countenance in augmented size on the three sheets. In other words, they have discovered that it doesn't always pay a manager to tie the little red wagon of his hopes to a star unless he's careful to pick out the right star. This thing of just scouting round the Milky Way of the theatrical firmament miscellaneously, and hitching on to the first little newly pipped lightning bug that glimmers forth, has been tested extensively, at considerable expense, and has been found entirely lacking in a considerable number of ways.

For years past the tendency has been to star anybody and everybody whose head showed above the surface for as long as twenty seconds. The owner of the head would be snatched out promptly, dried off hurriedly and labeled a star. So it came to pass that the plays were being written to fit the personality of some particular man or woman. A manager didn't get himself a play first and then look round for suitable actors to act it. He got his actor or his actress and then called in a dramatic bushelman to tailor and baste and snip and cut a piece round the individual. Scores of men and women who excelled perhaps as character actors, or had made bit-parts stand out, were elevated to what the press agents love to call stellar ranks. Almost everybody was starred; it took a strong man to escape it.

And if it so fell out that the play failed to fit the star, or the star failed to fit the play, the production ranked as a failure, no matter how uniformly excellent the supporting company might be. Toward the tag end of last season, which was a poor season, Broadway was so full of new-made stars out of work that at times they constituted practically a congestion of traffic. The suffering among these poor creatures was said to have been pitiable. Some grew so weak from privation that they could hardly talk about themselves above a whisper.

But now the statement is made that, with a few notable exceptions in the cases of actors who have honestly earned the right to be starred, the managers, taking them as a lot, will go back to the older, safer plan of producing plays instead of stars.

And so, if the Tired Business Man is still being pampered, there yet remains some balm in the Broadway Gilead, for if there are fewer stars to shine, by the same process of elimination there will be fewer shines to star.

Some Undertaking

THE official undertaker of a small Michigan town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farmyard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.

"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

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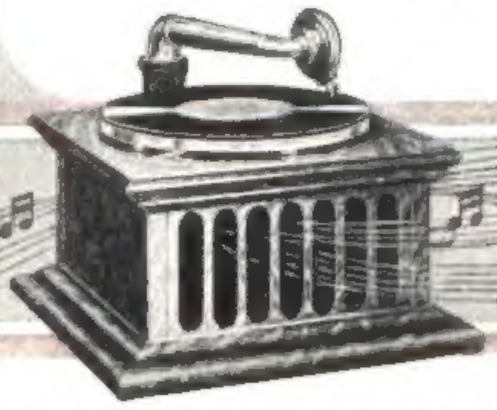
[12]McCORMACK, [13]BONINSEGNA, [14]EMMY DESTINN, [15]SAMMARCO, [16]ANSELMI, [17]MARDONES.



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